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# THE BOOKMAN

*A Magazine of Literature and Life*

SEPTEMBER, 1907


## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

**"Commuting" to Nature**

What we like especially about that excellent magazine entitled *Suburban Life* is its recognition of "commuters" as a class apart. We should have expressed our sentiments sooner, but it so happened that for a considerable interval we were not commuting, but remained for days at a time at one end of the line or the other. It was a time of mere ten-trip tickets, which, as is well known, tend to a lax and desultory suburbanism, incompatible with true commutership, but now that we are commuting again, indomitably, regularly, same train morning and evening, with never a night in town, we may speak as a member of that hardy and amphibious class. *Suburban Life* is not meant for ten-trip ticket opportunists but for the men of the iron schedule who do the deed twice daily, come what may. They alone, for example, appreciate the sketches of prominent commuters who have won fame at one end of the tunnel while dining successfully every day forty miles from the other end. Careers of that sort are always heartening to a commuter, teaching, as they do, that home may be attained each night and at the same time something else accomplished. Such lives shine with a double radiance, when there is something heroic about merely reaching home. Hence the peculiar pleasure of reading about Francis Wilson "comedian and commuter" (the wonder of his being both!) and seeing a picture of his lawn and learning that he raises chickens, which he "dearly loves." The love he bears those chickens marks him as a true commuter—who is always trying to raise something on the place, and whether it be a hen or a young onion it is dearer to him than to other men on account of the recurrent periods of enforced absence. Continuity will often cool the love of chickens, but in a commuter's life of bright renewals and extremely sudden cessations the feeling never loses any of its early warmth. And so it is with Nature generally, despite the sneer of Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams in the August *Century* that the commuter's "return to Nature is only half way" and that he lacks "the perspective of robust rurality." No man rushes upon Nature more madly than he or when torn away plucks from her a greater variety of little keepsakes, bouquets of chickweed, boutonnières of beet tops, as may be seen on any morning train, proofs that if the returns to Nature are brief they are at least passionate. Your professional Nature-lover, who mails his manuscripts from her bosom, could not find her in the suburbs at all, but the commuter can, the keen old zealot of "the wild." He noses her out somehow and has as true a forest feeling out between the clothes poles and the hedge as many a man living in the utmost literary wildness, strewing the dry bed of the mountain torrent with the galley proofs of his "robust rurality." There is the song of the river in his garden hose, and he is as clearly Nature's own as Dr.

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A MAP OF THE WORLD AS SEEN BY HIM

From *The Comedy of Life* Courtesy of the Life Publishing Company

Van Dyke beside a trout stream. And do we love him any the less for his greater reticence?

*

And *Suburban Life,* being a well-edited magazine, will see to it that each biography of a great commuter refers to time and distance not as obstacles but as blessings, for that is the brave tradition of the tribe. They give him a chance to read the morning papers—those sixty golden miles—and even run through the magazines and he usually gets a seat, and he is always there almost before he knows it and the time from the front gate to the office door is never the two hours of daily fact but the hour and a half of generous faith or some single tender memory. Some of his most careful work has been done on the way. If a writer, some of his best thoughts have come to him on the train. Privately we may say that every time a thought of any kind has come to us on the train, an umbrella or a hand-bag has somehow floated away, going, we presume, on to some distant terminus, but as a commuter we do not mention that. We make the best of things. And that is the spirit of *Suburban Life,* which is full of suburban euphemisms, showing how by artificial light outdoor games may be played at midnight just as well, with a picture of a

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EDNA KENTON

wonderfully cheerful group of nocturnal croquet-players; and a phonograph of bird songs may be set up on the lawn; and the hills may be seen by searchlight from the roof; and the night is as good as the day, even better; for all things are far better the way they are than the way they might have been. Such is commuter's loyalty, and by these thoughts they cheer one another as they hurtle back and forth, disdaining any praise of their most splendid qualities, for that would imply there was something in the life that called these qualities into play.

❦

**Edna Kenton**

Edna Kenton, whose novel *Clem* is being published by the Century Company, was a Chicago newspaper woman before she began writing fiction. Her first two or three years as a free lance were exceedingly lean years, her total earnings amounting only to a few hundred dollars. The turning of the tide came with the appearance, about four years ago, of *What Manner of Man,* her first novel.

**Clarence S. Darrow**

We wonder how many of THE BOOKMAN readers who followed the work of the leading lawyer for the defence during the recent extraordinary Haywood trial associated him with *An Eye for an Eye,* which was reviewed in these columns a year and a half ago. *An Eye for an Eye* was a very unusual book. It was the crude, simple story of Jim Jackson, about to undergo the death penalty for the murder of his wife. To speak flippantly and yet quite literally, it may be said that his provocation to the crime was the fact that her method of cooking a beefsteak for dinner did not suit him; yet when we lay aside the simple, rambling narrative our sympathies are entirely with the unhappy man, and our indignation is roused against certain injustices and cruelties of the modern social system. There were chapters in *An Eye for an Eye* that strongly suggested the pages devoted to the wanderings of "Jurgis," which Upton Sinclair afterward incorporated in *The Jungle.*

CLARENCE S. DARROW

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HENRY K. WEBSTER

SAMUEL MERWIN

**Dowie in Fiction**

It is rather astonishing that so spectacular and indeed dramatic a career as that of Dowie has not hitherto been put into a novel. The first attempt to utilise it for purposes of fiction of which we have heard is that of Samuel Merwin and Henry K. Webster, whose new book, *Comrade John,* is to be published early this fall. It is said that one of the two principal characters in this book shows many strong resemblances to the late leader of Zion Church. He is portrayed as the founder of a semi-religious, semi-industrial community, in which the doctrine of the beauty of toil is inculcated among a band of gullible disciples who never did an honest day's work. The leader, a man considerably younger than Dowie, but with all his power over men, his combined fanaticism and shrewd unscrupulousness, realises that the actual day's work will never be done by his lazy disciples or in accordance with his impractical teachings. He brings into the community a young architect who has begun to win fame as a designer of such spectacles as that of Luna Park, at Coney Island. Comrade John, as he is called in the colony, is a type of the practical dreamer so well known in American business and professional life—the man who dreams with his eye on the results. Such a man naturally incurs the hostility of the scheming hypocrite who has hired him, and the clash of these two positive characters furnishes the incidents and the excitement of the story. This is the third book which Messrs. Merwin and Webster have produced in collaboration, the previous two being *Calumet K* and *The Short-Line War.*

**Erastov**

Ever since his visit to the United States and his subsequent ill-natured outbreaks Maxim Gorky has apparently been discredited by the greater part of the Russian press. In his statements about America there were many obvious errors, and these have been seized upon by his critics as an indication that his pictures of Russian life were equally untrust-

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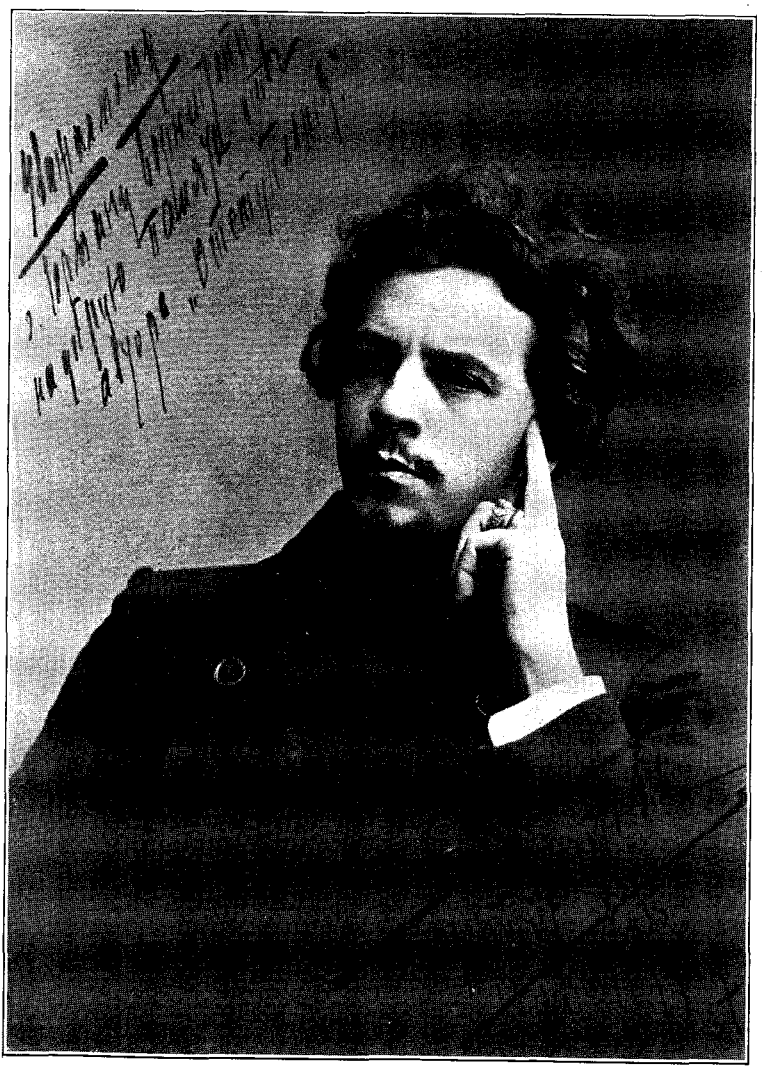
worthy. Then, too, there seems to be in Russia the belief that the coming of Gorky the agitator, the social reformer, the revolutionist, meant the passing of Gorky the artist. Meanwhile the new man in Russian eyes appears to be Erastov, whose latest play, *The Whirlwind,* which is to be produced simultaneously this autumn in Paris, Stockholm and Helsingfors, was of so inflammatory a nature that the author found it expedient to go into exile in Finland. *The Whirlwind* is supposed to be symbolical of the recent Russian revolution, its impracticability and its utility. An interesting feature of Erastov's method of playwrighting is that to aid the stage management he is in the habit of making sketches indicating his conceptions of the various characters. The accompanying illustrations are from his hand. They belong to the series dealing with *The Whirlwind.*



ERASTOV

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"THE WHIRLWIND." STARZEV. RUSSIAN LIBERAL OF THE OLD SCHOOL. AN ARCHÆOLOGIST

**The Kipling Curse**

Every few months, with unvarying regularity, the subject of American sensitiveness and foreign criticism comes up with the inevitable allusion to that young Mr. Kipling, who, about 1889, made a brief visit to these United States, and jotted down his impressions for the benefit of a certain Indian newspaper. "How preposterous it was that we should have taken seriously and as an offence the flippant flapdoodle of a cub of twenty-three or twenty-four." And besides, what was it that he wrote that could have sounded distasteful to American ears? Here is the complete Kipling. Here in especial is *From Sea to Sea*. We submit the evidence and stoutly maintain that he who can find therein cause for annoyance is imbecile.

Now this is very true so far as it goes. In *American Notes* as they are printed to-day there is certainly nothing that could irritate the most sensitive. The letters which Kipling sent back to India, however, were of a very different nature. As an example we are reprinting the famous "Curse," which, while not very terrible in itself, will serve as an illustration of the mood of the young author. The "Curse" appeared in the *Pioneer Mail* for November 13, 1889.

Then I cursed the Seaside Library and the United States that bred it very copiously, in these terms and others unreported:

Because you steal the property of a man's head, which is more his peculiar property than his pipe, his horse or his wife, and because you glory in your theft and have the indecency to praise or criticise the author from whom you steal, and because your ignorance, which is as dense as a pickpocket's ignorance of anything outside his calling, leads you to trifle with his spelling, and because you print the stolen property aforesaid very vilely and uncleanly, you shall be cursed with this curse from Alaska to Florida and back again.

Your women shall scream like peacocks when they talk, and your men neigh like horses when they laugh. You shall call "round" "raound," and "very" "varry," and "news" "noos" till the end of time.

You shall be governed by the Irishman and the German, the vendor of drinks and the keeper of vile dens, that your streets may be filthy in your midst and your sewage arrangements filthier.

You shall be given over to the cult of tin-pot secret societies and the organising of "tuppeny-hapenny" processions, the spouting of nonsense and the perpetration thereof.

You shall be governed by laws that you cannot enforce and sentiments that you cannot control, that the murderer may walk among

"THE WHIRLWIND." POLICE OFFICER

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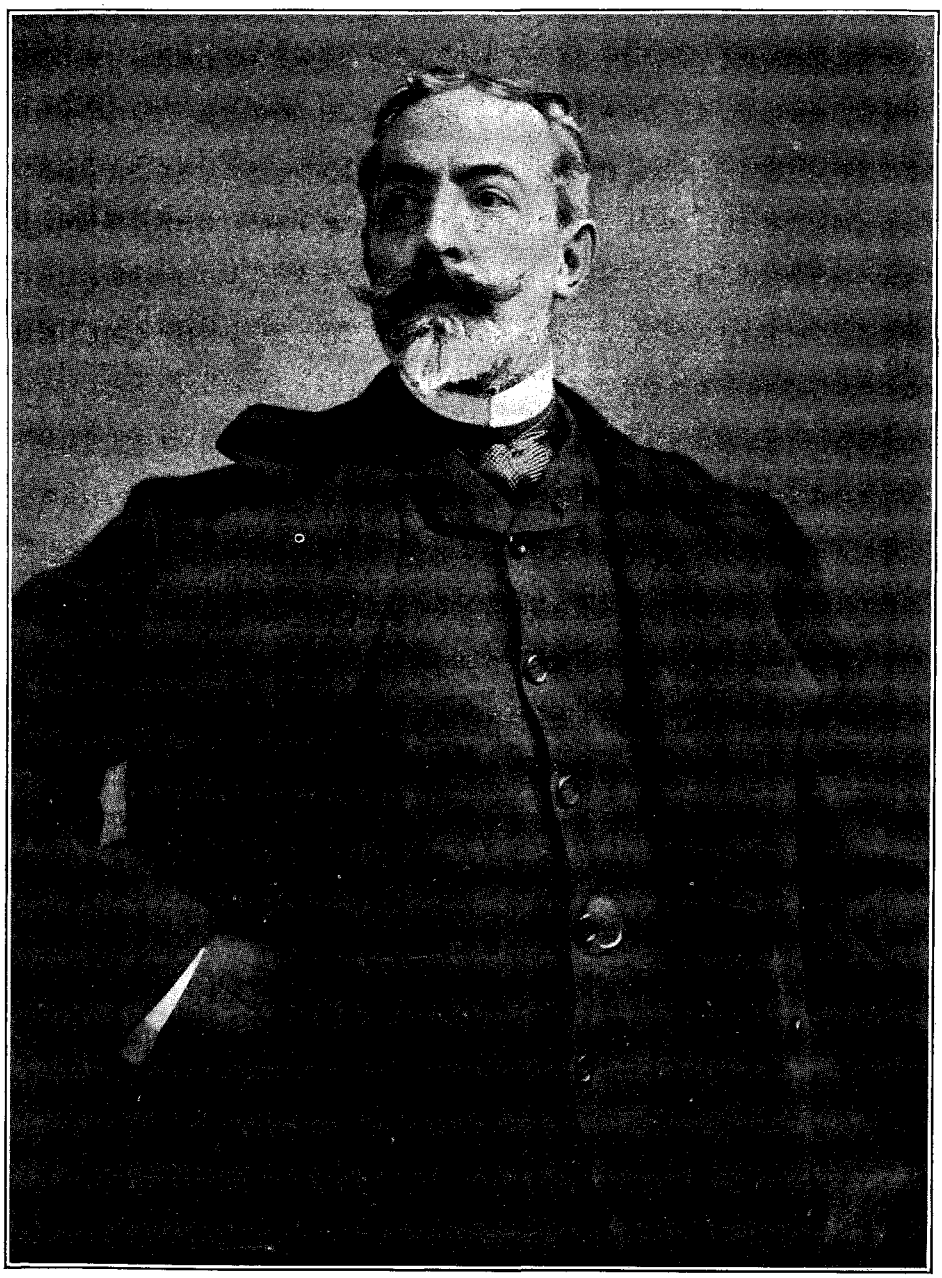
you a vision of delight to young women and the darling of old maids while you are engaged in shooting the wrong man.

You shall prostitute and pervert the English language till an Englishman has neither power nor desire to understand you any more.



THEOBALD CHARTRAN

The distinguished portrait painter. Died July 16, 1907

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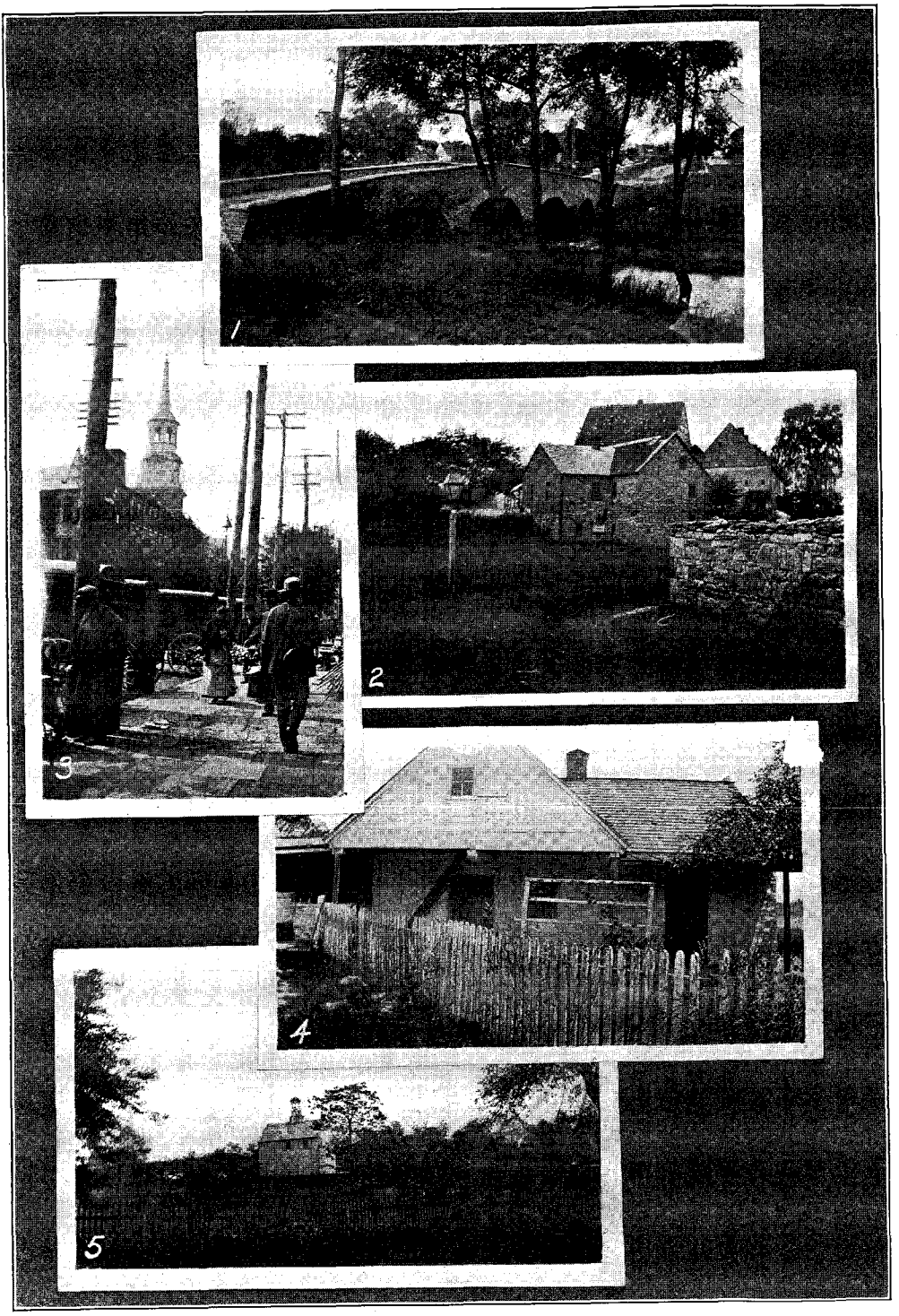


1 STONE BRIDGE AT EPHRATA, PA.
2. THE KLOSTER, EPHRATA, PA.
3. STREET SCENE ON MARKET DAY, LANCASTER, PA.
4. CARETAKER'S COTTAGE
5. OLD SCHOOLHOUSE

Photographs taken by W. A. Bradley

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You shall be cursed State by State, Territory by Territory, with a provincialism beyond provincialism of an English country town—you and your governors and what you are pleased to call your literature, your newspapers and your politics.

You shall buy your art from France and considerably spoil it in the buying because you are dishonest.

Your hearts shall be so blinded that you shall consider each one of the curses foregoing a blessing to you as it comes about, and finally I myself will curse you more elaborately later on.

✠

**The Mennonite Country**

During the past two or three years several writers have found in Pennsylvania, and especially in the country about Lancaster and Ephrata, where dwell the Pennsylvania Germans, Mennonites, Dunkers, and other curious sects, a new and picturesque background for fiction. Among these writers may be mentioned Nelson Lloyd and Mrs. Helen R. Martin, whose novel *Tillie, a Mennonite Maid* was so successful a year or two ago.

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**Winston Churchill and the Letter "C"**

A new book by Mr. Winston Churchill is expected in the early part of next summer. No title has as yet been announced, but it may reasonably be assumed that whatever the title may be it will begin with a C. The recurrence of that letter as the initial letter in the names of Mr. Churchill's books has ceased to be a mere coincidence. Look at the list. *The Celebrity, Richard Carvel, The Crisis, The Crossing, Coniston.* In addition it may be pointed out that the magazine with which the novelist was connected before the appearance of *The Celebrity* was the *Cosmopolitan;* that his club is the Century, that his home is at Cornish; and his official address at Concord. He should properly have been a graduate of Cornell, Columbia, or Colgate, but instead he chose the United States Naval Academy.

**Mark Twain's Publicity. R. I. P.**

"Mark Twain's work," said one British writer when British applause was at its loudest, "has absolutely no connection with literature," and some of it "has for pure concentrated vulgarity never been beaten"; and it was a pity, said another, that Oxford did not honour Henry James instead. A good many other dissenters had their say, but their words were not repeated in American newspapers. Everybody's heart at that time was brimming with the "unanimous recognition" of our "foremost man of letters," honoured in Oxford itself, that "stronghold of literary conservatism," that most "mellowed," "hallowed," tautologically beatified and hackneyed noun-substantive in Anglo-American after-dinner speeches. We learned from the press, as we always do on these occasions, that we were all exceedingly happy and flattered in the "signal honours" paid to a fellow-countryman and that there was but one sentiment throughout the land. It was Dewey week all over again, with the danger, of course, of a Dewey ending. Reason at such a time is too cool a thing to print; then the wind shifts and not a word in the victim's favour will be published. They grind him so hard into the great Polyphemus "public eye" that so far as he is concerned they put out the eye altogether. So it seems at least, though it is known that flurries of this kind leave a man's reputation precisely where it was before—in the safe-keeping of a different class of people from those who think in headlines. But these journalistic public "ovations" always look the week after like public funerals of common sense. No living man deserves such awful proofs of "unanimity," when a hush falls on personal opinions and "appreciations" appear simultaneously in the magazines and meaning fades from all the words and character from all the faces. So long as he lives he is entitled to a little diversity in the attitude of his fellow-beings. The "appreciations" of Mark Twain consisted mainly of waxen wreaths tendered by persons from whom the mind had fled, leaving only a *nil nisi bonum* expression. Somehow we cannot avoid these funereal

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comparisons. Literary "ovations" always do make us sad. If nothing essential really perishes, they at least inter what might still be a living topic of conversation. As to Mark Twain himself, he is in no wise to blame for it. What else should he have done? Should he have looked every gift-horse in the mouth and asked every trombone player if he really meant it?

**Gertrude Atherton**

While we cannot believe that there is likely to be a return to the old-fashioned novel with its leisurely gait, its digressions, and its long conversations, some recent successful books have indicated that the two-hundred-thousand-word narrative is not yet entirely impossible. For example, William de Morgan's *Joseph Vance* and *Alice-for-Short*. Now we take up Mrs. Atherton's latest book, *Ancestors*, and find that it runs to the astonishing length of seven hundred and fourteen pages. Mrs. Atherton, however, has apparently been only stimulated by this work, for she has entered into engagements to write a play, a history of California, a short novel for a series, a biographical sketch of Reganov for the Encyclopædia Britannica, and an introductory essay for *The Conquest of Granada* for Froude's Little Classics series. Mrs. Atherton has spent the greater part of the last few years in Munich and England. Recently, however, she returned to America and is now in California, where she will remain until after Christmas.

**Constance Smedley and the Lyceum**

While the place she occupies in the English literary world is in many respects a very definite one, the author of *Conflict* is probably in London best known as the founder of the Lyceum Club, the most prominent organisation of professional women in existence. The idea of this club first presented itself to Miss Smedley about five years ago, and with splendid determination in the face of disheartening difficulties she went about the task of bringing it into being. To-day the Lyceum Club stands now to speak for itself with a membership in London of several thousand and a club house in Piccadilly that in many respects is probably unequalled as a woman's club house anywhere. To have achieved this in a lifetime, to say nothing of a few short years, would have satisfied most women, but not so Constance Smedley. No sooner did she see her ambitious plan succeed in London, the most difficult of capitals, than she conceived the thought of carrying it into every country of the civilised world where there are women possessed of creative mentality. She began with Germany, where her success was again phenomenal. Before one had time to realise that she had gone to Germany the German Lyceum Club was a reality, under the direct patronage of the Empress herself, with a strong and rapidly growing membership and a club house that is a worthy offspring of the parent house in Piccadilly. In France, Italy, Belgium, Spain and Holland the movement is making the most gratifying progress, and each country is aided, guided and encouraged by a "circle" of its own women who have membership in the original club in cosmopolitan London, where they live. Thus the Lyceum Club is rapidly becoming an international organisation, and its members all over the world will soon be enjoying the privileges of a club house in every capital in Europe and perhaps eventually in every great city in the United States.

Miss Smedley boasts of the fact that she is a provincial, which in England is a name applied to anybody who has been born and brought up outside the limits of London. She was born in Birmingham and has written the spirit of that busy manufacturing town into *Conflict*. If it were not for the remarkable ego housed within her little body she would be a most pathetic figure. She is a sufferer from spinal and hip disease and has gone all her life on crutches. In fact, she has never known what it is to go unsupported. Yet she goes everywhere, and there is a saying that everybody in Lon-

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don knows her, which is probably true in regard to those with pen or brush. In addition she has travelled extensively in Europe, accompanied only by her maid, and is planning to visit America at no distant time.

In a Foreword to *The Revelations of Inspector Morgan,* a book which may be very frankly recommended to all persons who like the kind of reading that the title suggests, Oswald Crawford has a fling at the writers of intellectual detective fiction. He maintains that a strange delusion has been growing up in regard to the detective police. We have come to believe that in matters of crime detection the Amateur is superior to the Professional. The blame for starting this fallacy he places on two famous French writers of sensational fiction. Edgar Allan Poe lent it his authority, and more recently, Conan Doyle has preached the new doctrine with such skill that the heresy has popularly grown to seem sound dogma. "Clever fiction," says Mr. Crawford, "can accomplish miracles. It can make us accept Poe's preposterous Monsieur Dupin, profound philosopher and private detective, who solves the criminal problems that has puzzled all the detective wisdom of Paris. It makes us triumph over the English Police with the delightful analytical amateur, Sherlock Holmes, when he leaves his pipe, his metaphysics, and his harmless private hobbies, to lay bare the mysteries which have baffled Scotland Yard."

**Inspector Morgan**

Very different from Holmes and Dupin in his accomplishments and his method of work is Inspector Morgan. He is a product of a service composed of heterogeneous elements and drawing its strength from every class of society. In the upper ranks of the British police force there are sailors, soldiers, civil servants, lawyers, and business men. From long association with these men the author has reached the conclusion that crime is not so often tracked by purely logical and analytical methods as the literary crime detectors would have us think. It may astonish the readers of popular fiction to be told that when a well-planned crime is traced to its source, it is either what seems to the outsider to be pure accident, or to some play or byplay of the personal equation involved in the case. The Inspector Morgan of the narrative is represented as a man who has had a varied career. He has held the rank of Captain in a smart cavalry regiment, after having served in India and the colonies. Leaving the army, he was for some time engaged in journalism. The book is well worth reading.

After a summer that has impressed us as being unusually dull it is something of a relief to look forward to the novels that are promised for the autumn. As it is usual in making a general survey to begin with a reference to Rudyard Kipling we shall say that no new book from him will be forthcoming, although there will appear a new edition of *From Sea to Sea,* containing some new material. From Conan Doyle nothing is to be expected. Anthony Hope's new novel, *Helena's Path,* will be issued in October. Toward the end of the present month will appear C. N. and A. M. Williamson's latest automobile story, *The Car of Destiny,* which has been running serially. The result of another literary collaboration that is to appear in book form this autumn is *Merry Rockhurst,* by Egerton and Agnes Castle. From the pen of A. E. W. Mason we are to have *The Broken Road,* and from Arthur Quiller-Couch ("Q") *Major Vigoreux.* May Sinclair's autumn novel, *The Helpmate,* is said to be a new departure in that it contains a very unusual study of a child. Bettina von Hutten's new book for the autumn is entitled *The Halo.* From Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston, and Miss Corelli there is nothing promised. Sir Gilbert Parker will be represented by *The Weavers,* and Robert Hichens by *Barbary Sheep.* From Joseph Conrad we are to have *The Se-*

**Novels of the Autumn**

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*cret Agent.* Then, of course, there is Maurice Hewlett's *The Stooping Lady,* which is announced for publication October 1st.

Among American writers Mr. Howells is to be represented this autumn by a novel with the striking but somewhat cumbersome title of *Between the Dark and the Daylight.* Winston Churchill's new novel, as was to be expected, will not be ready for publication before next June. From F. Hopkinson Smith we are to have an autumn book with the alluring name of *The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman.* A book of short stories by Thomas Nelson Page to appear soon is *Under the Crust.* Then there are Mrs. Wharton's *The Fruit of the Tree,* and Henry Van Dyke's *Days Off.* After a long absence Irving Bacheller is to reappear in the field with *Eben Holden's Last Days Afishing.* From Gertrude Atherton we are to have *The Ancestors,* and from Hamlin Garland *Money Magic.* George Barr McCutcheon's *The Daughter of Anderson Crow* is said to be in an entirely new vein. Booth Tarkington's story for the autumn has the good but somewhat Kiplingesque title of *His Own People.* There is to be published a new book by Stewart Edward White entitled *Arizona Nights,* and also a new edition of *The Blazed Trail.* From O. Henry we are to have a new volume, *The Heart of the West,* from Myra Kelly *Wards of Liberty,* and from George Madden Martin *Latitia, Nursery Corps U. S. A.* Owen Wister is to be represented by *Mother,* a love story of New York, and also by a book of historical nature entitled *The Seven Ages of Washington.* The new book by the author of *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife* is to be called *Tales of the Months;* and Jack London is to have two new books, *Love of Life* and *My Life in the Under World.* Marion Crawford's novel for the season is *Arethusa* and later in the year will appear the first volume of his *History of Rome in the Middle Ages,* the important work on which he is collaborating with Professor Tomassetti.

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# AN APOLOGY AND A PLEA

O what's the use of asking for
  An idea spick and varnished?
There's only been at most a score
  Since Eden lay untarnished;
And they were used up long ago
  By Moses and his brothers,
By Shakespeare and Boccaccio,
  And Rabelais and others.

Take Father Adam par exemp.
  No need of asking pardon
For calling him the Ernest Thomp-
  Son Seton of the Garden.
'Tis true he did not write a line
  Of what he then was doing,
And yet with bears and porcupine
  Was always rendezvooing.

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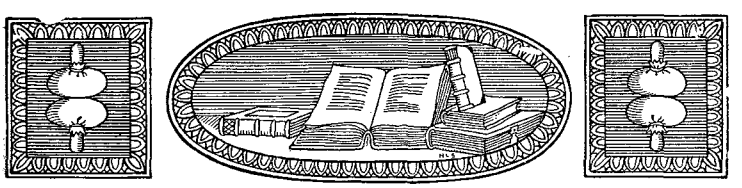
The modern tale of social life
  Is more than mediæval
To those familiar with the strife
  Of periods primæval.
King David had too many wives,
  And so had wise old Solly—
They didn't lead the kind of lives
  To give our times the jolly!

And so it goes thro' all the list
  Of stories that are offered.
There isn't one those fellows missed,
  From Moses down to Crawford.
The Hard-Luck Tale, The Tale of Greed,
  The Tale of Troubles Tribal,
The Tale of Love—all men may read—
  By those who wrote the Bible.

And what those prophets overlooked,
  In ages patriarchal,
We find by witty Horace booked,
  In lines that flash and sparkle;
By Chaucer, Milton and Molière,
  By Shakespeare and Cervantes;
By him who wrote the stories rare
  Of D'Artagnan and Dantes.

So, gentle reader, do not ask
  For novel situations.
It is by far too great a task
  For modern Inkubations.
Content yourself with How the Tale
  Is told, nor mind the matter.
Test authors—if they win or fail—
  By how they mix the batter.

*John Kendrick Bangs.*



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# THE NEW BAEDEKER

## CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

### I. MALINES

HAT I particularly like about the kingdom of Belgium is its compactness. Everything lies, so to speak, right under your hand, and you can go from Anywhere to Anywhere-Else in about an hour's time. Of course, this in itself would be of no especial consequence if there were little to see and to excite your imagination. But every inch of Belgian territory teems with memories and associations of incomparable richness. The present kingdom is a purely modern creation. On its soil, however, there have been wrought out some of the most tremendously cataclysmic episodes of history. The Roman legions thundered over its wooded slopes. It drank the blood of unnumbered patriots under Spanish rule. It witnessed the barbarities of Alva and his black-browed torture-mongers. It saw, upon the field of Waterloo, the downfall of the most marvellous man who ever trod the earth and who forced the haughtiest of kings and emperors to become his lackeys. And yet all this is but a small part of what Belgium brings to mind. Every city street, every gabled mansion, almost every farmhouse that you pass unthinkingly, is linked with some tradition or with some familiar name belonging to the imperishable records of statesmanship or scholarship or art. "Infinite treasure in a little room"—this well-worn phrase might properly be made the motto of a country which of all the countries in the world is the most charming and, if I may use the adjective, the most lovable.

Were it only a question of compactness, some of these things might be said of Holland. But, unfortunately, in order to see Holland it is necessary to have some sort of contact with the Dutch—and this is quite sufficient to destroy your pleasure. Moreover, Holland is so flat and dull and ditch-like. Its maze of dykes and trenches and canals, with their slimy ooze and sluggish streams of liquid mud, depress the mind and propagate malaria. Holland, to me at least, is an abhorrent hole, intended by an inscrutable design of Providence for ducks and Dutchmen. But Belgium, from small Namur to bold Liège, where Quentin Durward, dagger in hand, faced the Wild Boar of the Ardennes, and from the light-hearted elegance of Spa to the opulent quaintness of Antwerp—*c'est la perfection même.*

These thoughts were in my mind as I took a rather late *déjeûner* in the Grand Hôtel at Brussels. If Brussels is in reality *le petit Paris,* then surely the Grand Hôtel is a replica, reduced in size, of the Hôtel Continental in the Rue de Rivoli, famed for giving temporary shelter to diplomatists and minor royalties and kings in exile. And the Grand Hôtel improves on the original. You take your breakfast in the shady portico which surrounds the inner court, whence you may, through the clustered palms that screen you, behold the busy life of the hotel. A good breakfast prepares the mind for philosophic observation. I do not give much thought to the pleasures of the table; yet on that particular morning I was conscious that my breakfast, simple though it was, had a certain poetic quality about it—harmonious in its composition, a gastronomic symphony, a sort of *Morgenlied,* intended to be eaten and not sung.

To the quick-luncher and the hasty tourist there is nothing worthy of one's admiration in a poached egg. It is simply a poached egg, just as Wordsworth's primrose was only a yellow primrose to Master Peter Bell. Ah, but there is such a difference in poached eggs—a difference as abyssmal as that which divided Master Peter Bell's mind from the mind of Wordsworth! A new-laid egg, when poached lovingly at an artist's hand, comes to you firm and exquisitely white,

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—still whiter because of the crisp brown of the toast on which it lies. And it swells with a delicate contour just over the golden yolk—swells like the white breast of a dove. A dash of pure cayenne imparts a flush of rosy red to the crest of this dainty *mamelon,* and you look at it with a feeling of pure pleasure. And by its side are several slices of *galantine de volaille,* their pinkish surface diversified by the truffles that have been set so deftly here and there. A bowl of dark green cresses, fresh from the water of a running brook, affords a contrast with the pale blond colour of the pats of new, unsalted butter. And there is a small basket woven of fresh leaves, and filled with strawberries—not the huge, vulgar, staring strawberries of the hot-house or the garden, but tiny, modest *fraises du bois,* the epicure's delight, picked in the woods by the slim brown fingers of some peasant girl. In their aromatic fragrance, as you crush them in clotted cream, they bring to your inner vision the sweet woodland with interlacing boughs, and mosses under foot, and the ripple of clear water over pebbles. The coffee steams beside you; the crisp rolls coyly tempt you. The gleaming silver, the lucent crystal, and the spotless napery complete the spell which art and taste have cast about so simple yet so satisfactory a rite as Breakfast.

Quite slowly and with a profound æsthetic appreciation, I consume the *déjeûner.* One should not hasten pleasure. He should get the fulness of its flavour, as when he drinks a rare liqueur and lets it die upon the palate drop by drop. But when the *galantine* is gone, and the plump, dove-like egg has vanished, and the cresses are no more, and the coffee cup is emptied, I light luxuriously a cigarette, enjoying the peculiar relish which is given by the first smoke of the day. The faint blue rings with their delicious scent float upward through the palm leaves; and I lean comfortably back, and look into the court, where human life is every day epitomised.

Surely there exists no more impressive figure of benign authority than that of the majestic *portier* as he rears his six-foot-four of sheer magnificence near the entrance to the court-yard. At his command, the small *chasseurs* fly forth in all directions. His word is law to the silent concierge. Betimes, a white-clad chef from the inner regions holds deferential converse with him. As carriages drive in, this stately being deigns to greet the persons who alight from them, while some more humble functionary lifts the luggage down. Englishmen, in preposterous clothes and flustered by their journey from Dover to Ostend, splutter and speak with insular abruptness to him; but the great man himself is always tranquil and serene. He humours them and addresses them in their own tongue, and bids them be at peace. And the anxious-looking American ladies, intent on seeing all of Europe in two months, are soothed by his gracious words. German or Spaniard, Turk or Dane—all receive the personal attention of this polyglot, who takes royal liberties with every language, although he has no language of his own. And the departing traveller—how conscious is he of the potentate's superiority! To slip a ten-franc piece into the hand of so resplendent a personage seems utterly impertinent—almost insulting. Yet it is received quite graciously and with a courtly bow; for such gifts are not really tips. They are tribute, as from vassals to a sovereign. What king, no matter how magnificent, ever refused the taxes of his grateful subjects? Let us call these little offerings by the good old English feudal term "benevolences," consecrated by historic usage. Let us never speak or think of them as "tips."

The morning nears the time of noon, and the scene grows still more animated. The coming and the going, the softened roll of carriage-wheels, the little dramas of every-day existence, the partings and the meetings, the voluble and shrill, yet not unpleasing, converse of the various domestics, the blending of languages in the speech of men and women and young girls—all this takes place before me as in a theatre of which my shady nook within the portico is a private box. I protest that here I could spend my life in watching and in listening. I might spend it, doubtless, to far more advantage; but, at least, in this place I should never once be bored.

The time has long since passed when

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good Americans on dying go of necessity to Paris. In these days, many go to London, and others to the Riviera. Some even stay at home. If I were found to be a good enough American to have the right of choosing, I should ask an immortality in Brussels. There is something about Paris that chills the blood and makes one shudder, after the first glamour of its charm is dimmed. Resplendent, exquisite, all-satisfying though it seems, *la ville lumière* may well inspire fear. I cannot help personifying cities; and Paris, like the race that reared it, is all glorious without and hard as flint within. Come to her rich and joyous and avid of delights, and she will give you her caresses lavishly. Her subtle breath will thrill you; her beauty captivate you; her eagerness to yield, her absolute abandonment, will fascinate you. But if illness fall upon you or if your wealth be wasted, or if, in a word, you have nothing more to give her, then her touch is ice, her laugh is mockery,—

et meretrix retro
Periura cedit;

and you may quote still further and describe her as

Non Mauris animum mitior anguibus.

But not so Brussels. Brussels is a whole-souled, winsome *camarade,* who likes you for yourself and will not change. She has wit without a spark of malice. She is clever but not cynical. She has grace and charm, but is not vain. A genial Flemish warmth has somehow suffused itself into the Gallic brilliancy, and the two, inextricably mingled, make Brussels the soul's true home, from which, because it is so infinitely appealing, no one who knows it will ever wish to stray.

A shaft of sunlight glances through the archway at the entrance and flecks with gold the little kiosque wherein a dark-haired girl dispenses Turkish cigarettes. Mademoiselle is pretty, and she will give you a charming smile as you make a selection from her wares. She will even enter into an amiable conversation with you in a casual way, keeping the while a keen Gallic eye wide open for another purchaser. But the sunlight, though it gives to the kiosque a momentary splendour, serves to remind me that the day is speeding by. One must not spend it all as a mere afterpiece to breakfast. Something of my compatriots' uneasy sense of duty stirs within me. In this twentieth century the Puritan conscience has survived only in that strange compulsion which leads Americans and English people, when they travel, to dash with desperate energy from train to train, from inn to inn, from church to slum, from Whitechapel to Venice, from the grave of some venerated martyr to Liberty's distracting shop on Regent Street. I have just enough of this uncomfortable virtue to make me feel a bit disquieted. I, too, will go somewhere. I will resist the diabolical temptation to stay in Brussels like a reasonable being, to stroll before the brilliant shop-fronts of the Montagne de la Cour, to ride a well-broken, easy-going Belgian saddle-horse along the Allée Verte, where George Osborne and Amelia and Rawdon Crawley and Becky and the elaborate Jos drove up and down in the days preceding Waterloo. No! Quick, garçon, a time-table! I must be off.

Just here the thought occurs that, as I said before, this Belgium is a most compact and comfortable country. One can go somewhere without going very far. Let me see—there is Malines. But is Malines actually Somewhere? May it not be really Nowhere? What do I recall about Malines?

Only a very little and that little very vaguely. Malines is the seat of the Primate of Belgium with an old cathedral —a sort of Belgian Barchester. It is where Mechlin lace is made. Its inhabitants, like those of Bruges, are mainly paupers. This last vagrant bit of memory would seem to make the town not merely unattractive, but depressing. Yet, perhaps oddly, I find in it a reason for proceeding thither. A city inhabited by paupers! How delightful for a change! I have tarried long in London and in Paris, which are full of millionaires; and I know too well Chicago, Pittsburgh, and New York, all three of which are infested by multimillionaires. How grateful to discover an historic city where no one

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has accumulated even a modest fortune and where nearly every one is positively poor! I will plunge myself in pauperism. The plunge will soothe a soul made sick by the sight of excessive riches used only for the harlotry of mere display. And as for the sneering hemistich written by some atrabilious mediæval monk—*gaudet Mechlinia stultis*—this to me is but one more compelling call. We meet too many lineal descendants of Mr. Worldly Wiseman in our times The world—our Western world, at least—is far too well supplied with "smart" men and with men who "hustle" and "do things." If it be really true that Malines abounds in foolish souls, it will afford perchance a resting place where one may turn aside and offer his devotions at the shrine of Sancta Simplicitas, wherein, I fear, the storks have long since built their nests. And a beloved Latin poet, far wiser than the mediæval traducer of Malines, has said that it is sweet to play the fool *in loco*.

* * * * *

A smoothly gliding train deposits me, after a ride of twenty minutes, in the outer station at Malines. Perhaps it is a proof of the *stultitia* of the good burghers that they have not allowed the railway builders to run their lines and rear their sheds and noisy workshops within the circling moat, which, with a concentric boulevard, surrounds the quaint old town. If so, their folly is the height of wisdom. Who wishes to disturb a bit of the sixteenth century with the frantic clangour of the twentieth? While I am being driven in a very deliberate fashion into the heart of old Malines, there comes to me a peace which surely passeth the understanding of those who dwell in cities that are "up to date." Broad avenues of which the cobblestones that pave them are dull grey; tall gabled buildings closely set together and all of dull grey stone—Malines appears to be a symphony in grey over which, however, the sun from a serene blue sky sheds down a flood of light that still is softened by the atmospheric quality of the place to an harmonious agreement with the time-stained roofs and mellowed gables. There is no sound of passing vehicles. The streets are empty, save that here and there some solitary figure or isolated group appears upon the narrow sidewalk. Ahead, and looming grandly over the whole sleepy city, rises the gigantic spire of St. Rombaud's, begun, perhaps, ten centuries ago, yet still unfinished.

We enter the Grande Place and draw up before an ancient hostelry, which seems quite uninhabited. But there soon appears an aged yet far from decrepit servitor in livery. He says no word, but ushers me within—me the only person that is perceptible save himself. He is at once proprietor and porter, valet-de-chambre and waiter. How many hundred years has he inhabited the place? And how many years have passed since any one has claimed his hospitality? The bedroom to which he guides me cannot have been slept in since the days of William the Silent, so wonderful is its mustiness, so antique its furnishings, so strangely palpable the stillness which you feel has been imprisoned there for generations. As I pass the doorway it is not like entering a room; it is like breaking down the barriers of time, and irreverently violating a sanctuary that has been consecrated to perpetual loneliness.

However, the place is immaculately clean, from the hangings of the huge canopied affair that is a bed, down to the linen and the bath-towels. I deposit an incongruous Gladstone bag somewhere in this archaic chamber, throw open all the windows to let in the air, and then descend into the stone-flagged court-yard, where I find mine ancient engaged in polishing a pewter flagon. With grave courtesy he inquires at what hour Monsieur would wish to dine. A few words with him, and then I stroll out into the soft sunshine, and make my first acquaintance with Malines.

It is apparently a place without inhabitants. Though within the circle of its moat there are sheltered fifty thousand human beings, it is a rare sight indeed to see a dozen at one time. The great open *places* are the abodes of silence, rendered only more intense by the occasional click-clack of a pair of wooden shoes upon the pavement. A market-woman here and there in Flemish garb, a priest in black, a stray gendarme—each is conspicuous because so isolated. There are shops, but

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no one seems to enter them. You pause before a *café débit,* and perhaps you may descry a solitary figure in its dark interior slowly swallowing a draught of straw-hued beer. I peep into the Gothic dimness of the vast cathedral of St. Rombaud, and perceive a beadle sleeping there. I wonder who St. Rombaud was and why they reared this mighty structure in his honour. But the quest of information when one travels has always seemed to me the very worst of all bad form. One sees, one feels, one cogitates and forms hypotheses, and this is far more satisfying than a knowledge of mere facts. And as to St. Rombaud, it really doesn't matter. He must have been a good man, else he would not have been canonised and made a saint; and he must have been a saint of some importance or they never would have piled up this majestic spire, three hundred feet or more in air, to reverence his memory. So why disturb the beadle? Let him sleep on for another century or more.

Not without interest are the lace-makers, of whom one may still find a few, patiently engaged over their delicate creations. Time was when Mechlin lace was highly prized. Its very name had a very sumptuous sound. But fickle fashion now prefers *point de Bruxelles,* and so Malines has seen its famous industry decay. For my part, I cannot understand why Mechlin lace is less to be admired than the Irish lace which women rave about. To me all real lace is beautiful—dainty and fine and fit for princesses. To watch its creamy lightness foam in the laps of these lace-makers of Malines is enough to cause a man to wonder whether women rightly estimate their privileges. Doubtless they think that men are satisfied to enjoy a host of lovely things vicariously, on the persons of their wives and sisters.

Dull-hued garments cut after conventional patterns that seldom change are the inevitable lot of man. For women there are woven fabrics of entrancing loveliness, in every tint and shade, from pure white and faint rose up the chromatic scale to the vividest and boldest and most flaming colours—colours that smite the eye and make it drink them in with a sort of Oriental thirstiness. And for women, too, are gathered all the glorious gems that earth and sea produce—superbly lustrous pearls, and emeralds of vivid fascination, and the deep azure sapphires, and iridiscent opals, and the conquering diamond, whose flash and fire-spark have the power even to win hearts and vanquish virtue. All these and a thousand other miracles of beauty are woman's own, and she only has the right to wear them, leaving man to stalk about, a dingy biped, close-cropped and clad in bags. Do you suppose that he would not feel a thrill of pleasure if he might, as of old, possess some share of this magnificence? I do not myself long to clothe my person in sable velvet slashed with crimson silk, to flaunt whole yards of filmy lace, or to glitter from head to foot with coruscating gems. But for my sex I should wish the privilege, or at least that women would admit that here is one of the multifarious advantages that men have weakly yielded to them.

It is not all stony grey, this old Malines. Walk through the Place du Bétail and toward the outer boulevard, and you will find the pretty little river Dyle, meandering with meditative slowness among fields of richest green, or gliding under one of the quaint bridges, of which some thirty-five still span its current. The Dyle is called officially a navigable stream; yet, resting on its sloping banks for two delicious, dreamy hours, I see no evidence that it is navigated by anything save silver-bellied minnows and now and then a wind-blown leaf. Here, it may be, the younger Teniers strolled and studied nature—for he was born not far away; and here perhaps the knights of Brabant oft drew rein and let their chargers drink. One's thoughts dwell wholly in the past if he rests long beside the Dyle. All that suggests to-day or yesterday is absent and unreal. When, as the shadows lengthen, I walk slowly back into the city, it is in the company of Gerard, son of Elias, or of Gerard's glorious son, Erasmus.

The antique solitude of my inn has now melted harmoniously into the picture as a whole; and when my *famulus*—no modern name for him seems quite appropriate—announces dinner and bows me into a narrow room panelled in dark old

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oak and partly hung with tapestry, I feel myself the only object that is incongruous, with my tweeds and russet shoes, in place of hose and doublet and a sword. Wax candles of prodigious length and set in silver candlesticks shed a soft light upon the table. I dine in solitary state—the only guest. A *potage* curiously seasoned with sorrel and other herbs, a bit of fish, a pasty made of larks, and a cheese with fruit are set before me in succession. From a long and cobwebbed bottle the *famulus* pours out a generous draught of amber wine, mellow and just a little sweet, but of a potency, as Mr. Henry James would say. Thus dined the Netherlandish burghers and the statesmen and the scholars in those days when the Low Countries were a prize for which all Europe struggled.

Darkness descends upon Malines. I look out on the Grande Place, and it is ghostly in its dimness. Perhaps it may have been a surfeit of antiquity that excited in me a reaction wholly modern, or perhaps the amber wine may have inspired the revolt. At any rate, I feel oppressed by so much greyness. The very smell of age which haunts the house becomes a source of irritation. "Confound the sixteenth century!" I say aloud. "I don't belong to it. *Soyons de notre siècle!*"

A few stray lights are twinkling on the Place. A glimmer is perceptible in several windows. The inhabitants are evidently lighting a few candles that they may find their way to bed. But see! Directly opposite there is something which may be called, comparatively, an illumination. As many as four lamps are gleaming in a window. I cross the cobblestones in quest of what this may betoken. I find myself before a sort of *cabaret,* from whose door depends a yard or two of light brown paper, inscribed with characters in charcoal. The four lamps enable me to read the following announcement:

**Concert.**

**JOHN TOM**

**PROPRIÉTAIRE-PATRON**

**La Belle Rose**

Chanteuse de Genre

Pour Cette Semaine Seulement

"John Tom!" The name suggests that utterly impossible invention of Victor Hugo's in *L'Homme Qui Rit*—Tom Jimjack, scion of a noble English house. I must see John Tom.

The place was what in France would be styled contemptuously a *bouis-bouis;* but it did not deserve that somewhat mysterious name. A long, narrow room, sanded floor, benches and tables. At the upper end a small square platform, with a piano just below it at one side; and at the other side a cashier's desk. A pale and hectic-looking man was tinkling tunes abstractedly on the piano. A young woman of some *embonpoint,* evidently La Belle Rose, did needlework beside the pianist. At the desk presided Mme. John Tom, matronly and placid, while M. John Tom himself was ministering to the infrequent demands of a half dozen men and women, whose thirst for beer was held in check by their instincts of economy. It was a picture, almost domestic in its restfulness.

From time to time, La Belle Rose would put aside her needlework, leave her chair and ascend the platform to interpret one of her *chansons de genre*—songs which had been popular in Paris ten years before, but which were now for the first time heard in the archiepiscopal city of Malines. I can still hear the slightly nasal voice of La Belle Rose—the true music-hall voice all over the world—rendering with some archness of intonation the refrain:

"J'arrive d'Orléans
Mon p'tit nom c'est Estelle,
J'aurai dix-huit printemps
A la fraise nouvelle.
Je sors d'chez mes parents,
J'ai mes trente-deux dents,
Et d'bons antécédents
J'arrive d'Orléans!"

Her audience listened with silent approbation. Still better than these frivolous *chansonettes,* they liked such sober songs as "La Prière du Paysan":

Je crois en Toi, maître de la Nature,
Je crois en Toi, et dans la Liberté——

because this struck more surely the chord of their own hard-working, honest, God-fearing lives. It is all so different in France.

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La Belle Rose did not think it worth her while to carry around the little wooden dish which is consecrated in all such places to *la quête*. She sewed steadily between her musical performances, and on the whole appeared to me a sort of Belgian Fotheringay, who, however, needed not the fitful chaperonage of a Belgian Costigan. There were, apparently, no Pendennises or Fokers in Malines.

M. John Tom, perceiving me to be a stranger, gave me the honour of his personal attention. He was a clean-shaven, stout and very comfortable-looking individual. He trusted that Monsieur was pleased with the entertainment. Monsieur was wholly pleased, and said so.

"Ah," resumed John Tom, "Monsieur est peutêtre Anglais?" No, Monsieur was American. The information visibly excited reminiscences in the brain of John Tom. He broke into English suddenly, as when one turns on the waters of a hydrant.

"Américain! Ah, I 'ave visit l'Amérique. Yas, I 'ave visit zat most large city of ze countrie of Monsieur!"

"New York," said I, with the bland assurance of Manhattan.

But my metropolitan presumption was to be properly rebuked. John Tom looked puzzled for a moment.

"New York? Non, je ne le connais pas. 'Oboken."

And then John Tom sat down beside me and discoursed of many things that he had seen when, in a Red Star vessel, he had sailed and sailed and sailed over an incredible amount of water, and had then beheld the glories of 'Oboken for five whole days. I had now shed the sixteenth century completely. 'Oboken brought me back to our own times.

John Tom returned at intervals. La Belle Rose sang. The clink of copper money was heard from the *comptoir* where Mme. John Tom presided. It was all very comfortable. But in time the big bell of St. Rombaud boomed out upon the stilly night. The last of the *convives* rose to go. John Tom again approached me. He regretted profoundly that the municipal ordinances compelled him to close his doors at ten. But if Monsieur desired to remain—as a guest——

Monsieur desired to remain. He tried to think of some French equivalent for "the shank of the evening." In fact, he dreaded to go back into the sixteenth century. The thought of that silent, ancient, musty bedroom, and of the flickering candle that would waken ghosts within its shadows, made him most unwilling to turn his back upon the light and sound of John Tom's hospitable *cabaret*. So John Tom closed the shutters and barred the door with a great wooden bar; and Mme. John Tom produced from some adjacent pantry a large Delft platter of delicious sandwiches cut thin, together with some radishes and fruit. La Belle Rose put away her sewing. The pianist ran his fingers through his hair and rolled a cigarette.

"Can you not play for me," said I, "your fine national air, the 'Brabançonne'? I have heard it only once, and wish that I could learn it."

The cigarette was swiftly laid aside, and the first few bars of martial music crashed out from the keys. Even this battered old piano could not rob of its power that splendid song which Campenhout composed to fit the stirring words by Jenneval, who fell soon after at the barricades. Americans have learned from Englishmen to think the Belgians tame and thoroughly unwarlike. This is because the Belgian troops at Waterloo broke when the French first smote the allied forces under Wellington's command. But these Belgians were at heart the partisans of Napoleon and they longed for his success, while they disliked the English. Why should they oppose the Emperor, who was a hero and a liberator? Thackeray well knew the truth when he wrote that marvellous chapter in *Vanity Fair*. If any one is given to think lightly of the Belgians, let him read the records of the year 1830, when the stubborn Dutch were assailed so fiercely by the Belgian revolutionists as to startle them from their stolidity and at last lead Europe to insist on Belgium's independence. In the blood and fury of that year the "Brabançonne" was born.

The pianist, no longer languid, made his instrument roll out the battle-song. La Belle Rose began the words. John Tom chimed in, and then Mme. John

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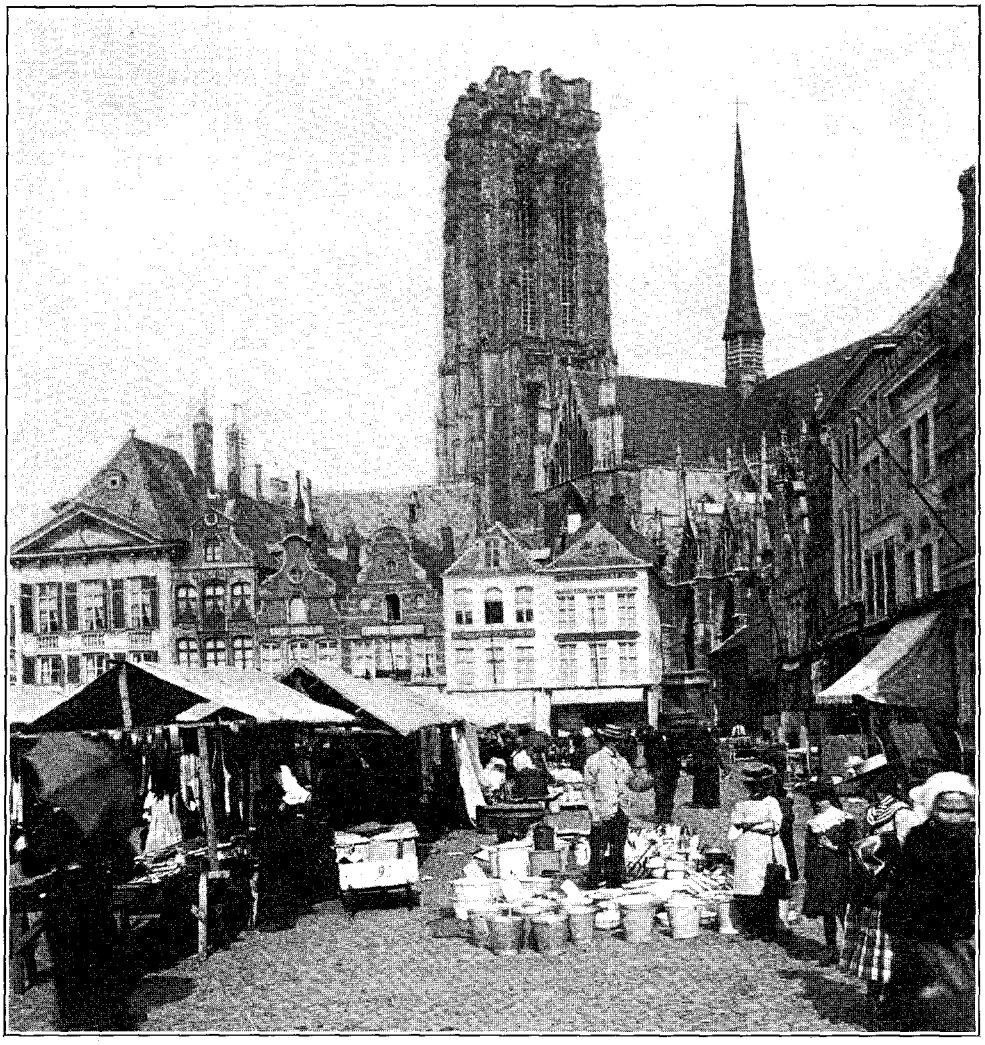

"AHEAD, AND LOOMING GRANDLY OVER THE CITY, RISES THE GIGANTIC SPIRE OF ST. ROMBAUD'S, BEGUN, PERHAPS, TEN CENTURIES AGO, YET STILL UNFINISHED"

Tom. The incongruous group took on a certain dignity:

Qui l'aurait cru? De l'arbitraire
Consacrant les affreux projets,
Sur nous de l'airain sanguinaire
Un prince a lancé les boulets!
C'en est fait! Oui, Belges, tout change,
Avec Nassau plus d'indigne traité!
La mitraille a brisé l'Orange
Sur l'arbre de la Liberté!

The crash and thunder of the stern refrain are followed by a few chords of the "Marseillaise," wonderfully interwoven with Campenhout's own music, as if to show that Belgium's desperate fight for freedom were but the final scene in that great patriotic drama which France began when it sounded the tocsin of revolution in the *annus mirabilis*, 1793.

The pianist went on from verse to verse, himself singing as he played. I caught the air and something of the inspiration, and sang with all the rest of

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them. There was a roar of sound in that small room.

Of a sudden came a sharply vicious blow upon the outer door—a sound as of a rifle-butt. We left off singing and there came a hush that you could feel.

"Ouvrez, au nom de la loi!"

Such was the order, given by a hoarse voice in the street. M. John Tom unbarred his door. In the dim light I could perceive a stocky man in military uniform. Behind him, the Belgian army was represented by three soldiers armed with rifles. The leader entered, and with him John Tom conferred in a low voice. I could make out the words *après dix heures . . . absolument defendu.* Obviously we had smashed the Belgian code to pieces by our patriotic *Schwärmerei.* I thought I ought to give John Tom a little help. I went forward to the personage in uniform.

"M. le Capitaine, the establishment of M. John Tom was duly closed at ten o'clock. I am a stranger, his private guest, and I was learning the words and music of 'La Brabançonne,' one of the finest of all national airs."

M. le Capitaine—he was probably a high private or at most a corporal—bowed with much gravity and seemed pleased by his promotion to the higher rank. It is only in Georgia and Kentucky that military station is acquired at birth.

"We should be much pleased if M. le Capitaine would enter and partake of some slight refreshment, now that he has done us the honour of calling."

M. le Capitaine came in and shut the door. He sniffed the sandwiches afar off, and was soon devouring them with much apparent satisfaction.

"As we were singing the 'Brabançonne,' perhaps you would drink a *demi-Moulin* to Belgium and its proud traditions."

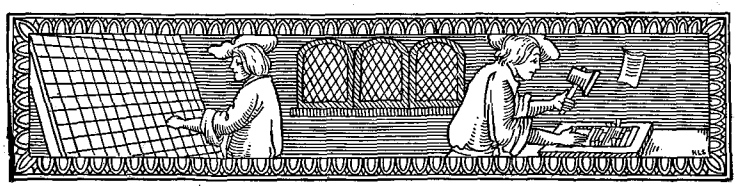
Doubtless it is a dusty task patrolling the streets and squares; and doubtless the army regulations in Belgium are comfortably elastic. At any rate, M. le Capitaine went to the door and spoke wingèd words to his brave followers. Presently we heard their tramping heels upon the *trottoir,* dying in the distance.

The *demi-Moulin* disappeared, and others followed it. M. le Capitaine removed his *képi,* unbuckled his belt, and made himself at home. He spoke with fervour of l'Amérique, which apparently he restricted to Brazil. He ate many radishes. At the hour of eleven-thirty he was standing on a chair beside the old piano and was leading all of us in the thundering refrain:

La mitraille a bri-i-sé l'ora-a-an-ge-e-e
Sur l'arbre de la Liberté!

* * * * *

The next morning, after a sixteenth century breakfast, I returned to Brussels, having settled my hotel bill—*tout compris*—for the sum of three francs and a half. (Economico-sociological note: If the inhabitants of Malines are chiefly paupers, it is because they are still charging sixteenth century prices in the year 1905.) I have not again beheld Malines, but the memory of it is a grateful one. No doubt Malines is officially beneath the sway of the Cardinal-Primate of All Belgium; but in my thoughts of it, the quaint old city will remain forever the hereditary principality of my genial friend, the good John Tom.



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THE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON MEDALLION, BY ST. GAUDENS

# AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS

THE death, on August 3d, at Concord, New Hampshire, of Augustus St. Gaudens deprived American art of one of its most eminent figures. He above all others among American sculptors was representative of the breaking away from the old shackles and traditions. Though of mingled French and Irish blood, and himself born on Irish soil, his work throughout his career was characteristically American. The story of his parentage is a pretty one. His father, Bernard Paul, a native of St. Gaudens, in the south of France, was on his way to the United States, and the ship by which he was travelling made a brief stop at Kingston, near Dublin. From the deck the young Frenchman caught sight of an Irish girl on shore and fell in love with her at once. He left the ship with the avowed intention of making the girl his wife, and very soon did so. Of this union Augustus St. Gaudens was born March 1, 1848.

It was as a small child that Augustus was brought to America. He was early

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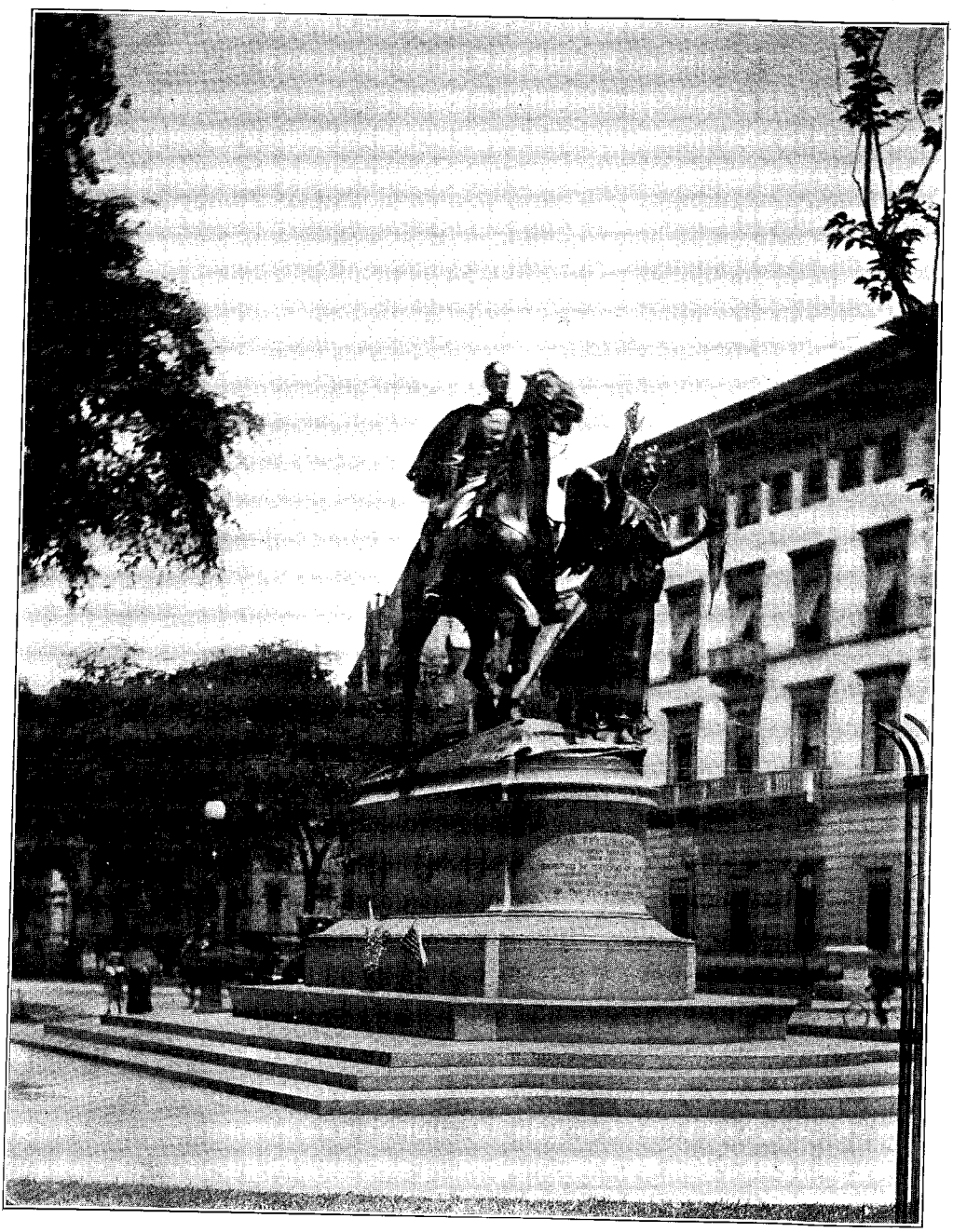

THE GENERAL SHERMAN EQUESTRIAN STATUE

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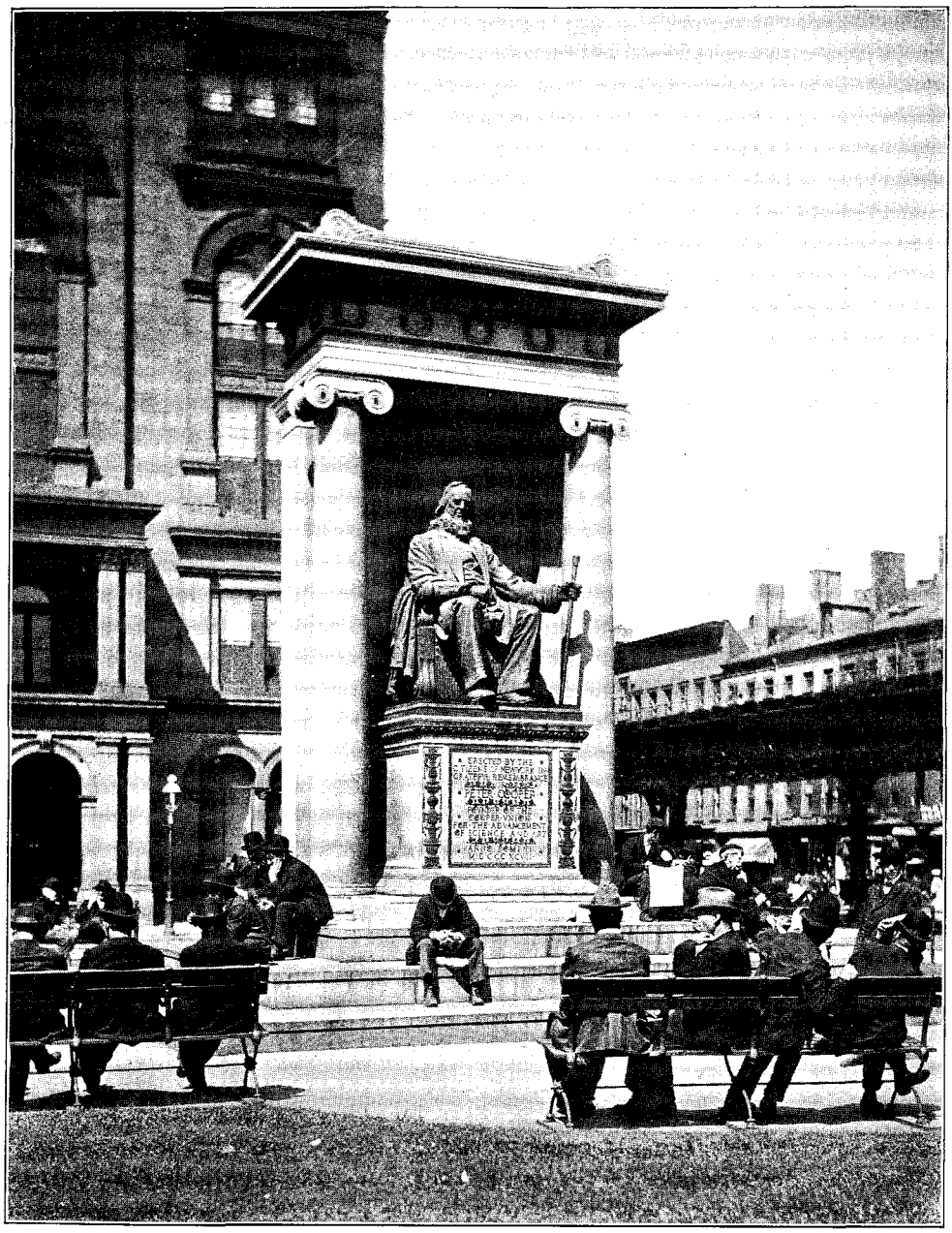

THE PETER COOPER STATUE AT THE COOPER UNION

Augustus St. Gaudens studied at the Cooper Union

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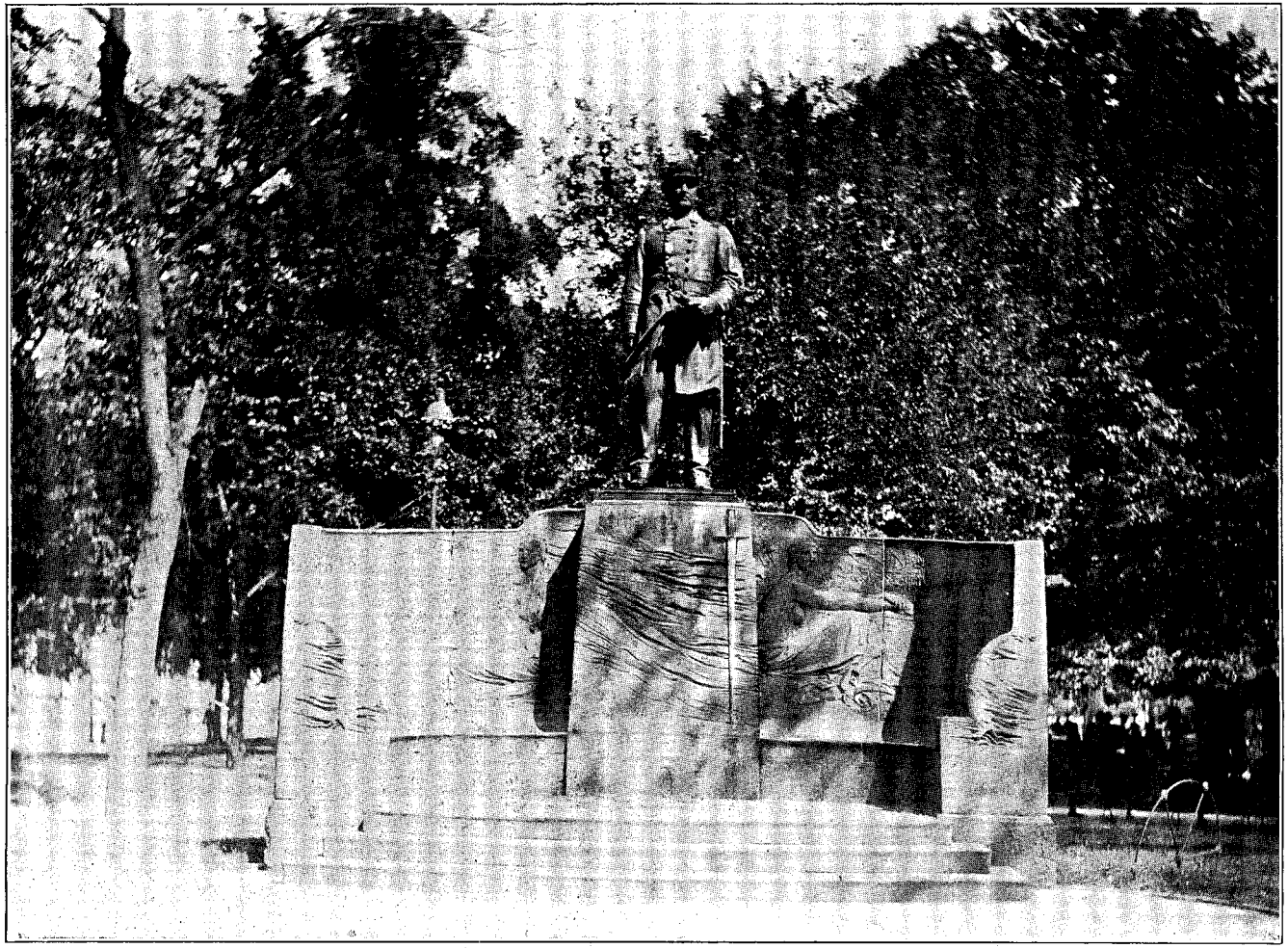

THE FARRAGUT STATUE IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK

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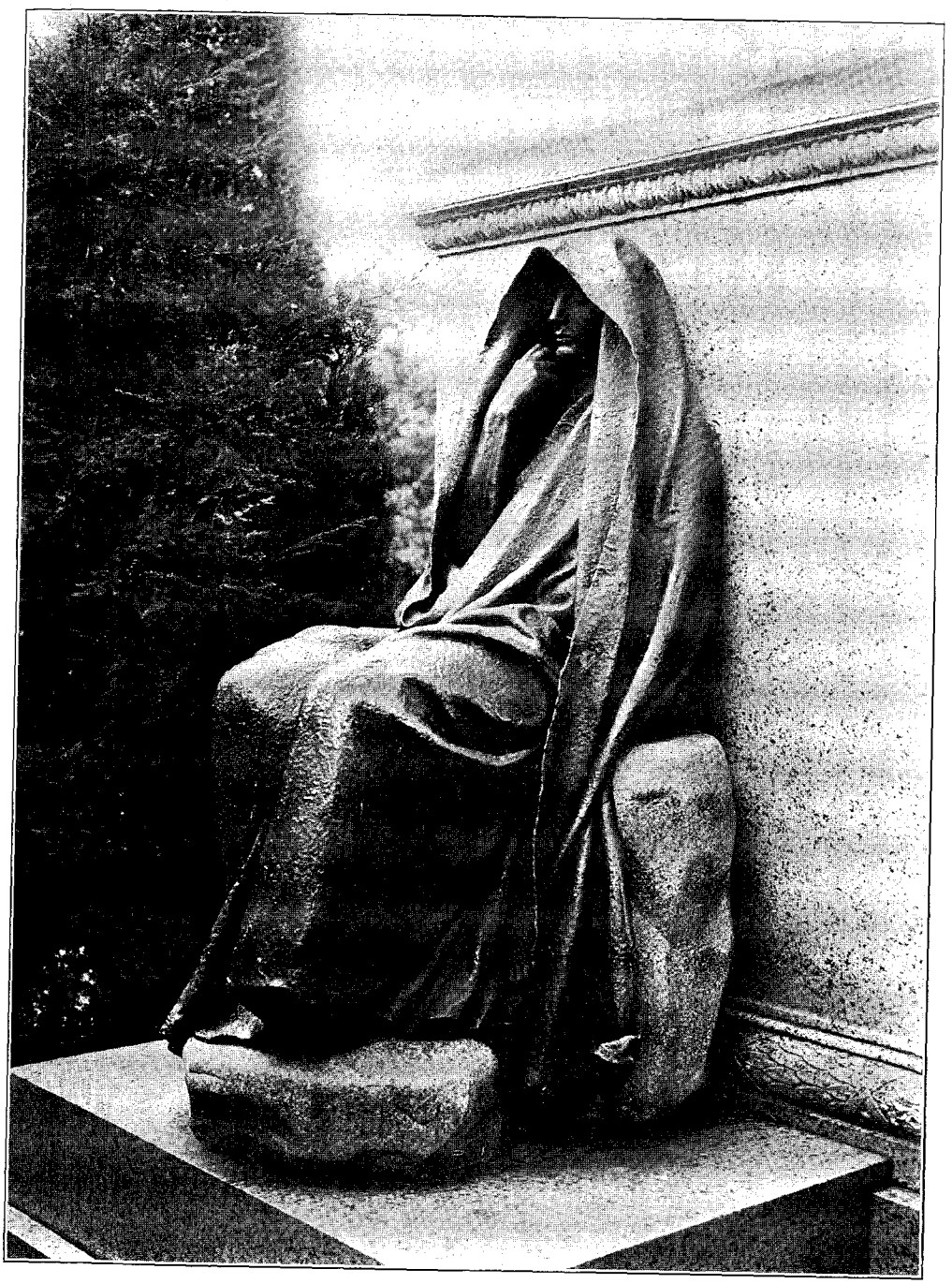

GRIEF

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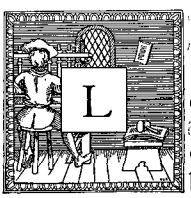
apprenticed to a cameo cutter, and afterward studied in the art schools of the Cooper Union and of the Academy of Design. In 1867, at the age of nineteen, he went to Paris and entered the Academie des Beaux-Arts, where he remained until 1870, when the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War caused him to move to Rome. In 1872 he returned to the United States, where, with the exception of a few prolonged visits to Europe, he remained until his death. His work has been summed up as being in three different groups—his portrait plaques and medallions in low relief, such as the Stevenson medallion, his figures of an ideal character, and his achievements in heroic portraiture, such as the Deacon Chapin, which symbolised Puritan New England, and the Civil War statues —Sherman, Shaw, Logan, Lincoln, and Farragut.

# THE STOOPING LADY*

## BY MAURICE HEWLETT

### CHAPTER XXXI

WHICH MRS. GEORGE FOX UNDERSTANDS



LADY BARWISE was extremely surprised to find herself in any sort of agreement with a Mrs. George Fox. "The Chambre connection —but really a person of proper feeling. That most unhappy child —impossible that she should remain here for a moment. Dearest mamma is so sensitive—and they say that the Prince—so altogether I was thankful to get rid of her; and Mrs. Fox was perfectly reasonable, and very kind about it." Mrs. Fox had, in fact, jumped at a proposal which she would have hesitated herself to open. The culprit was given over to her; she had her safely now in her Brompton lodgings, where for a time she was seldom out of her arms.

After the first cooings and tear-minglings—with "There, then, my precious, you are safe with your Mary—cry your fill"—she had attempted gentle admonitions of that sort which any good woman, with howsoever fine an ardour she have embraced matrimony, always feels constrained to give. No wife, we may suppose, ever forgets the plunge into the dark which has preceded her happiness; and no girl ever believes in it. Therefore, so long as Mrs. Fox confined herself to platitude her doctrine was accepted with docility. Her friend was too young to deal with generalities, and accepted them as the insignia of matrons. But when the good lady was forced, by honest belief, to go further, when it became evident that she frankly deplored the betrothal, Miss Hermia became the amazon; and it was a fierce young face that lifted from Mary's bosom, and a pair of scornful eyes which made Mary's to quail.

"Unworthy! You call him unworthy!"

"His position, dearest. Think of his position—and yours!"

"Why should I think of what my mother gave no thought to? Would you have called my father unworthy?"

"Your father, my darling, was my own cousin."

"Well, everybody must be somebody's cousin, I suppose. If I am to be careful of your cousins, Mary, I do think you should remember Mr. Vernour's."

"Your father was undoubtedly a gentleman," said Mrs. Fox.

To which she replied, "And so is Mr. Vernour, without any kind of doubt."

"Not in the eyes of the world, Hermy."

The girl's own eyes grew dreamy, and her voice sounded tired. "The world! I had forgotten it. Where is the world?

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Inside the Caryll House gates, I believe —defended by Jacob Jacobs. Surely I came out of it when I came to you!" After which there was nothing immediately to be done—by the likes of Mrs. Fox—but to kiss her; and presently to take up the burden again.

There was, you see, the romantic side to this affair; and Mary Fox, a long and patient traveller in the Pays du Tendre, was allured into occasional peeps at her old haunts—whose whispering groves, whose rills and thickets still had power to charm. Having the case before her, put with an impassioned oratory which I shall not attempt to rehearse, she had to confess that conduct more irreproachably delicate than that of the violet-bearer could not be conceived. It partook of the marvellous, even; for how did a Brook Street tradesman—and of his trade of all trades in the world!—how did such a one conjure up white violets all the year round? Pass, as Hermia calmly passed, the nursery-gardener at Feltham—to what research it pointed! To what an instinct for the elegant! Yes, and to what nice passion! When she was told as a fact that her Hermy had fallen in love with a posy of flowers, she had, in her present mood, no difficulty in believing it. She could understand that, she could imagine it. There was Boccaccio's tale—Lisabetta fondling her pot of basil; yes, she could thrill at such a tale! But by so much as you heighten the lure of that, by so much the more must the truth revolt. When the mystery was unlocked, when the veiled lover stood before her as he was—what then? Here her young friend confounded her by a dazzling admission, for she simply said that she then knew she had been in love before—"because, Mary, I was so happy, and liked to think of him." Yes, yes, indeed, that was the way of it —that was the glorious estate. One "liked to think of him"! But if one had been thinking of a violet-bearer, clothed in the mossy fragrance of his tribute, shy and rare himself as that in which he hid—and then—oh, heaven!—the white flowers brushed aside, he stood up, garbed in his dreadful uniform! What, then, child?

"Then," said Hermia, "I remembered that I had liked to think of him before."

"Before! Then you had—oh, my dearest!"

"I had seen him, of course, Mary. He was the very first person I saw when I came to London." And thus it gradually appeared to have been a case of love at first sight—kindled by a chance spark—a vision of proud eyes and a stiff head; blown upon by a visit to Brook Street; set ablaze by subsequent meetings—ah! me. "Harriet told me long ago that I was interested in him because I admired him," she said. "I was angry with her and thought she had a common mind; but you see that she was right. I didn't know it . . . but she was perfectly right."

She was able to speak of Brook Street by-and-by—almost to explain Brook Street. She had been praised for courage, she said, and named Lord Sandgate; as a matter of truth, she had been "dreadfully afraid. But it had to be done, you see," she went on. "I couldn't help doing it—I was drawn there—and now —and now I know why." Democracy, indeed! Mary Fox began to know why, too.

Talking of that visit, she skirted the inner truth, or delayed her search for it. She said that her prevalent feeling, while she waited there in the shop, had been one of burning humiliation that she should be doomed, in her poor finery, to bring disgrace upon an honest place. "Imagine it!" she cried. "My silly silks —my silly shoes which dared not be wetted—my feathers and ribbons! And then he came riding up, full of real business, dressed for it——"

"Ah!" Mrs. Fox gasped.

"Dressed for it—his working clothes —no pretence upon him!" She turned her indignant face to her friend. "What right had I—what right has any person in the world, Mary, to act a doll at a child's tea-party? To play about, to trifle, and hinder the work of the world! Oh, I was utterly ashamed! I felt that I was despicable, worse than nothing before him."

"But he did not, I imagine."

"He was more than kind, he was noble; but he could not deny his own nature. He could not stoop to me, or make concessions. That is so wonderful

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in him, I think. I had seen it before when he stood up alone—inside the gates here — doing justice — inflexibly — with blood on his face. I felt the power of him break me down. I could have knelt to him."

"Dearest, I fear, I fear that you did."

"No, indeed. He would not have allowed it; and that made it all the worse, that I must pretend to confer and he to receive a favour. Favour from me to him! Oh, Mary, I went home burning—to my degradation, as I supposed. To be driven about in a carriage, splashing mud in the face of honesty with my hoofs and wheels; to be herded in a pack, among men who drank too much and women who were too little; to gape at a conjurer, at pictures, at women jigging; to be fed by powdered giants, and be sung to by hired Italians! What a life to lead in a busy world! I was spared all that by grandmamma, who locked me up—and gave me time to think of him. But in a day or two I had to go on with it all, as if nothing had happened. But, Mary, something *had* happened, something very wonderful. . . ." She frowned at Mary Fox, biting her red lip. "I don't see why one should do all this—I don't see how one dare do it, if one feels, if one knows that men and women are leading real lives outside; working, being happy in their work. They sing, Mary, as they go about their business. You hear them in the streets. Some of them used to whistle as they came to the house, and Jacobs always stopped them at the gates. No whistling at Caryll House—a sort of church! Oh, it's all wrong, it's all wrong! But now it's over, for me."

There spoke, perhaps, her father's child, and her mother's; offspring of that night's work in '88, when the silken lady of the Carylls rode pillion in the dark behind the man who had dared to break his sword. Had not this girl, too, caught at Reality by the knees?

The struggle went on with varying fortunes. Mary Fox was only half convinced, when the little sophist gained an unlooked-for arm for her warfare. She was able to confront the poor lady with a dilemma when the Earl of Morfa returned to town and brought his countess with him. The noble pair took a furnished house in Curzon Street—since nothing could, of course, be done to the dowager's detriment—and there they throve, in spite of all conclusions. The Family remained true to its patriarchal principle, that it is the male who ennobles. What then? A Countess Harriet is certainly a countess, while a Mrs. Hermia is a butcher's wife. Mary Fox, accepting that, gave her beloved a rhetorical advantage which she made the most of. Take hold of which prong you will, here are two, says Hermia. Either Harriet, who had been nobody, was made somebody by Uncle Roddy; or Uncle Roddy, who was supposed to be somebody, was made nobody by Harriet Moon. In the former case, why should she and Vernour between them not be somebody? In the latter, why should Uncle Badlesmere and Uncle John Botetort, and Aunt Carinthia, and Aunt Barwise, and Aunt Sarah Coigne, and even poor dear Uncle Bernard, all flock to Curzon Street and pay their respects to—nobody? Here were two horns for the impaling of Mary Fox, who, for her part (as the lawyers say), "confessed and avoided." She took Hermia, indeed, on the girl's initiative, to wait upon the new countess, an agitating encounter in more ways than one. There was quite an assembly; the Earl not present. Countess Harriet used her fine eyes with tact. She was exceedingly kind to her former friend; but naturally nothing was said about Hermia's affairs or her own. There were no confidences, and never could be again—because they had been all upon Harriet's side, and nearly all untrue. It was Miss Chambre's first appearance in the world since her disgrace, and she bore the trial with a simplicity and complete absence of shamefacedness which overwhelmed Mrs. Fox. But women are not self-conscious. Look, for instance, at the Countess Harriet chatting with Sir George Coigne, and contrast the two.

"Harriet told fibs," Hermia owned as they walked homewards, over the park to Brompton, "and very nearly made me tell one. I suppose she had to defend herself with what she had. And she always had fibs, I fancy. She certainly led me to suppose that she would marry

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George Coigne—and him, too, poor man."

So much, so far as I am concerned, of the Countess Harriet, who had not, perhaps, done so badly for her little hand. Sir George Coigne, the gossips say, was there a great deal; but she never gave him the slightest encouragement. I believe that she made Earl Roderick an excellent wife. And now for serious news.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### IN WHICH THE LAW INTERVENES

It was Ranald who told it to her—after she had been a week at Brompton—that Vernour and two others with him had been arrested, and lay in Newgate, for inciting to riot at the Westminster meeting. It touched his own honour, he said, nearly; he had done his best to get included in the charge. It had been his meeting, convened in his own constituency, on behalf of his colleague, for which he alone was responsible. He had offered to stand his trial, but no notice had been taken; and neither he nor Wardle would be touched. Of course, he would defend the men—she might rely upon him.

Her calmness was remarkable; for though she had not had a word from her lover since her avowal and disgrace, and for the two days before this news had not received her violets, she had been unalterably cheerful, extraordinarily happy—singing about the house, sewing, gossiping with Mary Fox, shopping—and had seen no omens even in the absence of her flowers. The intelligence ought to have knocked her over, she ought to have winced or paled; but it did neither. On the contrary, her colour had quickened, her eyes flashed. "Absurd!" she had said. "He will be acquitted." Then Ranald was bound to tell her his fears. Sandgate and he would do all that was possible, but she ought to prepare herself for a bad verdict. There had undoubtedly been what amounted to a riot; windows had been broken; an informer had been mauled, a constable hurt, not seriously, but they would make the most of it. Vernour had been the first to speak of spies; he had pointed his finger, and mutterings had followed. Not much in that, but it would count against him. The worst of all was that Ministers intended to get a conviction. They had been after one for years, ever since old Tooke's triumph; and the haste with which they were pushing on now showed what they thought of their chances. There would also be other influences at work—she would understand that. She did. "You mean my family's?"

He nodded. "Badlesmere is dead against you. And, of course, her ladyship——" But she stopped him there.

"Grandmama knows nothing of it. I am sure of that."

"Well," he said, "I hope you are right. Then Roddy will be generous, perhaps."

"Generous, Mr. Ranald!"

"Well, your Vernour pommelled him, you know, in his own court—and Roddy's young, and as sensitive as most youths."

She waived Roddy and his youth, having other things to think of.

"Mr. Ranald," she asked, "ought I to go to him?"

"He won't hear of it. He didn't want me to tell you of this—in fact, he said, 'Here's the end of it,' directly he saw me. I talked him over into seeing that you must needs have the news sooner or later—and better from a friend than an enemy. But he has a horror of involving you in the business, as is only reasonable; and I think that you should humour him."

Her eyes were full. "Of course, I am involved—of course, it is my right to be involved. But I won't go until he sends for me. How long before they——?"

"Not long. They are in a hurry. He'll be taken before the magistrates in a month, and committed. They'll oppose bail, undoubtedly, but we'll try for it."

"And then——?"

"Trial next term, for certain. Ellenborough sits—that is settled."

She stared at the day, and at the days to come. "Lord Ellenborough! It means—no hope."

"Almost that—in these times. You will need all your courage—courage for two."

"I have the courage of two," she said. "I have his."

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She wrote him a letter, which Ranald took. "One word from you, and I come. I am free here with Mary Fox, who would take me to and from your prison. I am in your hands, at your knees, and have no fear but to displease or trouble you. Oh, my love, I am proud that I can sit here and wait. HERMIA MARY—yours."

Ranald put it into his breast-pocket. "He shall have it, trust me. Let me say that I admire your spirit, and find it well mated. Good-bye for the moment." He kissed her hand.

It was that high spirit that won over Mary Fox, and vanquished all her doubts. No tears, no brooding, no quarter asked of heaven. "If they imprison him, he will bear it, and so must I. The time will pass—we are both quite young. And in any case we must have waited. I am grandmamma's property for five years—no, for four years more. That means that I should have been a sort of prisoner—not allowed to speak or write to him. Well, I should have borne that, and so would he." This girl was of heroic build—this girl of the thrust bosom and starry eyes. She won friends fast, as the story became known, though they were not of the kind who could have been acceptable at Caryll or Crowland House. Of her old allies, Lady Grizel was for her, Lord Sandgate, of course, and Ranald. Sir Francis wrote to her from the Tower, and the veteran Parson Tooke from his Wimbledon cavern. These things elated her—or she made the most of them. Nobody knew with what looming shapes she fought when she was alone; for there were no signs of the strife in the morning when she appeared at the breakfast table and kissed her Mary Fox. It was at that hour that she made what she could of her friends and alliances. She saw Ranald nearly every day; his devotion was exemplary.

Vernour and his companions were committed, having reserved their defence. No bail could be allowed. She had not been present, by his desire, or command, as she chose to call it—for just now when he was powerless and shadowed by infamy, her loyalty would have made him out a despot, if he had not taken that high road of his own accord. But he had written to her the night before he was to appear, a letter—not long—which shows clearly that arrogance had grown upon him with disgrace. Terseness was his vein, and a repression of feeling which might well have seemed cavalier to a less pliant mistress.

"My beloved," he wrote, "I must bid you farewell for a season which must be long, and shall be as much longer as you please. They will condemn me, I am sure; but that is little. There is another assize in which I am judge, jury, and prisoner, and in which I condemn myself. I shall ask no reprieve here. What I have of yours you will never take from me; but what you have left I will never take from you unless you bid me. Your lover."

She didn't see that it was an arrogant letter, that the signature in particular was extremely arrogant. It assumed entire dominion, not only of her heart and destiny, but of the hearts and needs of all men. "Your lover"! And she with a dozen lovers! It was on a par with the *Yo el Rey* of Spanish kings. Yet the poor girl kissed it often, and wore it faint in her bosom.

As for the preliminaries, Ranald gave her an account of them. Only one witness had been called—a Mr. Banks, a critic and historian. Mr. Banks? she had echoed, a Mr. Aloysius Banks? Yes, that was the party—cavernous kind of a man with a booming voice, who "deemed it to have been his painful duty to be present at an assembly of persons who"—that sort of a man.

She said that she knew him. He was the first Englishman she had spoken with upon landing, two years ago. "I have met him since, too. He used to come to the house. I asked granny to send him a card for a party. I believe he dined. I thought he liked me."

"He likes your family," said Ranald; but she did not catch the implication.

Banks, he thought, would be an awkward customer. There was this about his testimony which he did not tell her. He had seen Banks come into court between two noble lords. The Marquis of Badlesmere was one — Lady Morfa's brother—and Lord Barwise the other,

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Lady Morfa's son-in-law. Now, how could Banks be cross-examined with effect if you had to leave out Lords Badlesmere and Barwise, and their relations with the witness? Banks was an informer, of course—but who were his principals? Not the executive, Ranald thought; he was not of their camp. Then it must be Caryll House, acting through Lords Badlesmere and Barwise; and, in that case, the defence was tongue-tied.

The defence did what it could. Sir Samuel Romilly had been retained, and Mr. Brougham. Then darkness settled down upon the Brompton lodgings, and Mary Fox lost flesh, anxious for her friend.

The case came on in June—middle of June—and made some stir, because, in spite of everything Ranald could do, the accessory facts became known. London rang with them: the newspapers, the ballad-sellers, the fruit-sellers, all the "damned tinker's pack of curs" were on to it, and noses down, tracked the scent. It made for the popularity of Vernour, as Ranald owned; it settled his private affairs; it made the prospects of Mr. Banks less rosy. Lord Sandgate took it upon himself to overlook the briefs: Mr. Banks's noble friends were not forgotten. He did more. He instructed Cobbett, he instructed the examiner, and in a speech which he made in the City on the eve of the trial he did not scruple to allude to the romantic circumstances under which this accomplished young man and hopeful citizen became involved in a snare of public malice and private rancour to parallel which he must needs have searched the Register of *Lettres de cachet*, happily burned with their partner in infamy, the Bastille. The town caught at the allusion and wormed out the romantic circumstances. Back came the butcher's horse, the visit to Brook Street; back the "Lad in blue," and the "Lady in white"; back the famous print, "Cob-it, my hearty!" And this was the eve of the trial.

She watched out the day with Mary Fox. She did not cry, but she could not pretend to courage. She had far rather have been present: the thing was how to get through the hours. At twelve o'clock she got up and went for a walk; but she had the fancy that everybody was looking at her and had to come back. It is the fact that she had seen the unhallowed print in a bookseller's window, and was unnerved by it. She told Mary that if somebody had slapped her on the cheek, she would have got her courage back. And so it happened: somebody did.

At five, or half after, from her window she saw Mr. Ranald ride up to the door, and turned to wait for him, holding her heart.

He was shown in, and she received him standing. No greetings passed.

"You will need your courage," he said.

She had *nothing* to say.

"They've found him guilty, the hounds—but we've got old Banks into the mire." Her eyes asked, not her lips.

"The thing is atrocious. Ellenborough! Licking his lips before he began—like a wolfish usher with his cane. Miss Chambre, he has six months and a fine of £250."

She laughed aloud. "That! To us!"

He added, "There's more. He's to stand three hours in the pillory, and put all England to shame. By God, I wish I were in his shoes! We'd bring down Northumberland House about their ears."

This was her slap on the face. The hot blood spread. "When is this to be?"

"To-morrow, at Charing Cross. Oh, the ingenuity of these rascals! The House rises to-morrow—do you see? If there's a row, they can do their work quietly—no questions asked—and Burdett comes out to-morrow, too. Oh, they've worked it well. A row there'll be. But you must be out of this."

"I shall go, of course," she said; and he could have kissed her.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### PILLORY AND TUMBRIL

Lord Rodono was the first to hear of it. He was in the lobby of the House—which was about to be prorogued by a king's speech—which had just divided. In these days he had lived very much to himself, unknown to his usual haunts,

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missed alike at Brooks's, Newmarket, Crowland House. He held by the House of Commons, because a man must do something, and because he felt that he must stay on, somehow, and "see the end." He knew all about the trial, naturally, and the end of it; he raged over the scandal, and loathed all the actors in it. Hermia herself was cheapened and soiled—and yet "the pity! the pity!" He had not been face to face with her since that evening in the spring when she was brought to Clarges Street by—— Oh, damn it, the thing was hideous!

But he had followed everything since his battle with Vernour, when he had acknowledged the man's integrity; he had known where Hermia was living, had allowed Ranald to talk of her and her prospects, had seen Ranald getting deeper and deeper into her graces, and deeper and deeper into need of them. Bob Ranald was "one of us" by now. Not in the running—nobody had a ghost of a chance beside that accursed butcher—but running, apparently, for glory and honour—for the sake of her whom he called the "starriest girl in all England." Rodono felt that he could have been Ranald's best man with pride and thanksgiving; but the butcher—oh, God! No, a woman, to be perfect in his eyes, must be unspotted from the world, cloistered and approached only on the knees—by all men but one.

Some such thoughts as these—constant with him at the time—filled him now as he ground his heel into the pavement and sunk his hands deeper into his breeches pockets.

"She's mired herself—she's draggled—faugh! what a maid fell there! Bewitched, besotted, beguiled, betrayed! What a high head—and down it droops! What a bold flight—toppled, shot in the breast!"

A man came through the lobbies, rather breathless, news in his face. He was triumphant over his little grain of knowledge.

Rodono stood alone, his hat over his eyes, and the newcomer caught sight of him. Something was wrong with Tom, who cut his old friends—now, if one could wake him up! One might try. The man of news stopped.

"I say, Tom, my boy, there's a rare row—Cobbett's at it—and the Orator, foaming at the mouth."

"Ah!" said Rodono, "I dare say. What else? Anything new? Where's your row, Cassonby?"

"Charing Cross—over the butcher's carcase." That pricked him.

"What do you mean—carcase? They've not——?"

Mr. Cassonby tossed his whiskered face. "Good Lord, no. Otherwise. They're ready to break up the pillory. She's there, you know."

"She?" What eyes Rodono had! Cold steel! Mr. Cassonby knew better than to quote ballads.

"Miss Chambre's there," he said. "Facing 'em all. They treat her like a queen."

Tom Rodono was certainly in Queer Street, as Mr. Cassonby informed the next man he met. "I was telling him a devilish good story—putting it devilish well, too—for I was moved, sir, dammy, I was moved—and off he goes as if shot from a gun. I saw the lady come—she's been there three-quarters of an hour. Came with Bob Ranald—on the arm of Bob—and a veiled friend. Bob clears the road as he'd clear decks. 'Way there, my lads, way there,' says Bob, humouring the fellows—you know Bob! So she comes up through a lane of them as if she was at a drawing-room—and stands underneath the stage and faces 'em all. And Bob—little Bob—he keeps a clear space for her—marches up and down, true quarter-deck fashion. Oh, it was rare! They cry three cheers for 'Lady Vernour,' if you please. Lady Vernour! They marry her and raise her to the peerage all in a breath—that's what we're coming to with our blessed Reform. The mob'll make peers when they've unmade a few. . . . Lady Vernour! . . . Up comes old Cobbett on horseback—they give him room enough—and rope enough, hey? He was haranguing when I left. But she was rare—never flinched, never blinked—just did what she had to do—and stuck to it, sir—kept on with it."

All this Tom Rodono had missed; but going down Westminster Hall he could

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not miss Lord Sandgate, who met him full.

They had not had much to say to each other of late, and what there had been to say bore no reference to Miss Chambre's affair. Lord Sandgate was by nature reserved, and in consequence suspicious of reserve in other men's dealings with him. He had striven hard in Vernour's defence, the reader knows, and had made so bold as to drag in the Caryll House faction for the scarifying of Mr. Banks. He suspected, not without reason, that Rodono did not praise him for this, and kept out of his colleague's neighbourhood. He would have passed him now with a nod had not something in the fierce striding of the man caught his attention—something fell in his purpose. As it was, he stopped him.

"Where are you going, Tom?"

Rodono met his eye without, at first, seeming to recognise him; but he, too, stopped, and a dullish hue of grey spread over his face. Rodono, his temper lost, had a devil.

"You've a right to know, I suppose. I'm going to her."

"Ha! Where is she?"

"At your pillory, my lord. Where you drove her to be."

"You have no right to say that—but I can't quarrel with you now. I come with you."

"You can do as you please," said Rodono. Before they had reached the Horse Guards, they could hear the roaring of the mob at Charing Cross.

Squalor and splendour, or homeliness and strength, whichever you please, have always marked our country, which can choose to rule a share of two worlds from a little brown house in Downing Street. Squalor beyond description vile was spread broad over the field at Charing Cross where, on that midsummer day, the pageant of an offended realm was displayed. And yet the scene as viewed from afar did not lack in force of character. From the entry of Whitehall you might have seen it enacted in dumb show, by creatures less than men; for the ground ran up from Westminster, and no staging, no crucificial gallows could make headway against the great mass of Northumberland House. So our two gentlemen saw it, as a scene, above the swarming masses of men, between tossing flags, caps in the air, flung-up hands—dumbly done amidst a hubbub of hoarse voices—waxing and waning like a heavy sea—now angry, gathering, and low—hooting Castlereagh or Canning—and anon swelling into a roar of cheers as some popular name was thrown into the waves. Above and beyond all this, upon a wooden platform stood the crosses, as they seemed; the tall-shaped gallows-trees wherefrom three fixed faces stared, and six hands drooped helpless and unhappily white. About stood the sheriff's officers and the constables—a short person in a gown and cocked hat seemed to be reading a proclamation; and at the further fringe of the crowd a broad-shouldered rider, his hat waving in his hand, was roaring himself hoarse in rivalry. The windows of the ducal houses were full—ladies were there, and gentlemen—some in uniform. The rest was sunglare, dust, and flung-up arms; and over all the rising surge of noise, now angry, now wild in triumph.

"Come," said Lord Sandgate, "or we shall be too late." Rodono needed no prompting; he was in front, battling a way through. The outskirts here were easy—dandies on horseback making bets—traders with limp ballads, wet from the press, chariots, with ladies standing on the box-seat, a juggler with a white rabbit, pickpockets, beggars, and harsh-faced women, draggle-tailed and tousle-haired. Beyond this fringe Rodono had to use his shoulders, then his voice. He descended to working with his own name, and was rewarded with a "God bless you, my lord," and room made. He was not known—but Lord Sandgate fared better. "Let my lord go through—the people's friend"—and a cheer for Reform.

It was Sandgate at last who led the way; his name carried further than his title—but it could not work miracles. To cleave that jammed mass of sweating, roaring humanity he must use a sharper weapon, and did not scruple. "Let us pass, if you please—we are going to the lady. We are friends—let us pass." "Lady Vernour! God bless her lady-

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ship! Make room—make room!" Thus they made their way, and saw the stout Mr. Ranald striding up and down the cockpit he had cleared—saw his alert, authoritative eyes, his squared jaw, his weathered cheeks—heard his comfortable "Steady there, my lads, and keep the peace"—and saw then the pale girl, in her white dress, a veil about her brows, standing calm, unfaltering, and steady-eyed—at the foot of the cross.

The bitterness, the shamefulness, the gall! Rodono went white to the lips. He turned on Sandgate and smote him with his anger. "You've done this, you damned procurer; you're answerable for this!" His voice was a sword.

But Lord Sandgate did not flinch. "I'll answer you anywhere but here. At present we've a duty—to her. If I did, I'm proud of it." He hoped that he was.

She made no sign when they came and stood one on each side of her and her veiled friend, Mary Fox; it seemed that she had got beyond the stage of consciousness; as though all her nerves and faculties, bent before to the one task of endurance, were now set hard; as though she stood because she was stiffened. No one spoke. Gradually Rodono also stiffened, and lost his burning sense of wrong done. The million-eyed, surging, hoarsely murmuring sea tossed before him unheeded; he, too, was learning how best to endure. Of them all, the one person who kept his wits about him was the fever-taut Ranald.

There was plainly no danger to be feared from those in front. The beauty, the stillness, and the dignity of the young girl held the mob's eyes and subdued its tongue. But the pressure from behind was very serious, and from the sides came now and again an ugly sound. On the steps of the Golden Cross over the Strand, speaker after speaker stood up—shouted, gesticulated, pointed this way and that, all in dumb show, and was answered by a roar. No stones were thrown, and there was, on the whole, more good-humoured admiration for the victims than rage against the officers. This was the state of affairs at half-past four, when Rodono had been with her half an hour. There was another hour to go yet; and a diversion was approaching from Cockspur Street—a four-horse open chariot was making its way through the crowd at the back. You could see now and again the fretful heads of the horses, the bobbing head of a groom running beside, those of the two footmen, with staves, swaying behind; and above all this the coachman in three-cornered hat and wig. You could tell by the bending of his shoulders that he was humouring his cattle, and in a mortal terror.

The crowd divided—some hats went off, there was some cheering, but not much. Anyhow, there was no hooting, and the liveries were not scarlet. Rodono, who had thought one of the Princesses might have blundered into the thing, or that one, in particular, might have chosen to brazen her case before such a mob, was puzzled and intrigued. Was it a rescue? Was it—could it be—? By the Lord Harry, but it was! The carriage came on by inches at a time—and now he could see the single, nodding occupant. Her dowager ladyship of Morfa was come to take her share, and his heart went out to the old, white eagle-face. "By God, the old wolf will fight for her cubs!"

The Morfa chariot it was which made its way to the foot of the scaffold. Even so Hermia had to be told. Ranald told her, after he had exchanged a word or two with her ladyship.

The old Countess, after nodding and blinking at her girl—and in vain—had beckoned him up. "Get her in, Mr. Ranald. She can't stop here."

"I fear, my lady, that she means it. I can't force her."

"Ask her to speak to me. Let this be stopped."

"I'll ask her."

He spoke to her, he touched her on the arm. "Your grandmother wishes to speak to you. She has come here." Hermia seemed to awake out of her dream at that.

"Where is grandmamma?"

"Here—in the carriage."

"Give me your arm, please." He took her up. The mob craned and surged.

"Hermia, child," said her ladyship, "I implore you to come with me."

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She shook her head. "Not now, granny—not yet." The old lady moistened her dry lips.

"I'm an old woman, my dear—and I ask it of you." Hermia had tears in her eyes, for the first time that day.

"You know that I would come—if I could. Oh, granny, my place is there!"

"We cannot argue—we cannot talk of these things, my child."

"No, no."

"I have come for you—I have brought myself so far—and I am an old woman."

"Dearest granny—if I could! But—ah, you must not ask me to leave—David." Shaking head and blinking eyes—the old eagle of a woman. Old as she was, she whipped herself forward.

"I wish to say—I have come to say—that I knew nothing of this. I have been ill. They told me nothing."

She had never supposed it—had not been told of Banks's alliances. Truth and candour beamed in her eyes, as she answered, "No, no, granny. I am sure—I am quite sure." But she would not come—she could not. Therefore, Lady Morfa sat it out, and Hermia went back to her post.

The dragoons, who had been sent for at half-past three, came down Cockspur Street, and were first seen by Vernour—the midmost of the cruciform wretches, staring there dry-tongued and dizzy. He made inarticulate noises in his throat, which were heard by a constable, and, oddly enough, attended to. The man was a good fellow.

"Are you ill, Mr. Vernour? Are you ill, sir?"

"No, no," said Vernour. "The soldiers. Take her away. Get her away."

Ranald saw him contorting up there, and went to him. No one stopped him. He mounted the platform. Vernour repeated his order. "Tell her to go—it is my desire. There is terrible work coming." Ranald looked, and saw it coming. Plain enough to his practised eye. The people had faced the soldiery, but did not budge. Oaths and fierce cries from the midst were heard. The officer in command had a restive horse; here were the elements of something grim.

"Yes, yes, Vernour; she ought to go—and the carriage, too. Good God, that old dragon of a lady! You desire her—to go?" He motioned with his eyes—he was nearly done. Ranald went down and spoke to Hermia, who looked up in alarm, and wavered, swayed about.

She recovered in a moment, and wavered no more. She went up the ladder, in a tense silence from all who could see her; Ranald followed. She had a little phial of brandy in her hand, and went to him with it. She fed him, drop by drop, and whispered to him—none heard what she said. She succoured the other two, one of whom, a mere boy, was bending at the knees.

Ranald spoke to the sheriff. "Take these men down, sir. There'll be murder here." The sheriff was very much perplexed.

"I can't take orders from you, Mr. Ranald."

"You get them straight from hell, I think. How much more of this is there to be?"

He got no answer, and expected none. He saw that the stones were flying—and remarked also now that the murmur was lulled so that you could hear the sharp order of the officer, and the rattle of arms, as the men obeyed. "By God, they're going to fire!"

A man galloped up to the officer and spoke to him. Immediately afterwards, a stone hit him on the head—Ranald saw him lower sideways and throw up his hand to his face.

All heads were turned towards the coming battle; the crowd, led as it always is by its front, was pushing towards the dragoons. Vernour gasped out his command—"Go, Hermia, go!"—two of the constables spoke to her. Orders were peremptory—she must leave the platform. She turned—she dared not look at her lover, for fear of his terrible, tortured face and glazing eyes—but she was wild, and knew not what she was doing. She raised her face—a pale, tragic face it was—and kissed the helpless hand near her; and then suffered herself to be led away.

She was not a moment too soon. By the time she had been put into the carriage with Mary Fox, and the horses turned to Whitehall, the mob was surg-

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ing up to meet the dragoons—the scaffold and its burden were almost deserted. She saw—it was the last thing she saw—the three crosses stand up against Northumberland House, as it were in a desert place; and then she fainted. She did not hear the volley which ended the day's work.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### IN WHICH THE HON. CAPTAIN RANALD EPILOGISES

I close with what scattered notes I have left, to account as best I can for the remaining maiden years of Miss Chambre's life. Her story, however, so far as my purposes are concerned, was virtually ended with the shot which ended Vernour's earthly course. She lived them, I understand, mainly, if not altogether, in the country: at Wrensham, whither the Dowager Lady Morfa retreated before the advance of the new Countess; in Ireland, with the George Foxes; rarely at Petersham; and, for one visit certainly, in the west of Scotland, where Lord and Lady Clanranald occupied a scarred fortalice—"as poor as rats and as keen as rats-bane," was the description of his parents given her by Captain Ranald, heir of the ragged demesne. "A pair of old ravens," some other wag termed them, "sitting on a scaur, looking sideways for death." They were very kind to the girl, and liked her. They reported her docile and affectionate. Docile and affectionate!—Hermia Mary! This must have been, the reader sees, a long time after her fiery ordeal. It was, in fact, nearly three years afterwards, when Bob Ranald's hopes were high, and the wounded amazon more resigned to her lot.

Poor young Vernour, shot by a chance ball of that volley which she had not heard, was forgotten by the world which had been ready to make much of him, given a favouring star. There had been an inquest, at which Ranald made a scene, and did his best to get committed; there had been regrets from the Home Office, and a talk of prosecution—but none followed. The law officers were clear on the points; it could not be denied that the Riot Act had been read, stones thrown, the cheek of a sheriff of Middlesex cut open. Besides, who did the deed? How can you indict a squadron? Was it to be supposed that any hand had been murderously, deliberately levelled at a man tied in the pillory? Nothing was done; as Ranald had said, the day had been well chosen. Parliament was up that day; Sir Francis was enlarged; within a week Mr. Cobbett was standing to answer a charge of libel, and within three weeks he was in gaol. These were timely diversions, and confounded the popular party. Vernour was no longer a handle for Lord Sandgate's battle-axe. Lord Sandgate, indeed, dropped him. Better for his uses an imprisoned Cobbett than a dead Vernour.

But my Lord Sandgate could not so easily drop Tom Rodono, whose affair with him marks the end of a painful scandal. It had a paragraph in *The Morning Post,* and half a column in *The Examiner. The Morning Chronicle,* which was the Whig organ, did not notice it at all. The gentlemen met on Wimbledon Common, on the morning of that day on which they buried Vernour; Lord Morfa was Rodono's second. They exchanged a shot apiece, and Sandgate fired first—but wide. Rodono hit him in the shoulder, and, it is thought, nicked the bone. However, both combatants rode off the ground, after expressing themselves in becoming terms.

After the dismal rites were done, she fell into a state of listlessness and apathy. She did not cry (not being of the sort that gets relief that blessed way), and was perfectly amiable, but she was without a will of her own—except on one point, and that an odd one. Nothing could tempt her to leave her grandmother for long, not even the wooing of Mary Fox, of green Kilbride, and the sweet, wet gales of Roscommon; she who had so stoutly played the rebel was now an ardent Loyalist. True, the fierce old woman was broken; true that she quailed before the brown-eyed little Countess Harriet and her array. "Moon-struck," they said, the stern old

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warrior; and it's certain that she never met her daughter-in-law in this world. So that it may have been pity which touched the rebel heart—and, if so, that's to its credit; but I believe that it was admiration. Steel fires steel. I believe that it was the spectacle of the nodding old eagle enduring the shame of London—the gaping, the nudging, the tongues in the cheeks—which spoke to her, as it were, with a voice: Here is a franchise worthy of your esteem, and here a pride above your own. Bend your knee, Norman.

The Hon. Captain Ranald, while pursuing his political adventure, kept an eye open to what chances he might have of possessing his bruised goddess. He knew that they could only improve with time; but he intended to have her, if waiting patiently could help him. It was her spirit he loved, he told himself—the spirit she had once had—though her beauty, to his mind, was enhanced by the pale and pensive cast it wore. With these things won, he vowed that he should be content. "She'll never love me, I know," he told his friend Cliffe Jenyns, the traveller and poet. "She's the kind that gives once, and gives all. If I get her, it will be like marrying a nun."

"Not it, my boy," said the genial Cliffe, "if you are the man I believe you." But Ranald shook his head. "I'm not romantic, but I can see the vestal in her. God bless you, why do you suppose she tumbled into that young man's arms?"

"Fine fellow, you tell me, fine figure of a young man. Had parts—spoke well, could think—is that what you mean?"

Ranald snapped his fingers. "Pooh, sir, nothing of the sort! His greatest chance with her was that she knew nothing about him. It was all romance of her own spinning. The business was done on that visit of hers to Brook Street—you remember, I told you about that at the time—to apologise. Well, she was in a great fright, and no wonder. He got the benefit of that—don't you see? She was there to sing small, and she became small; the smaller she, the greater he. As she stooped, he towered up, higher and higher. She projected him as a god, and god he remained to the end of the chapter. All a generous figment of her brain—I'm sure of it. . . .

"Mind you, I knew Vernour well, and admired him. He had character—a quiet force; and it did so happen that he could make use of it. Politics! they had nothing to do with the matter. She knew no politics except by hearsay; if she had any leanings herself, it was towards aristocracy. She was one to the tips of her finger-nails. No; he struck her imagination, and she chose—as queens used to choose. As for him—damn it, he was a male."

Cliffe Jenyns laughed. "What are you, Bob, for instance—politician or male?"

"I don't say. It's not come to that—and I suppose I'm a gentleman. What I mean is this—that there's a field which politics can't touch, a fund in this old world which will outlive science and all our blessed systems. I agree with Tom Paine, of course—as far as he goes. If a man is not finer than a king, God help the monarchy; and if he is, why, God will stand aside. So down goes the monarchy at the proper time. But there's a Right of Man unconsidered by Tom; and I say that she lent herself to the proving of it. She submitted, she stooped to be the test case. And, by God, she proved it."

"Do you mean that the eternal male——?"

"I do. He was no more than that essentially—splendid brawn. But she was the Divinity who submitted to a man—for us men. Democracy in practice! She took us a step beyond the Rights of Man, which we're all prating about, to the Rights of Nature, which will outlast all politics and politicians—when she, the noble, free-moving creature, in her own way, worked out the Right of Man—of any man who is one—to choose his mate. Other things being equal—as they were here—no caste can stand out against that. Had she been an archduchess, it would have made no difference."

"Your course is clear," said Jenyns. "Advance, man, and choose."

"Not now. She gave him all—as they

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do, my friend, as they do—and once for all. I shall get a shell, but I shall take it."

He stared at the fire, then broke out again. "She's the sort that must give, that thrives only so. She has breasts; she would feed the hungry. She stoops from her high seat and sheds heaven upon us; and it's not one in ten thousand that sees the condescension, the magnanimity, the extraordinary bounty. The Stooping Lady! The Stooping Lady! That's what I call her. . . . I'll tell you what it is, Cliffe; she'd have me to-morrow if she thought I was broken."

He was right there.

THE END

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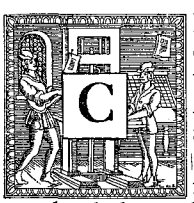
# ASPECTS OF THE CITIES

## I. THE COSMOPOLITANISM OF NEW YORK

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS



CROWDED together within Manhattan Island's narrow boundaries may be found many corners, even complete neighbourhoods, which might have been transplanted bodily from Old World cities. A large and varied foreign population has built, naturally enough, a very cosmopolitan city, whose architecture varies as widely and is no less distinctive than its inflections. New York's uncompromising roof lines and the inevitable uniformity of its blocks do not lend themselves readily to such illusions, and yet the city is particularly rich in these contrasts. One might expect to find something of London and Paris on Manhattan Island, but hardly fragments of such amazing completeness, and it comes as a genuine surprise to discover similar bits of Antwerp, Milan, Madrid, and even Venice.

Of London, especially of the city of the eighteenth century, one would expect to find more suggestion; the surprise is perhaps that one finds so few traces, and these so widely scattered. New York after all was once an English city. In the endless building and rebuilding of the city colonial New York has disappeared to its last brick. Even the old Wren tower of St. Paul's, completely dwarfed, has been lost in the skyline it once dominated. In old Greenwich Village, however, since it has been out of the line of most active progress, entire streets have been preserved from an early period in all their architectural integrity. Their age has lent them an indefinable air of being originals, which no modern buildings, however cleverly adapted, can hope to imitate. Their lines have been softened, their angles have grown less mathematical, the entire tone of many of these streets seems entirely foreign to New York.

There are many blocks of these old houses—in some places they are continuous—which might have been lifted bodily out of Bloomsbury. The old English brick, or at least its form, is very common; the windows, the doorways, the roof lines—a crowd of details lend themselves to the illusion. The foliage seems to belong to an older period and serves to complete the picture.

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PARIS

There is much of Paris in New York, but unlike the architecture of London it has been an influence rather than an inheritance. Within the past few years this influence has been especially marked, and as a rule in the most pretentious buildings well uptown. The common use of light stone has tended to reproduce on Manhattan Island much of the colour scheme of Paris. Because of the tendency to overdecoration and the lavish use of carvings in high relief it is not the Paris of the imagination so much as the newer city along the Seine in the neighbourhood of the Triumphal Arch. At many points the illusion within narrow boundaries is complete.

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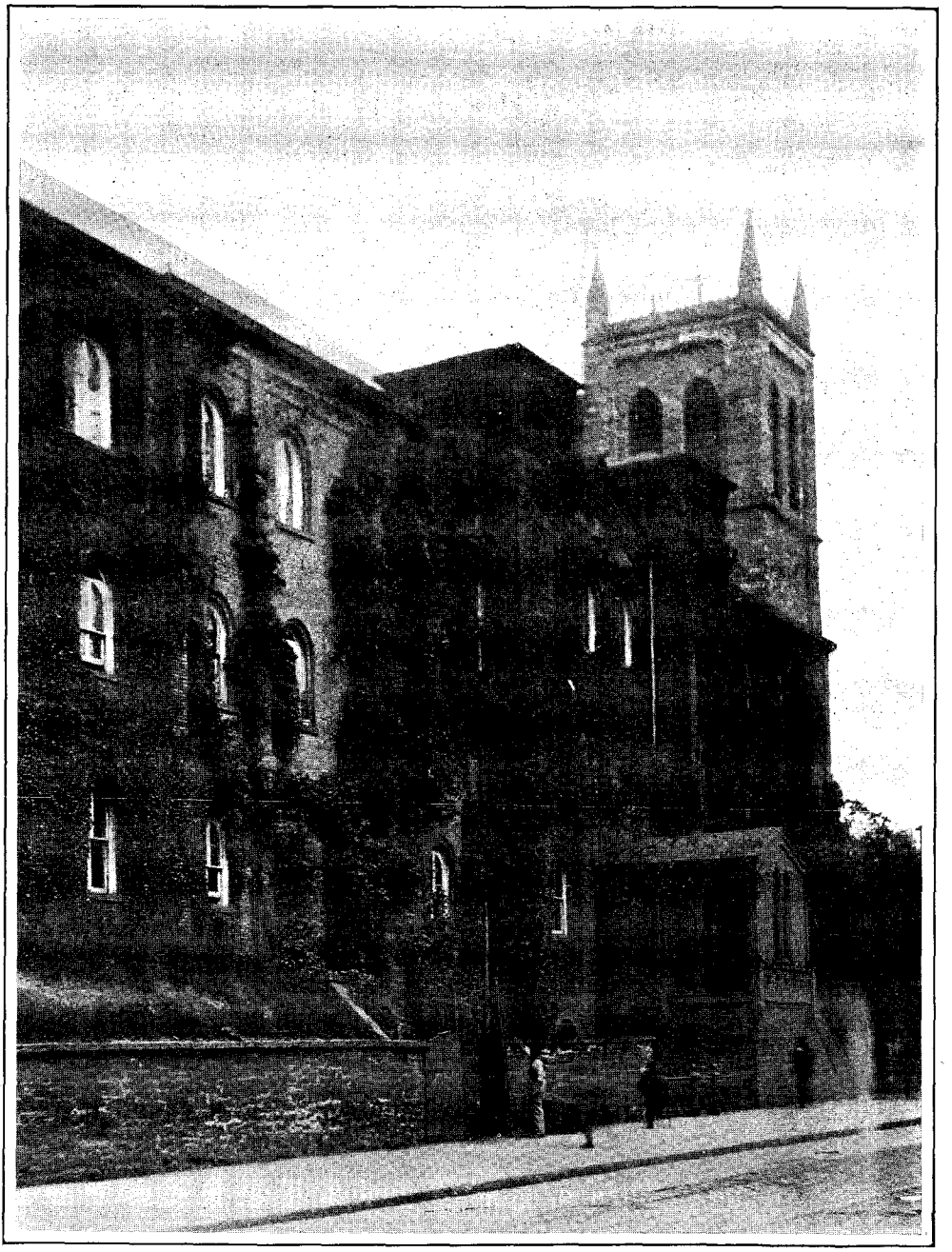

LONDON

Of London, especially of the older city, one would expect to find more frequent suggestion in New York. In the endless building and rebuilding of the city but few traces remain of the English occupation. A comparatively modern block on the West Side in the fifties has caught much of the charm of the older sections of London. The block is taken up with a long vine-covered building shadowed by a beautiful Gothic tower. Beneath this foliage the lines have been softened, its angles grown less mathematical. The group has the indefinable air of being an original.

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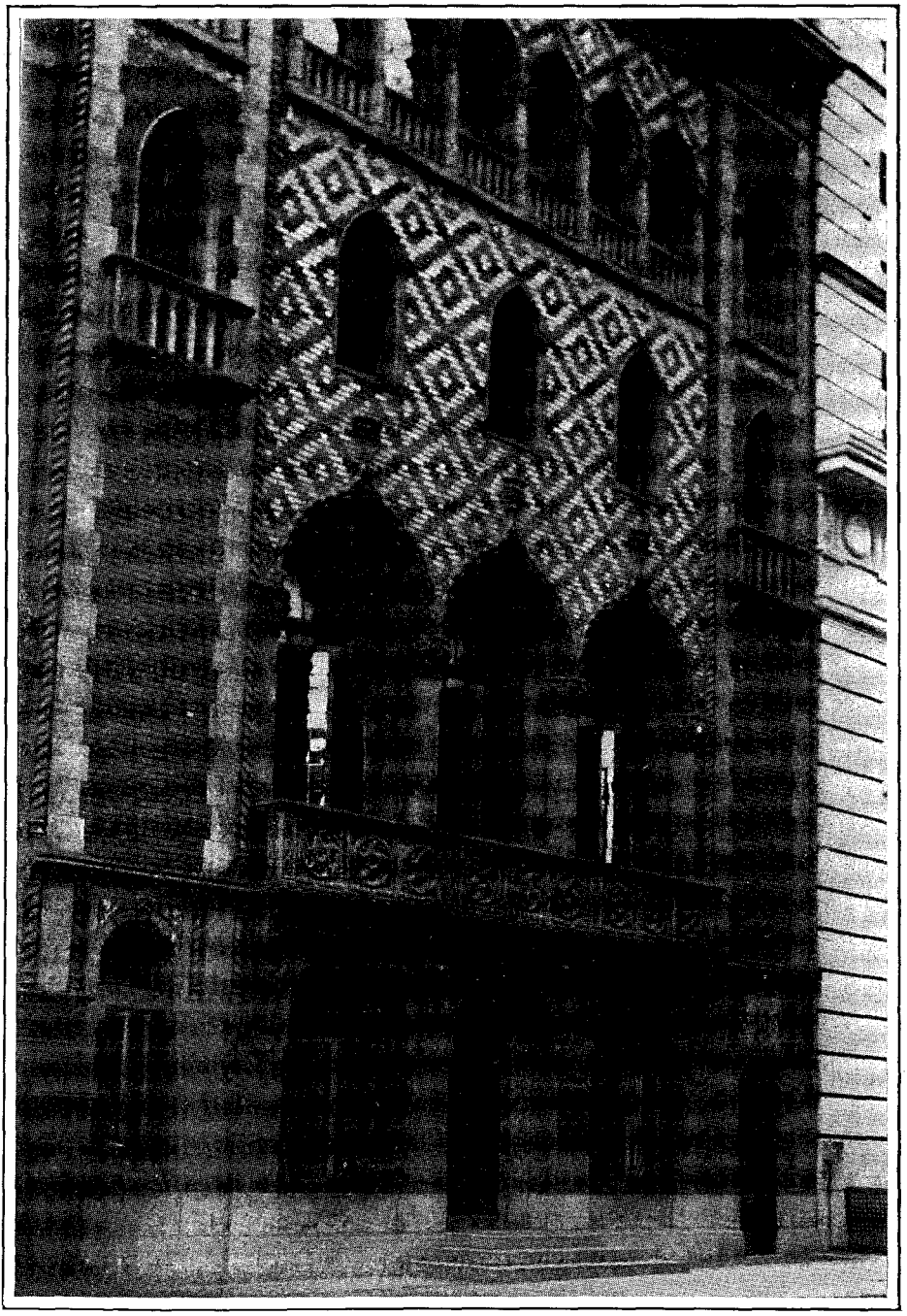

VENICE

In reproducing characteristic bits of foreign cities on Manhattan Island not even Venice has been neglected. A discerning eye will discover innumerable decorative details which have been frankly adapted throughout the city. The attempt to impart something of the beauty of the Doges Palace to a hotel on Broadway has not been wholly unsuccessful. The happiest of these attempts, however, is to be found just off Fifth Avenue in the forties. A pretentious building has been erected reproducing the lines of a famous palace of the Grand Canal even to the colour scheme with remarkable fidelity.

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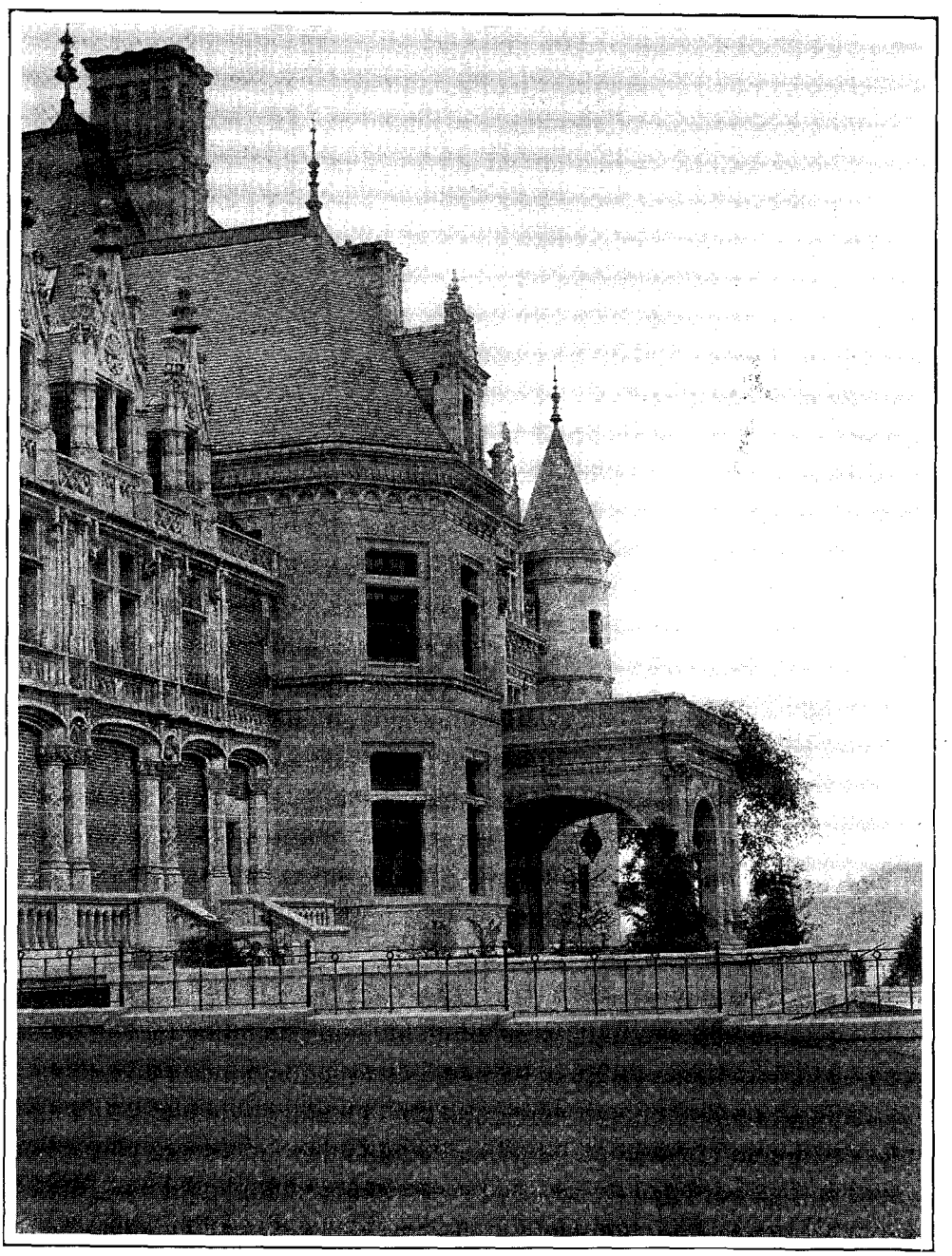

PROVINCIAL FRANCE

New York's uncompromising roof lines and the inevitable uniformity of its blocks do not readily lend themselves to these illusions. It comes as a surprise to find much that is suggestive of the French provinces within the narrow boundaries of Manhattan Island. Several of the most famous of the French chateaux, reproduced with remarkable fidelity on upper Fifth Avenue, serve as the homes of wealthy New Yorkers. The most nearly complete illusion is a reproduction of the Chateau de Chenonceau, framed by beautiful lawns overlooking the Hudson River from Riverside Drive.

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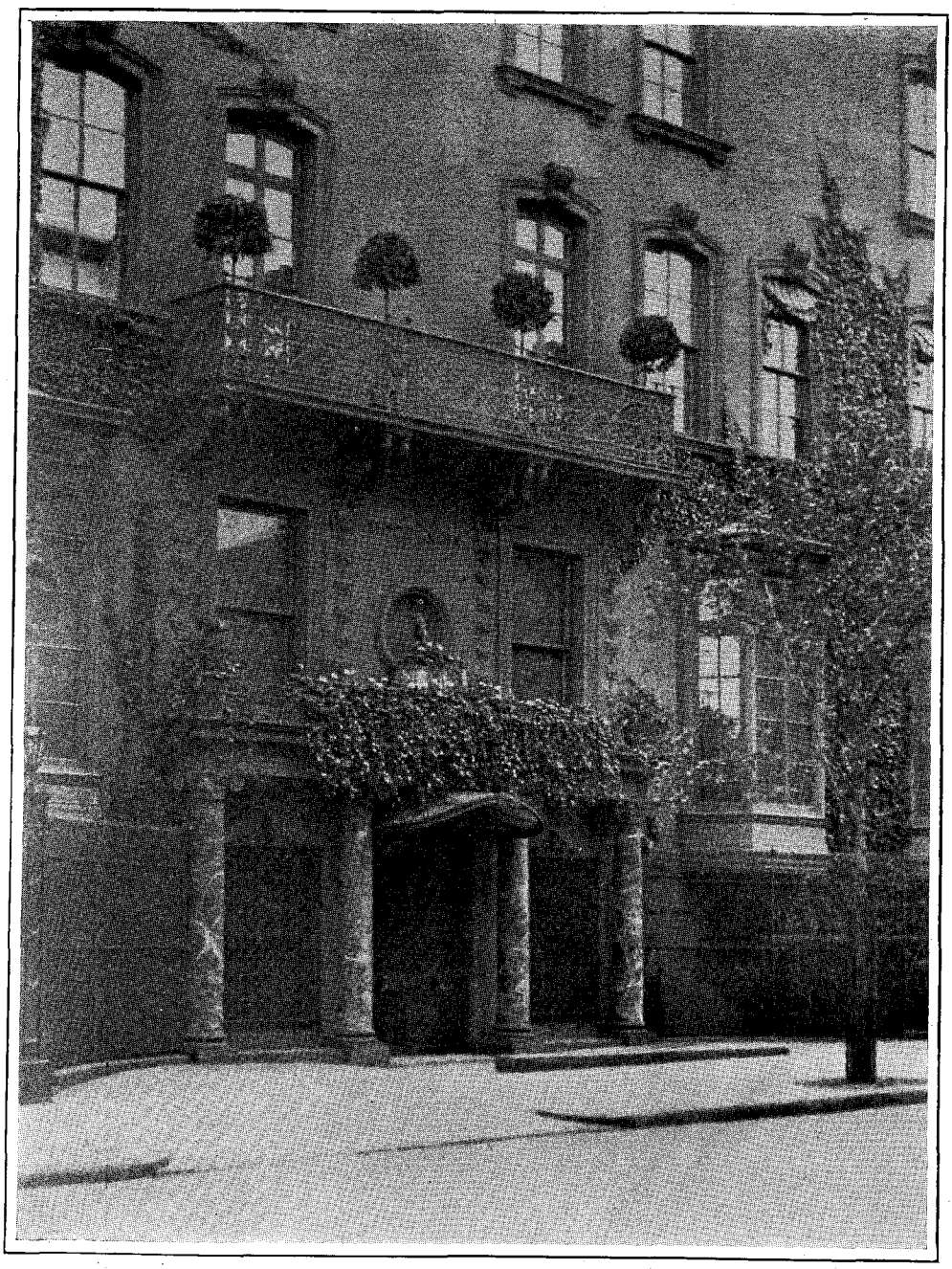

ITALY

A large Italian population has tended to convert many sections of the city into some semblance of Italy. In the poorer sections they have introduced much vivid colour, but since they have had little else to work with the effect is merely suggestive. There are many private houses, however, some collected into groups, which have been decorated in the Italian spirit with a delicacy of detail which is unmistakable. The most considerable group of these buildings is to be found in the vicinity of Gramercy Park. Several corners in this section might be set down in the residential sections of Milan without disturbing the picture.

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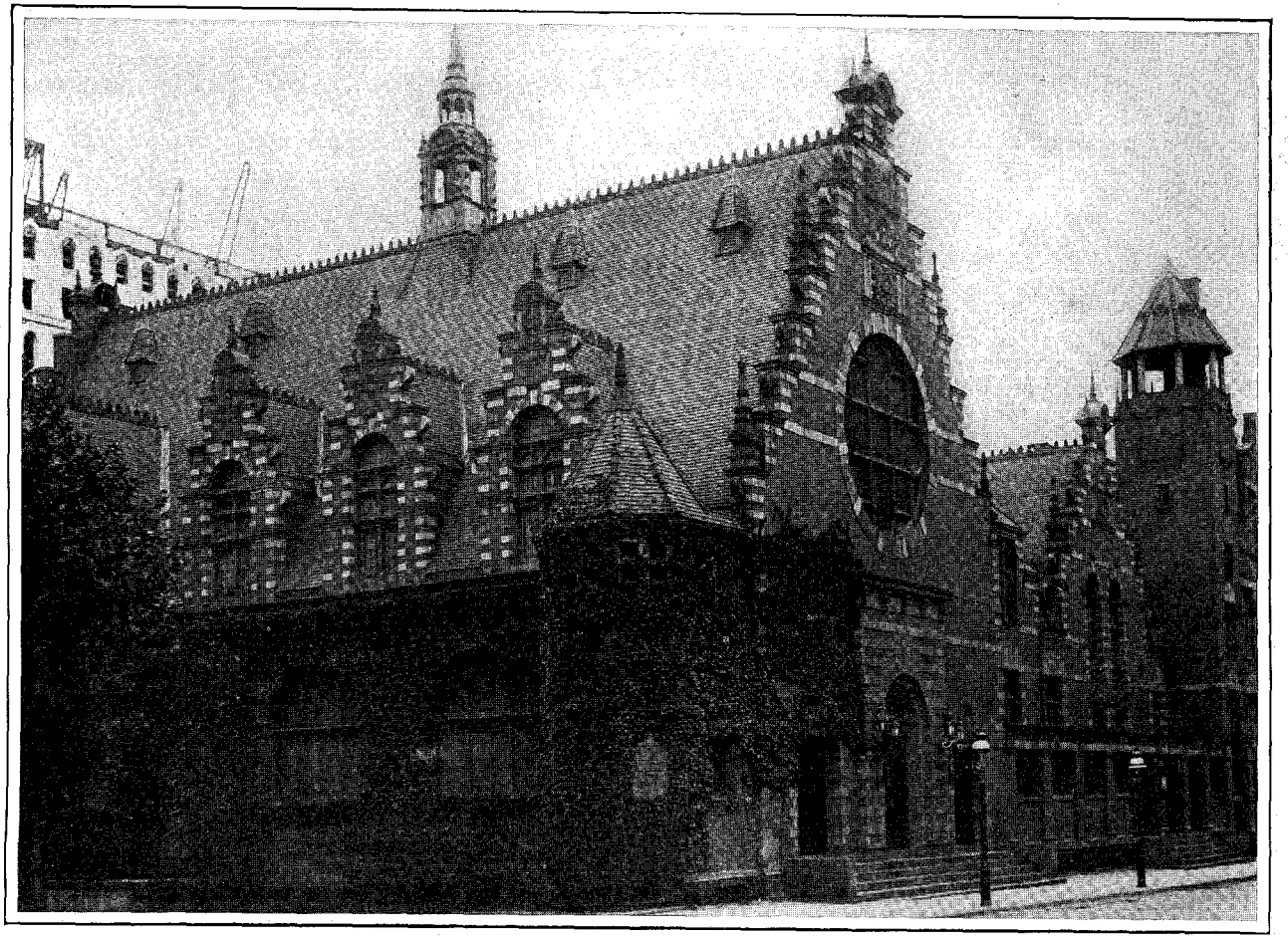

*THE NETHERLANDS*

No trace remains to New York of the early Dutch architecture of ancient New Amsterdam. The sixteenth century is recalled, nevertheless, in many places by buildings, for the most part very ornate and pretentious ones, in the Dutch style. Many bits of Antwerp have been reproduced on Manhattan Island, but it is the Antwerp of to-day, and has the appearance of being very new. The characteristic trick of breaking the lines of the roof in abrupt steps has been employed in scores of buildings to the enrichment of the skyline. The most successful attempts in this spirit are to be found on upper West End Avenue, where complete blocks of houses hold an effect of Antwerp of remarkable fidelity.

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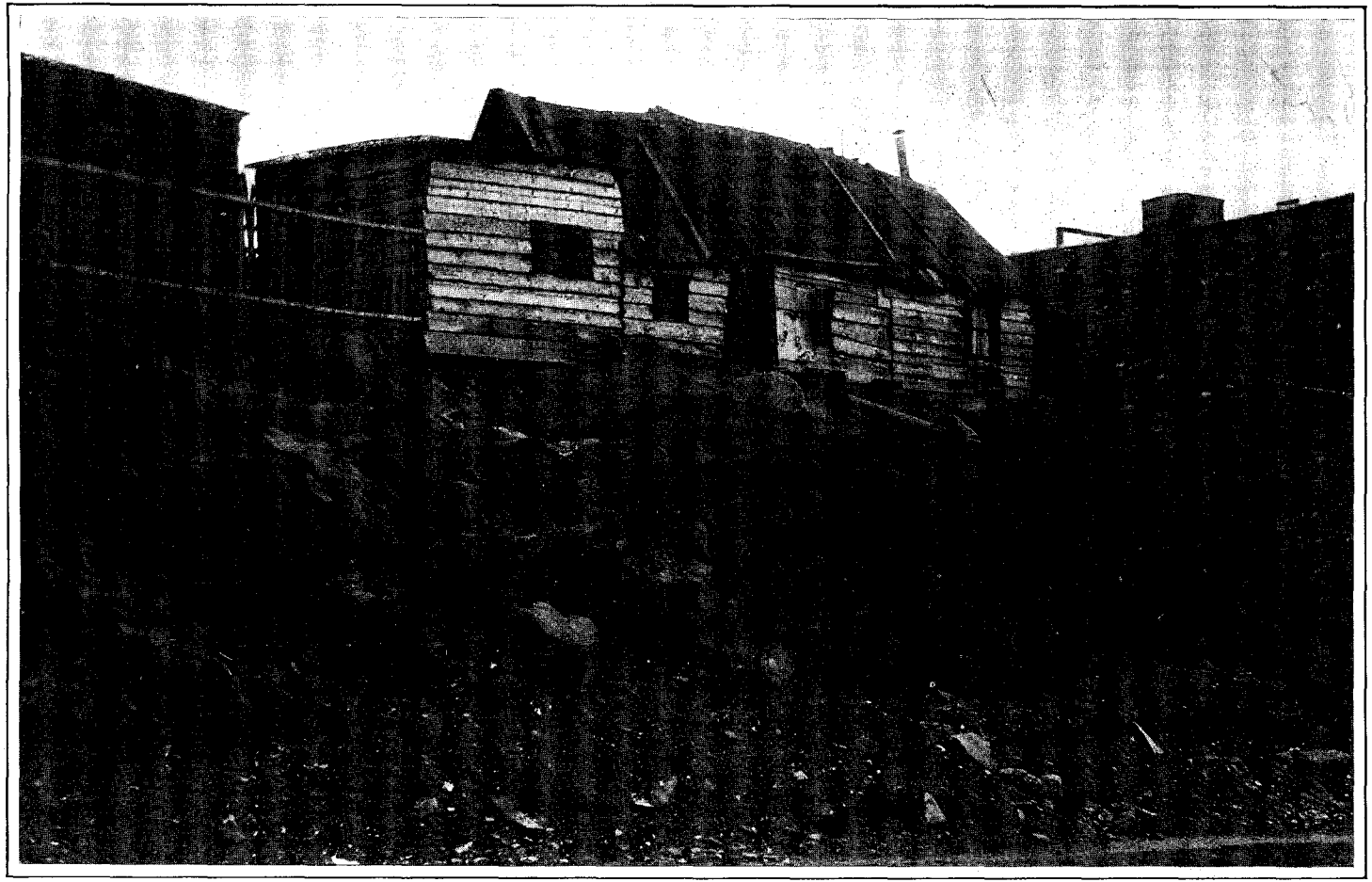

IRELAND

New York, a city of violent contrasts, is in no respect more whimsical than in its architecture. Within a stone's throw of the Parisian New York of the upper West Side, with its ornate decorations, one may chance upon groups of Irish huts complete to the last detail. The little buildings of rough boards have long since fallen into decay. The angle of the roofs, the height of the eaves and the materials employed readily identify their origin. Some crude attempts at gardening and even an occasional pig-sty contribute to the picture. Many of these huts have been left high and dry upon the rocks when the streets far below them have been graded, paved and modernised, forming a singularly incongruous setting.

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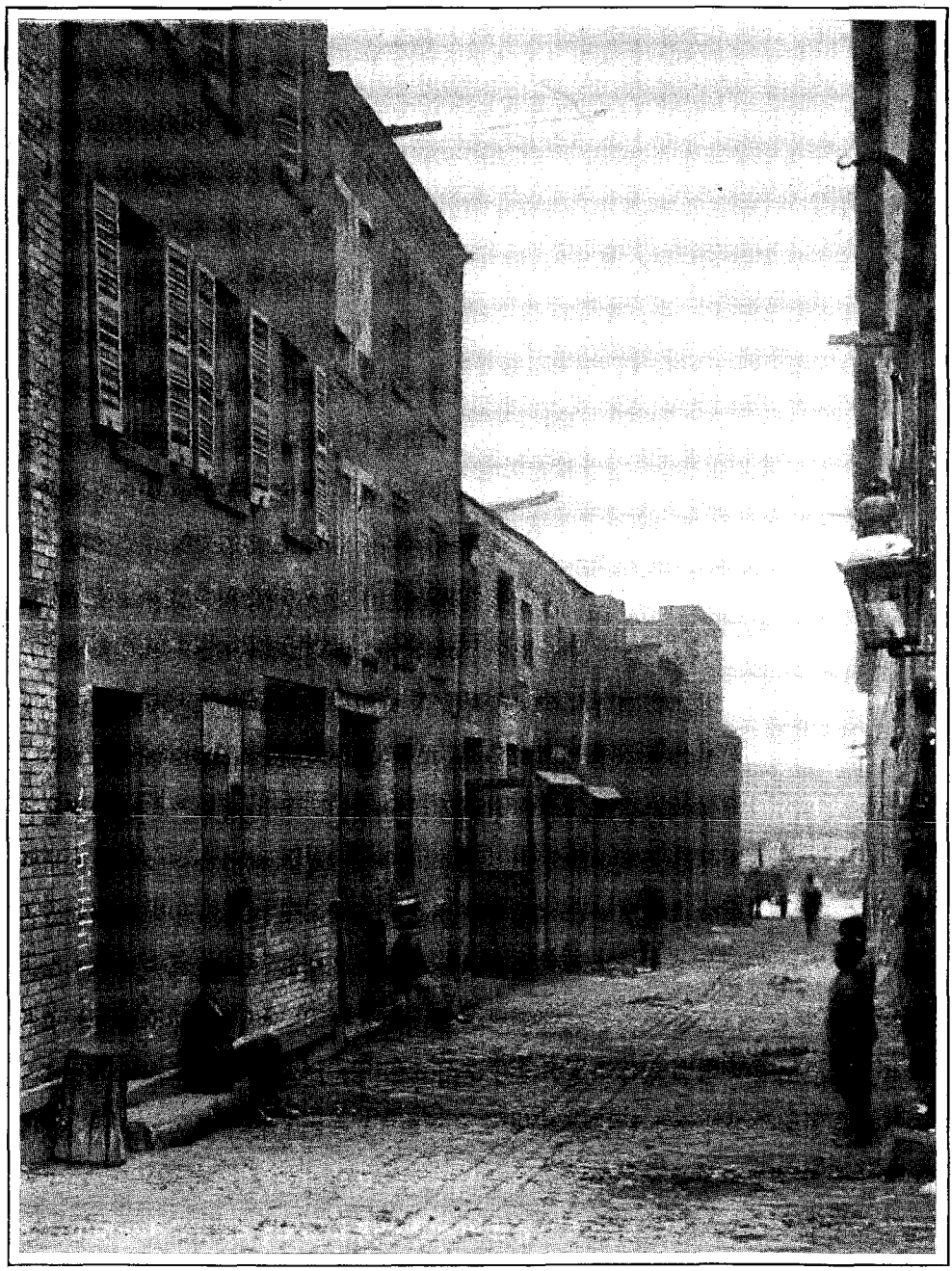

A LONDON SLUM

The most complete picture of London in New York to-day is a narrow lane on the western border of old Greenwich Village running into West Street. Here is an alleyway of Whitechapel with all its native ugliness and almost its squalor. The alley has no sidewalk, and is paved throughout with rough stones. There are no steps before the doors, which open abruptly at the street level. The windows have no sills, the roofs no cornices. By day the alley is dreary and sunless, while at night its entire length is lighted by a single bracket lamp of ancient design, which seems only to deepen the shadows.

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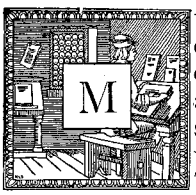
# OH, ART!

## I

North Amherst, Vermont,
October 2, 1907.



Y dear Elmer: The air of North Amherst has done me infinite good. I am convinced that I should never have convalesced in New York. The atmosphere there is too electric. And the emotions of the artist soul seeking beauty in that seething cauldron are too perfervid. Also youth, with the blood hot in its veins, will have its way. In New York I am always with nerves a-quiver, eyes alert, struggling always both to live and to set down some record of the pulsing life about me. Sometimes I have thought it almost a misfortune that life interests me only as it is virile, passionate, strenuous. The editors won't have it that way, we know. A confectionery world inhabited by puff-paste dolls is what they're after. They are afraid of men whose blood is red, whose sex is masculine, who look the world straight in the face with "head bloody yet unbowed," as Henley, a real man, said. When you, Elmer, rise—as you will in spite of them—from your present position to edit a magazine, then you, with your courage, your unflinching ideals, you can give us a magazine worth reading. Believe me, all this great rough republic of the West is not inhabited by tabby-cats. Everywhere young men and women cry to be heard, cry for something that will adequately throb with the pulsations of their hearts. But this is not news of North Amherst, you will say; it is more like the good talk as we gather around old Ceramini's tables and eat his spaghetti and drink his *vino di Chianti,* which puts the fire of Italy (I like to think it, in spite of what that Taylor chap told us about California wines) into the furnace of our young American souls. You will wonder what in this peaceful New England village makes me get hot under the collar about the puling, insipid cowardice of the old women in trousers who edit our magazines. Well, of course, there is the usual crop of returned manuscript—if I go on this way I shall probably raise North Amherst to the rank of a first-class post-office. But that is nothing new, and some day they shall see. There is, oddly enough, something else, which might excite the laughter of the gods, turn my wit to bitterness, or move the pale pens of Mary Wilkins and Henry James to long and anæmic analyses. I must try my hand at a piece of satirical writing. If you, Elmer, can laugh at me I shall be better repaid than I am ordinarily when I tear out the quivering heart of New York to offer it uselessly to the publishers, who inevitably prefer the watery hash of all the sentimental *clichés* from all the silly novels and stories that have fluttered the hearts of old maids since the beginning of time.

This is a suitable point to begin my *chronique,* for I was about to say that I was, as you knew, visiting three maiden aunts. But now I remember Aunt Sarah has been married. However, nothing so indecorous as a child resulted, and as for the husband—though they say he died—I imagine he just faded away, even a husband being too highly coloured a thing to survive long in the chaste atmosphere of North Amherst. Aunt Sarah may perhaps count as at least a near-spinster. Then there is Aunt Jane. Let us pause to consider these two before attempting the flight to the divine Aunt Emily.

Sarah and Jane are the best of women, *cela va sans dire,* but narrow. They are ladies. They used to spend occasional weeks in Boston, and they are, if you like, women of the world—of the world of the 60's and 70's. They are cultivated, too, in a way, but it is a rather thin, puritanical New England culture that has turned sour a little in the keeping. Ask them about Turgeneff, about D'Annunzio, about William Morris, about Elbert Hubbard, and you are met with blankness. All modern emotions, all

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modern social ideals mean nothing to them. They are a little inclined to think I know too little of the English classics and to try to floor me occasionally with Emerson. Well, do we, I ask, live in an age of the English classics? As for Emerson, I have come to know much of him well through Maeterlinck's wonderful translation, which preserves the flavour of the original so much better than the original has kept it, if I may venture on an epigram.

Aunt Emily is spoken of generally in our family as if she were an invalid; she is, as a matter of fact, small and wiry, but as strong as an ox. Other people in the village, I imagine, say frankly that she is "only half there." What she is, accurately and scientifically, is a case of arrested development. She is, if I may put it that way, an older and more experienced young girl of sixteen, for whom age and experience have been able to do nothing to destroy the faultless purity and ignorance, the insipid sentimentality of that golden age. No matter how much of life she may see, she will never know anything about it. Understand, there is nothing unpleasant about all this. Aunt Emily is a healthy, cheerful creature; I like her very much indeed. Then realise that she is by inheritance a refined, good person, that she has come naturally, from her environment, by a taste for reading—does it begin to dawn on you, Elmer? Can you see the vision? Do you understand that my Aunt Emily is the divine type, that she is incarnate all that editors and publishers dream of, the perfect reader of magazines! Need I say that the house here overflows with them and that I live hourly in something like a dream or a nightmare?

Do we not often, in the optimistic enthusiasm of our Bohemian gaiety at Ceramini's, assert that there never was anything so silly, so half-witted as the readers magazine editors catered for? That must have been the *padrone's* red ink. For here in her New England home sits my poor dear aunt, pitied by her neighbours as a harmless, kindly maniac, raised by those omnipotent creatures in the metropolis far above the heads of us poor writing creatures, as the intelligent arbiter of our destinies, as the shining target at which we should loose our bolts. Think that for us, she, the amiable idiot of the village, sits on the summit of Parnassus. I see her in a kind of vision sometimes, bestowing upon the most blithering of her suitors the gaudy, illuminated cover and the imprint of the greatest circulation.

She is, my dear fellow, more perfect than you could dream. There is no passion in her world, and it is all inhabited by pure women. Bad men she tolerates, but they must be damned delicate about it. And yet love is everywhere, a lukewarm saccharine flood. She hates anything immoral and almost more anything low. She is tolerant of humour, provided it isn't mirth-provoking. She can be shocked by almost anything. She hates to be over-excited by a story, yet she loves to cry over it. She believes above everything in her own sex. The ideal heroine is always May-day Meredith, a blond fool of eighteen, for the love of whom die prince, poet and millionaire.

I read her one of my stories once—oh, fatal once! It was that little De Maupassantish thing, you remember, of a young woman, rich, happily married, who fell in love with a Chinaman in Pell Street. The climax was when her husband found she had become a leper! A raw, vibrant cut of life, so you said once. I will not repeat what Aunt Emily said. She meant kindly by me—which is more than the editors do—but I could see that for her anything strong, anything actual, anything passionate, anything virile and gloomy, would never do. What a desperate fight is before us younger men! What a struggle for freedom, for truth, for strength! I wish you could hear my defiant laugh as I range these cold, hard, passionless New England hills. I am merry because I am twenty-four and still uncrushed.

And I have left the final touch for the last. You can tell the boys at Ceramini's that they may just as well get jobs as truckmen, motormen or Wall Street brokers if they can, for Aunt Emily herself is a writer! Not that she has published anything except an occasional gem of fiction in the North Amherst *Advertiser*. Aunt Sarah and Aunt Jane have prevented anything further being at-

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tempted for the sake of the family. But they acted in the interest of all authors. For Aunt Emily would be a sure winner. I have read some of her stories, and even a novel called *Clara Lee*. I give you my word, there is no trace of originality, no breath of real emotion in it. There is no phrase in one of its neatly copied, perfectly grammatical pages that one has not read before, no situation in one of its chapters that is not false to life. Yet there is a kind of unblushing effrontery about it, a perfect competence to deal with any phase of life provided only that Aunt Emily is completely in ignorance of it. In essential ignorance, of course, I mean, for Aunt Emily reads the papers, and, like an ideal hack writer, she can scamp up very up-to-date local colour. Clara Lee is a pure young girl, the daughter of a Vermont congressman. Her lover (betrothed, of course, I mean) is falsely accused of something or other in the Philippines (he is in the army out there, and Aunt Emily writes brilliantly of native life and customs). Well, nothing can save him from death but the President's pardon, and Clara Lee, with the immemorial cunning of her sex, obtains this by beating Teddy at tennis on his own White House court! Isn't it grand? Talk about popularity—it's there in great chunks! And dear Aunt Emily has no ambitions; this is just the natural outpouring of her poor arrested-in-its-development brain. It is to laugh, and to cry, too, isn't it? Here are you and I trying to write literature—yes, I call your criticism that, Elmer, though I believe and always shall believe creative writing to be a greater thing—and receiving no encouragement. We're trying to write something with power in it, yet I honestly believe there isn't a stupid magazine editor wouldn't rather have Aunt Emily's stuff. She is divine mediocrity, the beloved average. Don't I know them, those editors? I am going to play them a pretty joke. I'm going to send out some of her stories for her. It's a good amusement for a convalescent. And if they take them, how you and I can howl with laughter! They will smile some, too, in North Amherst. They know that poor Aunt Emily is "not all there." I wonder, do you suppose some one somewhere knows that about every author of those bad stories in the magazines?

Yours as always,
HERBERT ANDERSON.

To Mr. Elmer Garlan,
100 Waverly Place,
New York City.

II

NORTH AMHERST, October 10, 1927.

*To Elmer Garlan, Esq.,*
Editor *Book and Pen,*
New York City.

DEAR ELMER: Two things are pleasant, to be able to congratulate you on your obtaining at last the editorship of the most serious and influential critical paper in America and also to be able to aid you in your work by sending you a little something on the late Miss Emily Anderson, as you requested me to. I came up here, of course, immediately after her death. There are many papers to be looked over, much to do. I must see you and talk things over some evening at the Century. She is a great loss.

Yours most sincerely,
HERBERT ANDERSON.

(Enclosure.)

The editor of the *Book and Pen* has asked me to contribute something concerning Miss Emily Anderson, who has been, since the publication, now twenty years ago, of her novel, *Clara Lee, the Story of a Young Girl,* the most widely read and perhaps the best beloved woman writer of our country. Under ordinary circumstances I should be unwilling to accede to such a request. Miss Anderson was my aunt, and upon me will devolve in due time the duty, at once sad and pleasant, of writing her official biography. But Mr. Elmer Garlan, the brilliant critic, who with this issue assumes editorial direction of the *Book and Pen,* is an old personal friend of mine. I knew him before he was in any way connected with the magazine, and when my own name was unknown as a writer of fiction. I am glad to print in his publication the little I can bring myself to say at present of the writer who has gone from us.

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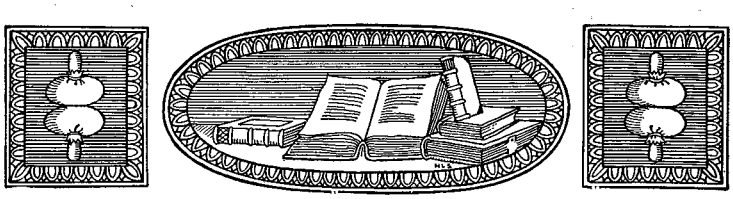
Miss Anderson came of the best old New England stock, and her whole life was passed quietly in the simple Vermont village of North Amherst. This it is that makes her range as a writer so remarkable. In her very first novel she dealt not only with our colonial problem, but with political and social life in Washington. By newspapers and magazines she could, of course, keep in touch with modern life, but even so, there remains the miracle of the creative imagination. Within this little woman there was some power of divination which told her unerringly what life and what human nature would be under any strange circumstances. We hear much of writers who go far afield in search of local colour. Miss Anderson never needed to leave North Amherst.

Personally Miss Anderson was unobtrusive, of an almost childish simplicity of soul. Her writing was the inevitable flowering of genius. For a long time she wrote, occasionally publishing a small "piece" in the local paper; neither to her nor to her sisters did it occur to attempt to appeal to a larger audience. It was my privilege twenty years ago, while on a visit to my aunts, to recognise, I may say discover, that in Emily Anderson there was something that would appeal to our whole nation. There may have been something in the family tie between us that made my intelligence peculiarly in touch with hers. Critics have noted something of blood relationship between her work and the first book of mine which became at all well known. I am glad to admit this influence upon me of my great relative. It was the success of *Clara Lee, the Story of a Young Girl* which unquestionably inspired in me my *Story of May-day Meredith*. Before this I had, I fear, in common with other young writers of the time, mistaken brutality for strength and impropriety for sentiment. I am glad if my distinguished aunt has made me hope that like her I may appeal pre-eminently to the million homes of our broad land rather than to any restricted literary cliques. Miss Anderson's success was the result of genius, if you like that I should put it so simply as that. But if we examine it, it was essentially the result of her embodying in her frail self the tastes and aspirations of a whole nation. A kind of proof of this was the eager and whole-hearted appreciation she had of the work of other writers. She always understood a popular book or story. She was never heard to cry it down as unliterary. And as she read so she wrote. She wrote for the great, earnest, simple, good, human millions. How often have her readers said to themselves, "She told that story just as we ourselves might." Is not that the greatest tribute to the perfect concealment of her art?

The distinguished purity of Emily Anderson's work is what strikes me especially now by contrast with what is the apparent aim of so many of our younger men. Can they not learn that licentiousness is not the same thing as emotion, that they need not get drunk at cheap Italian table d'hôtes in order to see life or to love literature? The ideal is within; there is no need to "know life," as these young men are always saying. Emily Anderson "knew" nothing of life, yet is there a home from Maine to the Everglades, from Cape Cod to the Philippines, where she is not a loved and honored name?

HERBERT ANDERSON.

*Harrison Rhodes.*



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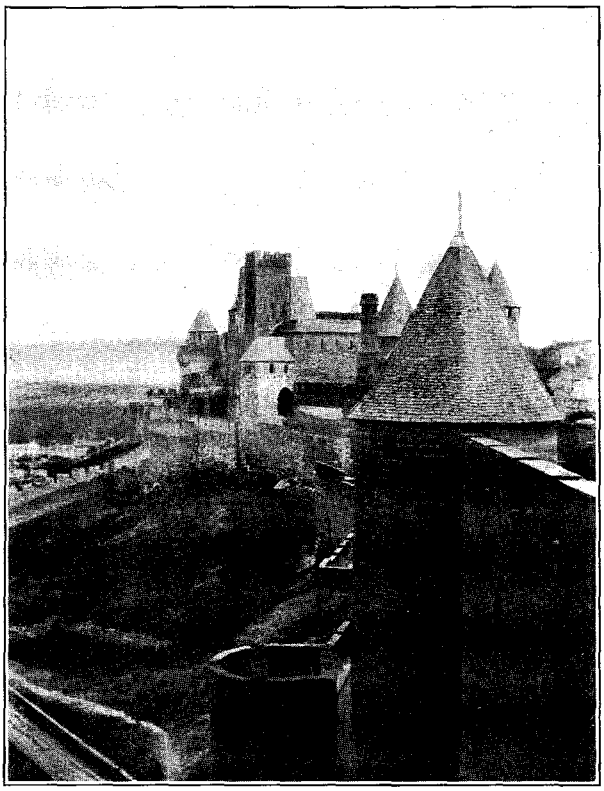
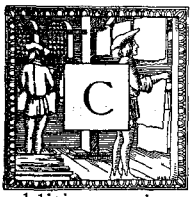


THE ANCIENT WALLS AND TOWERS

# CARCASSONNE



CARCASSONNE, the centre of the still unsettled disturbances among the French wine growers, is the capital of the Department of Aude, the see of a Bishop, and, in addition to its wine interests, is a thriving manufacturing town of some thirty or more thousand people. It is situated on the river Aude and the Canal du Midi, and is divided into two parts, the old and the new. The old town sits on a hill overlooking the modern town and the wide valley, and portions of its walls date back to the time of the Visigoths. The ancient walls and towers with a castle dating from about the eleventh century are very picturesque and constitute the artistic value of the place, not to mention any commercial value as an attraction for tourists. Carcaso, its original name, was not unknown to Julius Cæsar, and it may have enjoyed a boom when Roman capital sought investment in Gaul, though history does not so state. The new town is well built and clean and its people are not yet modernised to the standards of American civilisation.

Carcassonne possibly owes its distinction more to a poem written by Gustave Nadaud, a French poet, than it does to any great historic merit, because among all classes of all people there is none, who has not, as had the old man of the poem, in some way missed seeing his Carcassonne. To very many the name of Carcassonne has a pathetic interest, as it

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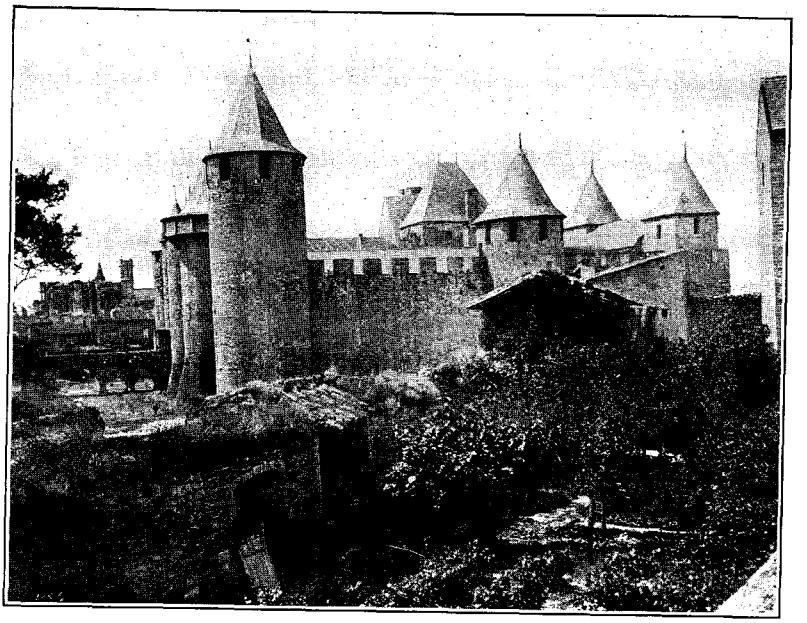
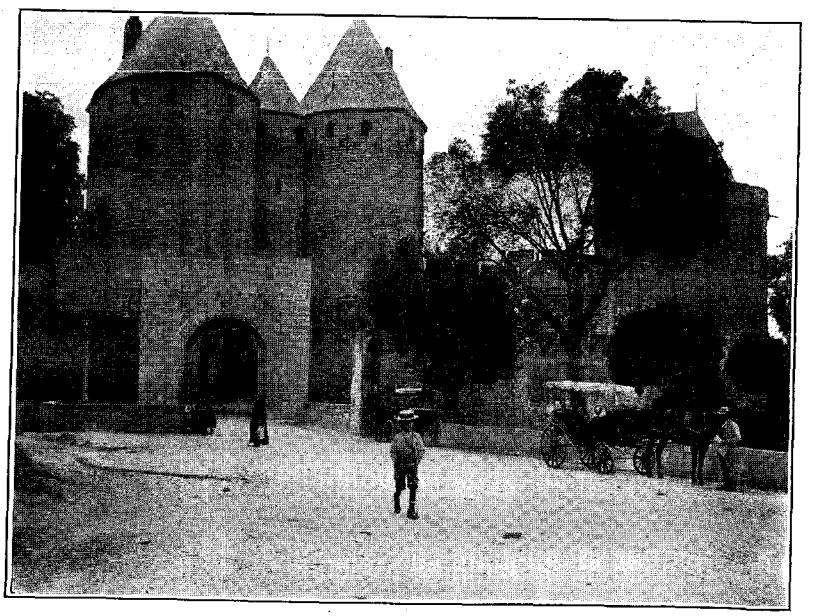


THE CASTLE AND PART OF THE OLD WALL



GATE TO THE TOWER OF THE INQUISITION

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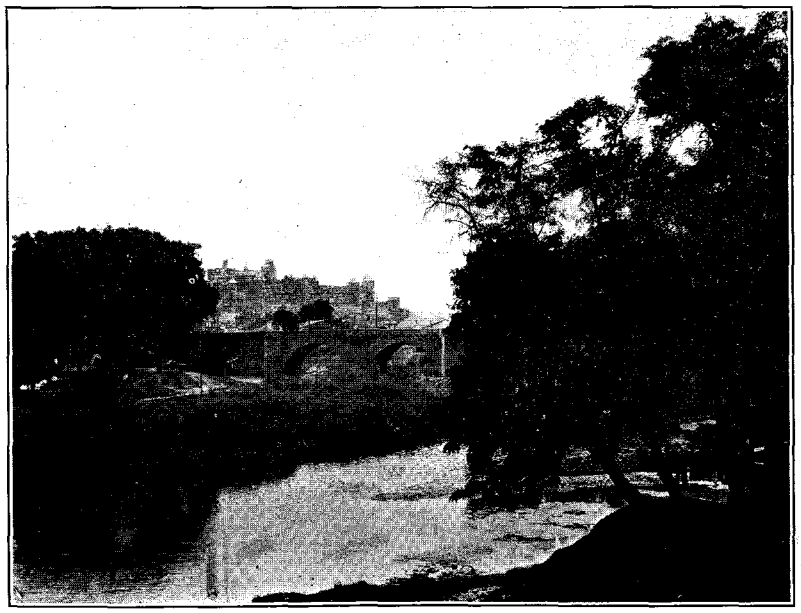
GATE TO THE OLD CITY



THE OLD TOWN FROM THE AUDE

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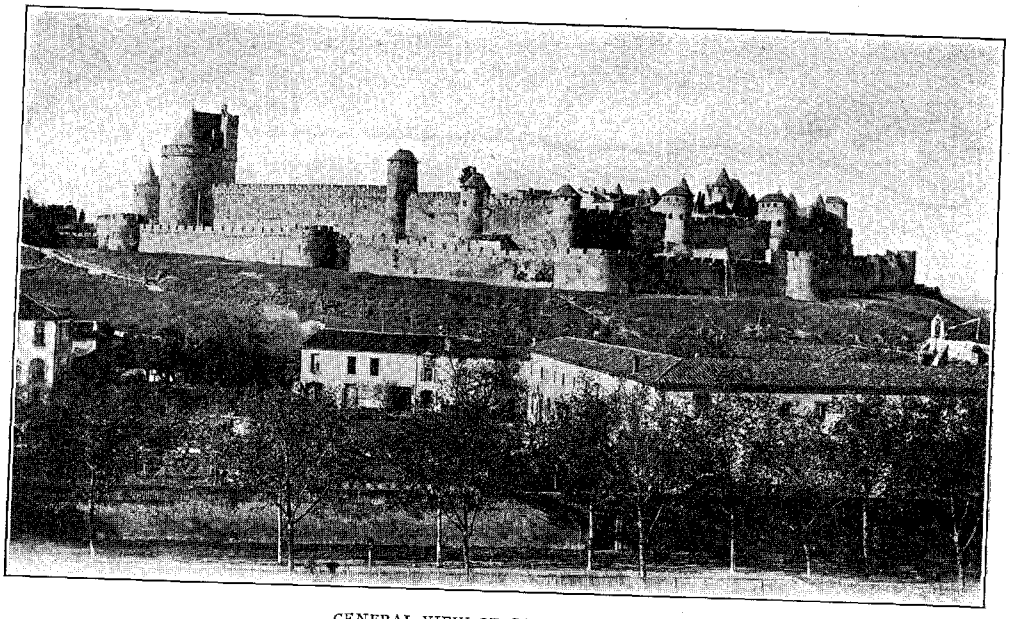
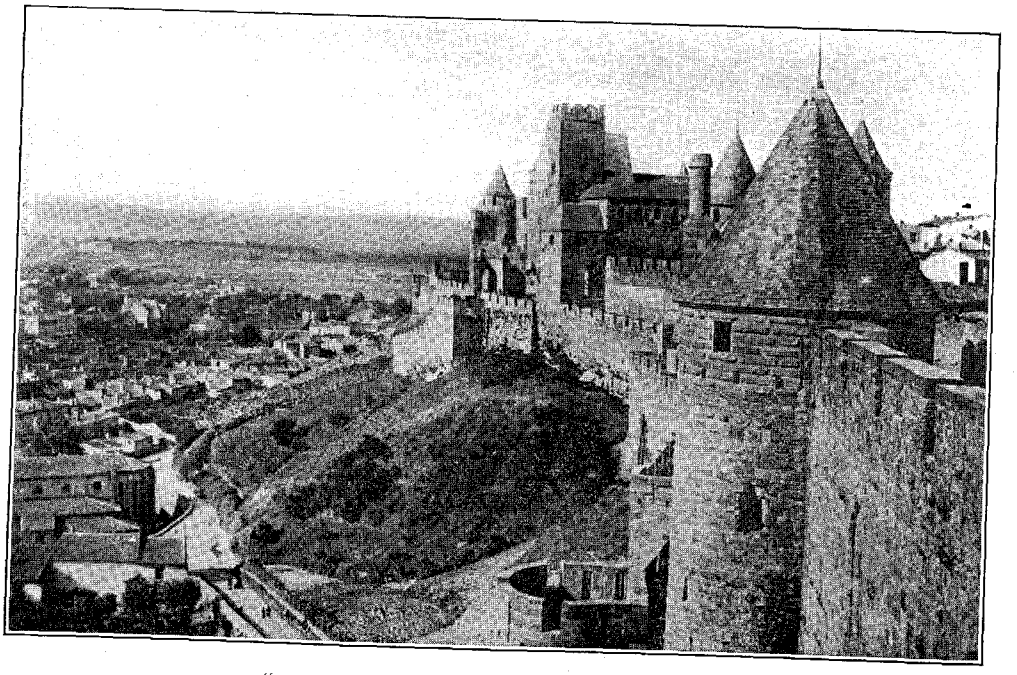


GENERAL VIEW OF CARCASSONNE



"YOU SEE THE CITY FROM THE HILL,
*IT* LIES BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS BLUE"

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must to all who read Nadaud's lines of hopes deferred. The poem, translated, is as follows:

CARCASSONNE

I'm growing old, I've sixty years,
I've laboured all my life in vain;
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain;
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know;
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne.

You see the city from the hill—
It lies beyond the mountains blue,
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return, as many more!
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown,
The grape withheld its yellow store,—
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne.

They tell me every day is there
Not more nor less than Sunday gay;
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way.
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon;
A bishop and two generals!
I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Carcassonne.

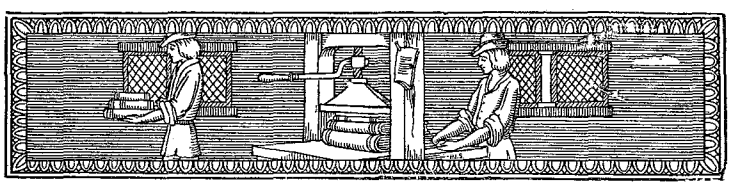
The curé's right; he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind;
Yet could I there two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me, I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne.

Thy pardon, father, I beseech,
In this my prayer, if I offend,
One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy, Aignan,
Have travelled even to Narbonne,
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,
And I have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne.

So crooned, one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double-bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I; "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But, Heaven forgive him, half way on
The old man died upon the road;
He never gazed on Carcassonne;
Each mortal has his Carcassonne.

The pictures accompanying this sketch were—with two exceptions—made by a New York physician who visited Carcassonne last summer, and there is indicated in them something that would warrant the old man's regret in never having seen Carcassonne. They add much to the interest of the poem, and prove that the poet had been more fortunate than the old peasant, whose prayer he tried to make fulfilment know.

*W. J. Lampton.*



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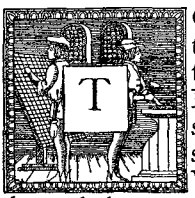
# THE MOTHER OF THE MAN*

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

## CHAPTER XII

### AVISA TRIES TO SAVE HER SON



TOWARD the end of October there fell a day of tempest and heavy rain. Each breath of the storm seemed to clear a thousand forest boughs; Walla ran hoarsely through her gorges beneath Vixen; and only nightfall did the weather change, the wind rest awhile, and peace return with darkness. Then the moon rose, and presently in many a glade and glen the wet fallen leaves shone like stars upon the dark earth and made little constellations that glimmered there against the gloom of night.

This was the occasion when Ives Pomeroy set out with Moleskin to shoot pheasants in Oaktown woods. The poacher had hoped to be earlier afield, but his doctor prevented that, and Mr. Cawker, for personal reasons, made no hurry to appear in public.

He had arranged an exceedingly simple plan of action. The younger man visited one important preserve; the older, with his air-gun, sought another. Ives played decoy, and while Moleskin slew, the other poacher fired a fowling-piece merely to attract attention. Thrice, at intervals of five minutes, he woke the echoes and set dogs barking and men running. Secure in his superior speed and physical powers, Pomeroy waited until he actually heard the forces of law and order closing in upon him; then he set off at an easy trot and was soon safe enough. One man, however, had seen him cross a drive in the moonlight. The gamekeeper believed that he recognised young Pomeroy; but he could not be positive. Meantime Mr. Cawker killed twenty pheasants.

Three days afterwards came the sequel. Then the police, working with the Oaktown keepers, prepared to make an arrest. Mr. Cawker did not escape suspicion; but he was known to be ill, and, on the day before his excursion, let it be understood that he must continue to keep the house by doctor's orders. The poacher, moreover, took to bed again for a couple of days, as an additional security. By that time Northmore, in all ignorance of the truth, had warned Inspector Bachelor to speak words in season to young Pomeroy; but as this man already suspected Ives on the strength of a keeper's statement, the farmer's warning amounted to confirmation.

Then followed incidents that long made food for argument in the neighbourhood.

Ives did not hide from his mother the thing that he had done, and the confession was made at a very critical moment. For once, to his surprise, Avisa's unfailing patience before his escapades appeared to desert her.

"How have you the heart and the face to sit there and tell me this?" she said. "You—a grown man now—getting near five-and-twenty year old. You laugh—you ought to groan, Ives Pomeroy. If 'twas in my power, I'd flog you for this till my body ached; if 'twas in my power, I'd take you this instant moment to Oaktown and make you beg that man's forgiveness on your knees! Your father's son! A black day's work, and I'd never have thought it of you—I'd never have believed it."

"More fool you," he said roughly. "You ought to know me well enough by now; and if you don't, 'tis no fault of mine. My hand is against all slavery and sweating and I'll strike where I please and who I please. Serpell's a rogue, and fair game for honest men. Let him dare lay a finger on me and I'll tell the truth about him afore the public—damned knave that he is."

"Do two wrongs make a right?" she asked. "If he's a thief and a dishonest man—which be only wild trash, for he's

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neither—but if he was, is that a reason why you should sink to roguery and take what don't belong to you? Would you filch his purse? Would you go in his shop to Plymouth and steal his goods? You—a son of Ives Pomeroy?"

"Of course you argue like a woman," he said. "Can't you see the difference between such things? Can't you see I'm all against property and want the land for the poor? Who be this chap to stick up walls and say 'you shan't come here,' or 'you shan't come there'? Damn him and his Tory robbery! The earth belongs to us all; and pheasants be just natural things, like any other birds, or the fish in the river. And, whether or no, I'll go my way—and——"

"Be quiet and hear me," said Avisa. "That any son of mine should be wild and silly, and venturesome and rash, was natural. But no son of mine, and my husband, has the right to be a fool. You're talking wicked folly, and you know it. What did you say to the fox that stole two ducks last winter? And him only a hungry beast with the usual four-footed manners. And what will the world say to you for stealing a man's game—you—supposed to be properly taught and a Christian?"

"The world will say nothing at all, because the world will know nothing at all," he answered. "I've told nobody but you, and none else will ever hear about it. I wish to God you was larger-minded. Time was when you'd have laughed at this—same as you laughed at pranks I've played before."

"Life has got to teach you your lesson."

"Life won't teach me that labour be treated properly by capital; life won't teach me the strong want to help the weak."

They were interrupted by Lizzie Pomeroy. She was not frightened, but infinitely surprised and in great haste.

"Why, here's Mr. Bachelor and two other policemen coming up through the field!" she said. "Whatever be they wanting here, mother?"

Avisa looked at her son and a world of sudden grief appeared upon her face.

"Ives! Ives!" she said.

"I know! It's all right; they've smelt a rat! You can guess where I shall be. Let me have some food when the coast's clear and then I'll be away till the storm's blown over. Find out if Moleskin's took and let me know up on the Vixen after dark."

He was gone from a back entrance long before the policemen had reached the farm. Indeed, from his secret den, high up in the fastness of the Vixen, Pomeroy watched the officers arrive beneath. His heart beat hard with excitement at this event. He knew not how they had connected him with the raid, and began to wonder much what had happened to Moleskin. He determined to stop hidden until night, and then visit his accomplice.

Before the police arrived Avisa had spoken to Lizzie and told her the truth.

"The darkest day that's ever fallen for us, my pretty," she said quietly. "Dear Ives have done wrong, Lizzie. His own folly and another's wickedness be to blame, I reckon. He've been shooting game birds: that's what he's wanted for."

"Ives—Ives wanted? Oh, mother!"

The girl turned white. Terror now came into her face. She spoke quickly to Avisa and held tightly to her hand, like a little frightened child.

"Oh, mother, save him, save him!" she said.

The men came up the garden path and their voices sounded loud in the silence. Avisa Pomeroy did not hear her girl. She was looking up at the sky over the Moor. Her mind worked swiftly and her lips moved. "Lord have mercy on my son! Lord have mercy on my son," she whispered to herself again and again.

Then she felt her daughter's hand and heard Lizzie cry once more.

"Save him, mother, save him!"

It seemed now that Avisa came to herself.

"Bear yourself braver, Lizzie. Yes—yes; I'll save him, please God."

She turned to the men.

"Good-morning, Mr. Bachelor."

"Good-morning, ma'am. I'm sorry for our errand and I hope with all my heart that your son will be able to clear himself; but 'tis rather bad against him. Anyway, he must come with us, please. 'Tis feared that he had a hand in that business to Oaktown."

"Yes, he had;" she answered quietly.

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"You will find him hidden up in the rocks there. I'll show you where he is."

The policeman stared.

"'Tis a terrible thing for you—a terrible thing. I wish to God, ma'am, you'd not been called to do this," he said earnestly.

Her sad eyes met his.

"So do I," she answered. "Love's a cruel hard taskmaster sometimes."

She led them to the Vixen, while Lizzie hastened to her grandmother with the tidings of what had happened.

"Given him up! Given Ives up!" cried the ancient. "Given up my son's son to the constables! Lord deliver us, Lizzie. Is it the end of the world?"

Avisa took the men to the foot of Vixen Tor, and Ives, hidden from view, watched his secret divulged and his escape defeated.

"Ives Pomeroy!" shouted Mr. Bachelor. "I've got to arrest you in the name of the law for shooting pheasants to Oaktown on the night of the twenty-fifth of October. For the present you'd better to say nought. Us have got a trap down below and you'll be took to Tavistock and brought afore the Justices come Wednesday next. So come down, if you please."

The man aloft boiled with passion against his mother. Her back was turned now and she walked slowly to her house. His rage did not prevent him from seeing the futility of resistance.

"Don't add to the trouble by fighting," urged Mr. Bachelor. "It won't help in the long run. I've got you now, and 'tis only adding to the offence to resist me."

Pomeroy perceived the truth of these remarks. He showed himself, ignored the police and shouted to his mother—

"God damn you forevermore for this, you traitor to your own son! And mark me: never again, so long as I live, will I bring my head under your roof, or call you 'mother' more. If I go to hell, 'tis you've driven me there—remember that, you heartless devil!"

She heard and went her way without turning.

Then Pomeroy descended and soon found himself driving to Tavistock. He preserved absolute silence, and no man heard his voice again that day.

Avisa was entering her home when her husband's mother met her in the door.

"What have you done, woman?" she asked. "D'you mind that this man was the child of Ives Pomeroy? Could the son of my son, for all his wicked tricks, have earned clink?* 'Tis not to be thought of, and you've worked evil in this house, and marred your boy's life forever—forever, I tell you!"

"Ives will never darken our doors again," sobbed Lizzie.

Then Avisa spoke. She took out her handkerchief and wiped Lizzie's eyes with it. Her own were dry.

"Darken our doors he can't, my pretty. Better than sunshine always. I doubt you'm both wrong. My son will come home to me a wiser man—some day—yes, he'll come home, if I know him true."

She left them then, departed to her own chamber and remained invisible until the time of the midday meal. Then she returned, placid and calm, with her heart hidden. But Lizzie was prostrated and old Jane Pomeroy wept without ceasing.

## CHAPTER XIII

### OPINIONS

It happened that most of the few persons who felt interest concerning Ives Pomeroy were collected at the Jolly Huntsmen on the night following his arrest, and the incident formed material for a somewhat lively debate.

Emanuel Codd, as being most familiar with the facts, was listened to very attentively, and when he explained what had really happened, a murmur of wonder broke from those who heard. There were present the brothers Toop, Ruth Rendle, Samuel Bolt, and Nicholas Warren, one of the policemen who had taken Pomeroy; others joined the company afterwards.

"'Tis a terrible far-reaching thing," said Peter. "Because though a fortnight or so, which is what he will get, ban't nothing out of the man's life in itself, the

**Clink:* Prison.

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event goes into his future history and is a black mark against him for evermore."

They discussed the gravity of Pomeroy's sin, and were divided about it. The pheasants had not been traced and the evidence was circumstantial until Mrs. Pomeroy actually declared her son guilty.

Now Matthew Northmore entered. He had promised a book to Ruth some time before she refused him, and to-night he brought it. But he came at a moment somewhat inopportune, for his name was on Codd's lips at the time.

"How did they trace it to the chap? That's what I don't know," said Joel Toop.

Nicholas Warren was unable to enlighten him.

"You must ask inspector," he answered. "I can't say how he come by the clue, though certainly a gamekeeper thought he seed Pomeroy on the night."

"More than that went to it," said Mr. Codd. "I may take some credit, I believe. A little bird whispered to me what was doing, and I did my duty and mentioned it to an influential man among us. Not to mince words, 'twas Mr. Northmore that I told. He'm a sportsman and a gentleman, and holds such evil doings in scorn."

"Why, you'm a stranger!" cried Peter, from behind the bar; for at this moment Matthew entered.

He nodded and then spoke to Ruth.

"I've brought the book, Miss Rendle—the one I promised."

Her manner was constrained as she thanked him, but he set it down to the painful past rather than the present. Then Joel Toop asked the farmer a question and he began to understand.

"'Twas you, then, that helped the police to take young Pomeroy—so Codd here says?"

Northmore did not answer, but looked at Emanuel.

"In a manner of speaking you did," explained the head man at Vixen Tor. "I told you what was in the wind, and you answered back that you'd do something."

"That's right: I did so," admitted Northmore. "But don't let there be any misunderstanding about my part. I had no wish to work the man any harm. 'Twas the other way about. I'd hoped to get him cautioned in time. Unfortunately the trouble was brewed already, and when I spoke to Bachelor, it only served to confirm his suspicions. But I suppose nobody doubts my motives?"

He looked at Ruth as he spoke. She was wiping glasses and paid him no attention.

"'Tis a parlous business for the family," declared Peter. "I never heard that a mother found herself equal to such a hard thing afore."

"She was wrong for my part," answered the policeman; and Samuel Bolt confessed that he blamed Mrs. Pomeroy also.

"She ought to have looked on ahead; but no woman ever does," murmured Joel.

"'Twas too terrible a thing and will set the house against itself forever," foretold Samuel Bolt.

Northmore, however, took the other side.

"I don't agree with you," he said. "'Twas a brave and seemly thing for her to do and——"

To the astonishment of the company Ruth interrupted him. Anger lighted her face. Her voice shook with it. For the first time in the experience of any present she revealed a fierce temper; and it was Matthew Northmore who suffered the storm.

"You say that! You, that went behind the man's back and pretended to be his friend and stabbed him! 'A brave thing!' About as brave as what you did yourself, I should think! What had he ever done to you that you should treat him so? What had he ever done to his mother that she should cast him out like that? 'Twas no true mother did that afore God! And you're no true man to have done this at the bidding of that envious wretch there." She pointed at Emanuel Codd, who answered with a laugh.

"So missy's got a tongue and a temper after all! And seemingly we've found 'em both."

His mind gloated over new possibilities. He continued to cackle in the silence that followed Ruth's speech; then Northmore spoke.

"I'm bitterly sorry to think you don't

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take my word, Miss Rendle—bitterly sorry. I hope you'll live to see differently. You can ask the inspector what time I first mentioned Pomeroy to him, if you like. 'Twas too late. But Bachelor kept his counsel and I did not know what I had done."

Then Peter, to gain private ends, took his kinswoman's part.

"The question is what you wanted to interfere for at all, if I may say so," he remarked firmly. "I hate the old to be against the young. 'Twas no more than a bit of silly, high spirits in the man, and I do think that he's punished a deal too hard. Clink's clink, and it sticks terrible close to a chap after. It takes a very strong sort of nature to lift up above such a blow; and Ives Pomeroy, being what he is, will go down as sure as there's a screw loose in him. His mother's done for him in my opinion."

"She knows best," said Northmore. "If Miss Rendle——"

He broke off blankly, for Ruth, at the mention of her name, left the bar and did not return to it.

"You've made her properly cross," said Peter. "And I don't blame her. A great stickler for justice she be, and with all the sense of a man. There's no doubt most people will agree with her that you're much to blame, Matthew."

"'Tis poor Mrs. Pomeroy is to blame in my humble opinion, not Mr. Northmore," said Samuel Bolt. "How did he know what would fall out? But she did."

"Mrs. Pomeroy's a woman," replied Peter, "and the wisest woman among us may lose her head at a pinch and take a wrong turn—especially a mother. That she've done, if my judgment counts for anything. She ought to have held her tongue and let the police go, and pleaded with the rash fellow afterwards."

"She did right—dead right," answered Northmore; and with this sentiment he left the bar.

"My word! You gived him a flea in his ear, Peter," said Joel. "And I'm not sorry, for he'll keep away now. Not a drink ordered again, you see. Nought but his silly books for Ruth. But she've made her mind pretty clear to-night too—thank God. She's done with him, anyhow."

Joel now looked at the matter from another point of view and indulged in a generalisation.

"A fool and not more nor less—that Pomeroy," he declared. "We must suffer fools gladly, as the Bible tells us; but 'tis a great trouble to a community to have 'em in it, and a great drag on credit and progress in general."

"That's what the fools be here for," answered his brother. "If 'twasn't for them, us clever people would be too clever, and the world might go on too fast. They be meant to check progress."

"Therefore," summed up Joel, "we must have fools, and we must have chaps like Pomeroy, and chaps like Northmore, and women with queer opinions, like the mother of the prisoner—and others I know; and even right down rogues and vagabonds—such as this here man!"

Thus did Joel greet Moleskin, who entered the bar while he concluded his philosophical reflections.

"That's a nice way to greet a chap just off his bed of sickness," said the poacher. "However, you always had a funny idea of a joke. You didn't ought to make jokes, Joel. They don't suit your tone of voice, my old dear. But what's this they tell me of young Mr. Pomeroy? I hope 'tis only a silly story, Nicholas Warren?"

"True enough," said the policeman. "I helped to take him."

Moleskin heard every particular of the narrative and expressed himself as much amazed.

"At the very beginning of the man's career—to go and let him be nabbed like that! 'Twill spoil his nerve for years very like, and make him take a hatred of policemen. And I dare swear the poor fellow's innocent as an unborn baby."

"You'm a deep scoundrel," answered Codd fiercely. "Standing there afore honest men and pretending as you know nought. You'm a disgrace to the police, that's what you are—like a thing they can't cure be a disgrace to the doctors."

Mr. Cawker ordered his liquor and laughed uproariously.

"Can't cure me and can't catch me, eh, my old blid? Catch me first and cure me

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afterwards, as the haddock said. And why can't they catch me? Because I never do nothing to merit it."

He winked at the policeman, and Codd answered:

"You led the man away, and the sin's on your shoulders and the money's in your pocket."

"In that case," answered Mr. Cawker, "the police have certainly collared the wrong man, as their manner is. If I shot the birds and took the money, what have they arrested poor Ives for? Let 'em tell us that. Anyway, as I was in bed all the time by doctor's orders, with deep mischief in the breathing parts, I don't quite see how I could be down to Oaktown shooting pheasants. But of course such a wicked devil as me can be in two places at once."

"We'll take you yet," answered Warren. "And I hope I may be the man to do it, Moleskin."

"For your own credit I'm sure I hope you may be. 'Twould be a great feather in your cap, Nicholas; though to be frank, I'm not hopeful for you. But neither you nor another will ever take me. I'm an honest man—as honest as my father before me."

"Just about the same, I should reckon. We know what happened to him," said Emanuel Codd.

Presently the conversation returned to Mrs. Pomeroy and the thing that she had done.

"Only one of us supports her, and him a teetotaler—Matthew Northmore, in fact," said Joel.

"A man inclined to be very uncharitable," declared Mr. Cawker. "Means well, I dare say, but terrible narrow-minded and quick to think evil."

"Miss Ruth dressed him down pretty sharp, however," answered Samuel Bolt. "My word! Her speech hummed about his ear like an angry appledrane."*

"She gave him hell, to say it in a word," declared Warren.

"Quite right, too," answered the poacher. "He deserved it. He hates Ives Pomeroy, and he hates me. Out of sheer friendship I offered to trap a few score rabbits for the man a bit ago; but he'd none of me. That's how I'm treated. And yet there's not a spark more evil in me than in Sammy Bolt here. Good plain-dealers, both of us, and simple-hearted as honest men should be: just the sort of innocent fellows as would go fox-hunting with a pack of sheep! Ban't we, Sammy?"

**Appledrane:* A wasp.

But Mr. Bolt grew rather hot and indignant.

"I won't be classed with you, Cawker," he said. "Not for a moment will I suffer it. You've got a very bad record, despite all your jokes and silly nonsense. You've done many things you can't look back upon with pleasure and I'm much afraid you're not such an upright character as you say. No, it ban't fair to me to mention us in the same breath—it really ban't fair."

"More it is," answered the poacher. "I quite grant that—such a good boy as you! Run along home, Sammy, to your fine red wife; or, if she don't want you, go to mother!"

Poor Samuel departed in the sound of laughter, and Emanuel Codd accompanied him. The night air cooled the younger man's anger and he returned to the great subject of the moment.

"What does Mr. Brown say?" asked Bolt presently. "Have he comforted them yet?"

"He was there when I left," answered Codd. "Can't say Arthur Brown comforted 'em much. He wants comfort himself more like. This job have shook him a bit—such a terrible proper person as him."

"'Twas his business to cheer up poor Lizzie, surely?"

"Don't know what he thought about that. All he said to me was that it might be a very serious thing for a young man's future to marry into a family like the Pomeroys. So proper he be! But I dare say I shall catch even him out in something some day, for I've never met the man yet you couldn't trap doing a dirty trick soon or late. You've only got to be patient and watchful; and the weakness of human nature will do the rest."

"He ought to have comforted her, I'm sure, and never spared a thought to himself at such a tragical time," declared Samuel.

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## BOOK II

### CHAPTER XIV

THE FACES OF THE ROCKS

Avisa Pomeroy, upon her way to Merivale, turned a little out of the road that she might look upon the Vixen from a certain point of the western hill beyond it. Beside her walked Rupert Johnson, the second hand of the farm, and he explained the thing that he meant to show his mistress.

"The very daps of Mister Ives, I do assure 'e. 'Tis a bit of stone aloft 'pon the brink of the upper rocks, and if you catch it towards sundown as it is now, you can't fail to mark the likeness. I stared when I seed it, and my first thought was that you'd be pleased. There's a bit of grass and briar tangles over the brow of un, for all the world the same as his hair to tangle upon his forehead."

"I shall like much to see it, Rupert," said Avisa. "And I'm sure I hope it won't be long afore we all see my son himself."

"I hope it won't, ma'am. Farm's awful desolate without him, and his dog be cruel wisht and off her food. There's only two more days of the fortnight to go and then——"

Mrs. Pomeroy did not speak, and they walked on to a spot not far removed from an ancient cross, known as the "Windystone," which stands beside a rivulet upon that heath.

"Now please to look, ma'am. The sunlight be just touching the chin of him!"

Johnson pointed to the edge of the Vixen, and Mrs. Pomeroy was interested to see something that by stretch of the imagination might be likened to a profile of Ives.

"Very clever indeed of you to mark it. How surprised he'll be! You must show it to him, but like enough he'll not see it himself, for no man knows his own fashion of face, but overrates or scorns it too much according to his nature. Right there was where he made his den, I'm thinking."

"I doubt he'll never go up there again, ma'am."

"Well, he might be in better places. 'Tis time he put away childish things, Rupert; and soon he will."

The labourer left her then, and having again regarded nature's sketch in stone and come to the conclusion that it was really quite unlike her boy, Avisa turned to the road and presently descended into Merivale.

She stopped where Rachel Bolt's cottage stood beside the way over against Samuel's. Rachel, according to her custom, sat beside a front window, and when she saw the visitor, she rose and welcomed her.

As usual the older woman was absorbed with her own affairs. Partly from delicacy, chiefly from choice, she made no mention of Ives, but dwelt on her own son and his wife.

"All goes well with them, I'm bound to say," she began while they ate and drank. "'Twas certain that such a son should get a good wife. Yes—taking it all round—a good wife, Avisa; but that's not to say she's quite all I'd hoped and expected as a daughter-in-law."

"No mother's ever satisfied in that quarter."

"The child will be a great arrival. No time lost. But Sam's set up his winter cough again, I'm sorry for to say. I'd hoped us would hear no more of that. However, when I mentioned it she showed a bit of temper."

"You must be reasonable, Rachel, my dear. The girl can't help Samuel's cough."

"I don't say she can; yet she ought to be sorry about it, not cross with me for moaning over it a bit. What mother wouldn't? And knowing, too, that his father went off in a decline without rhyme or reason in his forties."

"Do she cook pretty well for him?"

"To be honest with you, Avisa, she don't. I take my dinner along with them Sundays—always. 'Twas Sam's wish—not hers, I believe. But you can't be sure from week to week how the meat will be."

"She'll larn in time, be sure. Busy sewing, no doubt."

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"Not she! When I remind her, as I do pretty near every day, 'tis always the same answer. 'Plenty of time, plenty of time.' I'm doing what I can on the quiet only known to Samuel. She'll be thankful when the hour comes, but she'd be angry if she knowed it now. Ban't a soft woman, you understand, Avisa. Hard as a flint, in fact, where you'd least expect it."

"I shouldn't have thought that."

"True, I assure 'e. Their cat chetted* last week, and if she didn't drown every one of 'em with her own hand under the yowling mother's very nose! 'How could you go for to do it?' I axed her. 'Because your son wouldn't,' she said. 'Some sane person had to: us don't want six cats.'"

Mrs. Pomeroy laughed.

"I suppose that was true, Rachel."

"Of course, but 'twas the way she said it. 'Good Lord, Jill,' I answered her. 'Your voice do make my flesh cream down my spine. 'Tis a voice that may be the voice of a woman who'd so soon drown a baby as a kitten!' Then she lost temper, I'm sorry to say, and I left her."

Avisa's heart went out to Jill. She had never cared about the girl, but the recital of these events softened her dislike to sincere pity.

"So untidy too," said Mrs. Bolt. "You know what a man Samuel is—the pink of neatness in his person and everything. Washes to the waist every day of his life, and a hot bath on Saturday night. But she makes trouble even about that—some nonsense about the fire being let out and wanting to go to bed early, or something. But I don't interfere—don't think that, Avisa. I know a mother's place, thank God. Just a word in season to Samuel behind the scenes, but nothing more than that. He comes in and smokes his pipe of an evening now and again, for she's terrible fond of going to bed early. Not very civil to the man who works for her all day long; but so it is. And when she's washed up, she'll often leave him so as he can't hear his own voice or play her a tune on his flute; so naturally he comes across the road, where his voice and his flute be blessed music and always welcome."

**Chetted:* Kittened.

Avisa nodded and her friend read some admonishment into the gesture.

"Don't you think I don't like her, or any such thing, you know. We've all got our faults and failings, and many of them are cured as time goes on, though certainly many get worse too. However, I'm very hopeful that she'll increase in sense—as she must do with such a sensible man always at her elbow—who could help it? I don't force my sense on her, Avisa—far from that. I merely look on and hold off. But lookers-on see most of the game, of course."

"That's just it," answered the other. "People don't like other eyes over their cards when they'm playing the game of life. If there's one thing more maddening than to be showed where you've played wrong by somebody out of the game, it is to know you've played wrong and to know that somebody else knows it too, but won't say a word."

"I'll say nought—not to her. I never will come between husband and wife that way. My son's love and worship be everything in the world that's left to live for, and if I shook him off me by saying a word against Jill, I should die."

The other was silent for some time; then she spoke.

"If you've drunk your tea we'll go over and see the girl. I'd like to do it. Haven't seen her to have a tell with since she married."

"Sorry I can't," confessed Mrs. Bolt. "I was in there this morning and we didn't have words—God grant we never shall have—but I ventured to say some little thing about the pastry to dinner last Sunday, and I mentioned a baking powder I always used, owing to Samuel's digestion being not all one could wish; and she misunderstood and thought I was advising, and spoke rather short and said unkind things about Sam's inward parts. A mother couldn't stand that, Avisa. So I just up and left her. And I've made up my mind not to call in again till to-morrow — just to mark I was hurt."

"Then I'll go alone," said Mrs. Pomeroy.

Jill was sulky at first, for she had seen Mrs. Pomeroy come from her mother-

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in-law's door. She put a chair and prepared to act on the defensive, but Avisa mentioned neither Mrs. Bolt nor Samuel: she concerned herself only with the woman, and was very glad to hear that Jill found herself well and hearty. The girl belied Rachel, for she was at work with her needle.

They spoke of the great business of maternity; then, since Avisa made no mention of the old woman over the way, Jill perversely prepared to do so. She stopped, however, and her thoughts chose another theme.

"I want to say, if you'll let me, that I've thought a terrible lot about you, Mrs. Pomeroy. 'Twas a very great sorrow to me—Ives. Because we were very good friends once, you know, and he's a dear chap really, though very young and reckless here and there. No sensible person will take much account of this, I reckon—anyway me and Samuel don't. I say such a lesson may be the making of Ives, and I hope it will be."

The mother's face brightened gently.

"Thank you, Jill," she answered. "Few have got the courage to name him to me; and that's because few but think I did wrong to give him up. I know you liked him. Did you mark what he said in court? He aired his opinions, and luckily one of the justices was a liberal-minded man with sense and patience. The gentleman argued with Ives, and afterwards Ives thanked him in open court and said he hadn't looked at capital and labour like that, and owned up he'd done wrong! Oh, Jill! That's me in him! 'Tis the dawning of a difference! I never feared to own I'd been wicked, if 'twas proved to me I had been. That power comed earlier with me, because a woman gets wisdom quicker than a man, though she can't hold so much in the long run. But now he's owned he was wrong. 'Tis a very great, hopeful sign. And thank you kindly for naming his name to me. 'Tis a word my ear be very hungry to hear, but few speak it now—out of mistaken kindness."

Jill was rather nervous and yet gratified at this avowal.

"Please the Lord he'll soon be back-along!" she said. "He's a very fine chap and only wants the sense that life will bring him. Fire ban't all a bad thing, as I know who have it, and too much of it. Wish my man felt a bit more of it. Sometimes I wish to God he'd swear or slap my face, or do something to shake me up; but he's got no devil in him to do it."

"He'll wear well, however."

"His uncle won't die neither," said Jill drearily. "I tell you these things because you're an understanding woman and don't turn up the whites of your eyes like the fools here, if you be natural afore them and speak your mind. I married the man because I thought he'd get me out of poverty and make my life worth living. But his uncle's well enough to go up to London and see a better doctor. And then, as if that wasn't enough, there's that old creature t'other side the road."

"I understand just how 'tis, Jill."

The girl's eyes glowed and she showed her teeth. The gathered wrongs of many days burst out of her heart.

"Cruel, hateful, blundering old idiot! To see her here—even a man would pity me—any man but my man. She must be touching! Can't let even a blasted chair bide where I put it. Now she's watering the plants in the window; now she's up messing over Samuel's clothes; now I see her out of the corner of my eye looking at my darning, till often and often 'tis in me to scream at her and tell her for Christ's sake to get home. Then the questions she asks—sly questions she thinks I won't understand; but they all mean Samuel, and his food, and his drink, and all the rest of it. Good God A'mighty! can I help the man coughing!"

"Can't Samuel do anything? Don't he see how 'tis?"

"Not him. He likes her better'n me. He goes sneaking in to her many a night when he ought to spend his evening here. If she—but what's the use of going on about it? Us must take the rough with the smooth and lie on the bed we've made ourselves. She can't live much longer, I should hope—up home seventy-five. If you only knew—why, last week I actually picked up a stone to fling at her where she sat at her front window with her old

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head bobbing over that red geranium and her eyes in here! Of course I didn't fling it; but it shows how raw I be that the idea could even come into my mind."

"I'll see what I can do, Jill."

"No, no, Mrs. Pomeroy. You've got your own business. 'Tis all right. Let things go. It have done me good to let off a bit of steam. I can stand it now; but I'm looking on ahead when the cheel comes. A mother's a very different thing to a childless creature, and I won't answer for what I may do if she begins over the babby. I'm the eldest of eight myself, and I've done everything that can be done for 'em except bear 'em. So let her keep off that, or else . . . She's a silly old gawkim not to see my good points, though I say it."

"Leave her," said Avisa. "I'll not forget this talk. Allow for her age, Jill. Don't let her fret you more than you can help. And remember you be younger and stronger in the head than her. May I see the house afore I go? If it ban't vitty, I'll come again."

"See it and welcome."

Mrs. Pomeroy praised a little and commended Jill's taste and skill in certain particulars. She stopped until Samuel came home, and presently left the young couple in a most amiable frame of mind with themselves and their treasures.

"A very nice woman," said the man. "I wish, poor soul, she hadn't such a lot of trouble with her son."

"She is a nice woman," answered Jill, "and I'll tell you for why: she makes you respect yourself, and 'tis a peaceful feeling. I wish I felt so oftener. As for that man, trust him to his mother."

Samuel nodded.

"I hope she'm strong enough to do it," he said doubtfully. "But I wish she was a thought more like my dear parent —more heart to her—eh, Jill?"

## CHAPTER XV

### THE WEATHER-GLEAM

Lizzie and her mother prepared for Ives on the day that his sentence was completed. Avisa busied herself with many things; the girl saw chiefly to her brother's room, made it tidy, set his few books in order and put a bunch of little chrysanthemums on the table. As evening came the excitement grew, and even old Mrs. Pomeroy could not sit still in her chair. Thrice she secretly slipped out to the garden to see whether her grandson was coming home through the twilight; then her daughter found her and called her in.

"He won't be here yet," she said. "I lay he'll come in on the quiet, his usual way long after we be all to bed."

"More like he won't come at all," answered Jane, sorry to be caught. "Don't you think I'm looking for him, Avisa. He's gone for a soldier in my opinion, or worse still, took to the sea. Your trouble's wasted: he'll never come back."

Yet in her old heart she too expected him, and greatly longed to see him.

Until twelve o'clock the household sat up for him. Then all retired, and last among them Avisa also went to bed. In her heart she hoped that the wanderer might be waiting for the lights to vanish. She left hot food below and opened a little window at the rear of the house, which was the usual entrance-way of Ives after dark. He did not come, however.

Two nights later hope woke at the sound of a late visitor; but the treble knock, as crisp and formal as his own nature, told of Arthur Brown; and for the first time in her life Lizzie regretted that it was her sweetheart and not another who had come.

"I had much wished to welcome your brother," said the schoolmaster. "But I fear my opinions have proved correct. Has anything been heard of him?"

"Nothing. He was free on Monday morning, and now 'tis Wednesday night and no news."

Brown sighed.

"The fools bring all the trouble into the world," he said. "How does Mrs. Pomeroy bear it?"

"She's herself—goes about everything as usual and leaves a supper every night. She says he won't be long—seems hopeful still."

The young man shook his head.

"She doesn't understand human nature, Lizzie. Perhaps our own flesh and

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blood is so near and dear to us, that we can't look at a son or a daughter impartially. But, as a student of character, I have studied Ives pretty closely, as you know. Everything that is interesting to you is interesting to me, of course. I never thought to have much to do with such an irregular man; but he's your brother and it's my duty to try and help him—for my own sake, understand, as well as for yours."

They went in together, and Mr. Brown talked with Avisa. He ventured to caution her against her sanguine attitude, and she listened patiently; then she prepared a little supper for her son as usual.

"You may be right, but I don't think it. If I know anything, he's not far off. He'll come back presently. 'Tis like taming a shy creature home again after it have once broke loose. It calls for patience. There was something moving nigh the house long after dark last night, and I think I know who 'twas, though there was nought to see."

"It's all so mad and senseless," grumbled the other. "Twenty-five years old and behaving in a way that would be weak-headed if he was twelve. I couldn't have done such things in my childhood, Mrs. Pomeroy."

Anon Mr. Brown took his leave; and that night a strange thing happened. The dog of Ives barked loudly and joyfully after one o'clock, and the voice of Ives bade it be silent. His mother heard him from her chamber and marked by little familiar sounds every incident that followed. Breathless, with her bedroom door ajar, she listened, heard the back window opened, marked the footfall in the kitchen.

Beneath was the usual preparation: a lamp turned low, a hot meal put by, plate and glass, knife and fork, and a few words on a piece of paper.

*"Supper in the oven, dear heart. Good-night. Mother."*

With straining ears she listened, but did not go down to him. She heard stealthy movements and once the clink of glass. Then, after half an hour had passed, the man went out as quietly as he had entered; the window closed; the dog barked again; Ives had come and gone.

But wordless thanksgivings filled his mother's heart. She was sure of him now, and that night she slept as she had not slept since he departed.

At dawn she went down to feast on the sight of his empty plate and the mark of his boots on the floor.

"God bless the dear, wild man," she said to Lizzie. "My word, what a supper he made!"

She was looking about in the fender and on the floor for the scraps of her note which she expected to find; and then, to her daughter's surprise, the mother's voice shook and she clasped the girl's hand very tight and pressed a sudden, splendid emotion into it.

"Mother!" cried Lizzie, "what's come over 'e? How beautiful your eyes shine!"

"He's took my little letter away with him!" whispered Avisa. "He's forgiven me, Lizzie! 'Tis a weather-gleam from the sky for all our hearts!"

The next night Ives showed no sign; and then he came home altogether. Again his dog barked after one in the morning, and again he returned to his home. He ate his supper, listened to the clock purr two, and heard the gentle rustle of the blackbeetles by the hearth. Then, having eaten and drunk, he took off his boots, lighted a candle and went up to his own room. His mother kept silence and it was not until deep sleep had sunk upon him, that she crept to his bedside for a little while that her hungry heart might beat close to its treasure.

## CHAPTER XVI

### PETER TAKES THE PLUNGE

At this season circumstances drove Peter Toop seriously to consider the master project of his mind. He had been exceedingly busy over an extension of his business, and now was a mortuary mason as well as undertaker. Henceforth he was prepared to do all that the living can do for the dead.

From the arduous preliminaries of these operations Peter's thoughts again turned towards Ruth Rendle. He told himself that the time was ripe for action,

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and various circumstances combined to promote activity. First, he believed that the new business might be an increased source of strength in determining her decision; secondly, Peter found that stronger spectacles became necessary to him; and this deterioration of sight pointed to the approach of waning powers in other directions. Lastly, he met with Avisa Pomeroy and she said a word that spurred him to the definite deed. With respect to Joel, the undertaker felt less concern than of yore. Joel, so far as he could note, had ceased to pay very special attention to Ruth; and he no longer appeared particularly enthusiastic about her in private. Indeed, it struck Peter that his brother worked the girl rather too hard and was imperious and exacting.

But the undertaker did not regard Ruth's acquiescence as certain. He felt hopeful, chiefly on the score of his new business, but he was of a more modest character than Joel and regarded refusal as a possibility.

Then came chance speech with Mrs. Pomeroy, and he acted upon it.

They met near Christmas opposite the tombstone works, and Mr. Toop insisted upon Avisa entering, that she might see some pieces of marble he had acquired at a bankrupt sale.

"And how might Ives be?" he finally asked.

"He's well and busy about a good few things. Our oak wood comes down next year, I hope. 'Twill be a great year for us."

"I do [illegible]t that it may be. And bark was up a bit in the market last spring. I've had a word or two with your son over the bar. Always liked his fearless way myself, though he've got a powerful lot of wrong opinions, to say it kindly."

"Who hasn't at his age? There's some wrong opinions I like a boy to hold. The world may stamp them out pretty quick, but they show a good fashion of heart."

"As to the world, Ives would seem to think that 'tis all to the young," mused Mr. Toop. He sat on a granite kerbstone and took snuff as he spoke.

"So 'tis to the young," she answered; "and so it always will be, Peter. That's nature."

"Not at all; not at all. Such an idea teaches the young people to be selfish. I'd make 'em a lot more respectful to old age if I had the larning of 'em. Grey hairs don't count a button nowadays."

She shook her head.

"The young be in a hurry. So was we back-along. 'Tis only the old, with no time left, that take time easily and understand it. Them with their lives before 'em be always short of time if they're good for anything. I like to see it. Patience ban't natural to girls and boys."

"That's true," he admitted. "Nobody knows that better than me with my young, boyish mind. The way I dash at things fairly frightens my brother every day of the week."

"Us can overdue patience without a doubt," she said; and Mr. Toop applied this sentiment to his own case.

"I believe you're right," he answered. "And that idea comes rather pat for me, because I've been worriting to have a go in at a certain project any time this last six months; but something has always come between. Now, though younger than ever in most ways, I can't deny that I've had to get a stronger pair of glasses."

"The natural fires get cool as time works with us."

"With some, with some; not with all. There's such men as Joel, who feel the pinch, and they weak-chested sort often seem to show time's handiwork sharper than others. But in my case, when time took my hair—which was a trifle and I'm healthier in summer without it—he 'peared to forget all about me. I've been a man, you must know, who never would get into ruts and grooves, Mrs. Pomeroy. That's the sort that travels terrible fast but not terrible far. I'm the donkey as likes to sample both sides of the hedge, my dear."

She declared this rule of life to be a very wise one, then left him; but he reflected for some time concerning what she had said and her opinion, that danger might lie in over-much patience, finally decided Peter upon an active step.

Joel was bronchitic next Sunday and did not go to church. Therefore Peter had Ruth to himself for a while, and as they journeyed home from evensong at

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Sampford Spiney, he asked her to marry him.

"You're no longer a child," he said, "and more am I, Ruth. You're in the full vigour of womanhood, and I'm a man at the top of his prosperity and hard as a nut in wind and limb—except for a little short sight. Not but what I can read the Ten Commandments by lamplight from my place in the chancel, for I tried to-night, and every word was as clear as if they'd been written on the sacred tables of Moses himself. And though coffins and gravestones ban't loverly material, yet love's love, and money's money, and I never met the love as went the worse for a bit of cash thrown in. The weakest link in a marriage contract be often the man's income, knowing which I've waited to a time when envious souls might even dare to say I was a thought over-ripe. Far from it, Ruth; but even if 'twas true, you've got to balance my mature brow and spectacles against the useful odds of always knowing where to go for a five-pound note. So there you are, my dear. Take it or leave it; but I hope to God you'll take it."

She refused him gently and with very sincere and grateful thanks for the honour that he had paid her. She explained the impossibility of the thing he suggested and hoped that he would forgive her for declining such a great and splendid proposition.

He took it very calmly, but could not conceal his disappointment.

"It's a crusher," he said, "like a beast of a pill that won't go down easy, but dodges about the gullet and escapes the swallow. However, it's got to go down. Lord knows what I'll do now. Well, you know your own business best, my dear. But if by lucky chance you change——"

"Don't think that, Cousin Peter. Find somebody wiser and better and a thought older than me. Your kind heart blinds you where I'm concerned. Such as me wouldn't be near good or sensible or wise enough for you."

"Everything seems to go against the order of nature lately," he said. "Not perhaps that 'twas in nature for you to care for me; but so it is. Two nights ago Matthew Northmore came in the bar—that evening you was with Mrs. Pomeroy—and had a whisky hot! Never seed the man take a dram before in my life. He was wet to the skin and shivering, it is true; still he's always spoken against whisky before. Then there's Moleskin; since young Pomeroy's trouble and his own illness, he's changing; a leopard will change its spots next. He talks of giving up sporting. Just think of that! I'll allow that he generally says something about reformation after the fishing season's over; but never before so serious as this year."

"Was it along with him that Ives bided those nights afore he came home?"

"Yes; but leave that. I can't talk of common things as if nought had happened."

"You must apply yourself to this like everything else," she told him. "Such an energetic, popular man as you can find the right wife easily enough."

"I thought I had," he answered. "You mustn't think I've got no heart. This has shook me something terrible. 'Twill be months afore I can begin to look round again."

"Don't let it be months, Cousin Peter. Go out into the world more and see the people."

"Something tells me it will be some dead man's leavings now," he said gloomily. "I'd high hopes of you, Ruth, but failing you, I shan't think no more of the maidens. I was a young man afore I offered myself to you; now I feel ten year older and haven't got the heart to hope for anything above a widow. Not even a young widow. My spirits have sunk down to the thought of quite an elderly person. I trust 'twill spring up again; but just for the moment you've even knocked the hope of a family out of me—cruel as it may seem to say so."

"You'll find just the right one—and I'll help you if I can."

"Thank you, I'm sure; but my business be more likely to help me. I suppose that Providence knew you'd say 'no,' Ruth; and so it led me to the tombstones. I'll find some weeping creature presently, I suppose, and say the word in season. Not that I look forward to it with much ap-

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petite at present. However, you'll always be a friend—eh, Ruth?"

"Always a true, loving friend, cousin. I don't forget and never shall forget how much I owe you."

"Then keep your eyes open on my account. And there's just one thing. I've no right to dictate, but I'm human, and I know you'll marry somebody sooner or late—such a fine girl naturally will do so—but I must ask you, out of respect to me, Ruth, not to take Joel. You may say I've no right to warn you off him; and as to 'right,' perhaps I have not. But I'm a stickler for law and order and propriety in general, and it wouldn't be at all nice having refused the younger man to take the older. I'm sure your good sense sees that. So I must ask you once for all not to take Joel."

"I promise faithfully," she answered.

"He may ask or he may not," continued Peter. "But he's very little sense of his own bodily failings and might look as high, not seeing the absurdity of such an idea. However, I've got your word, so there's an end of that."

They entered the Jolly Huntsmen as they spoke, and Joel, without much difficulty, perceived by his brother's manner and loss of appetite that something out of the common had happened.

A week later Ruth, after certain conferences with those who wished her well, decided to leave the Jolly Huntsmen, since her presence there had lifted this shadow between the proprietors.

Northmore it was who first urged the step. She met him in a downcast mood and did not hesitate to explain the situation without mentioning the fact of the double proposal.

"I know you care, and I know you're wise," she said. "The truth is that Peter and Joel both like me and they quarrel over me and say unkind things to me about each other. 'Twould be terrible to come between the good men—a poor payment for all their kindness."

"Leave them," he answered, and his heart felt a throb of hope. "Let me do what I can. I've friends in business. If you must work, let me try and get something for you."

"No, no. I can find work, I think. The point is to leave here. I think a lot of your opinion, Mr. Northmore—yours and Mrs. Pomeroy's. You say 'go.' I'll ask her, too, and see if she says the same."

The man took the opportunity and pleaded his cause again. He showed how simple a road led from the difficulty and ended at Stone Park; but she could none of him.

## CHAPTER XVII

### REFORMATION

On the Sunday that followed Christmas Day Arthur Brown and Ives Pomeroy walked from church together homeward. A very amazing circumstance had upset the prayerful spirit of the congregation, for there appeared in the house of prayer one who was never known before to visit it; and his advent banished both somnolence and devotion from the little company of worshippers. All, even to the school-children, experienced a thrill and flutter before the spectacle of Moleskin in the house of his Maker. Mary Cawker accompanied her father, and while he appeared to derive some slight entertainment from the immense impression created by his black coat and his appearance upon his knees, the woman was obviously excited and hysterical. For this triumph in her own opinion largely belonged to Mary. After service the desire for information concerning phenomena so strange was general; but the poacher and his daughter were not seen; they entered the vestry and stopped there until the people had dispersed.

Arthur Brown felt this event might happily form matter for improving reflections, and spoke to his future brother-in-law as they proceeded home to dinner at Vixen Tor Farm.

"It shows how none is forgotten," he said. "It seems to me to prove that God watches and waits His own time, and then, when the soul is ripe and ready, He makes His way into it and the still small voice speaks to a man. You see it is never too late to hope. You came to sense and reason by being chastened, Ives—at least, all who care for you are hoping so; and this bad, old man, though

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he has escaped so far, has in his grey hairs apparently seen the light at last."

Ives sneered.

"That's what you think. Always ready to credit people with pious motives—all but me. And I wasn't chastened at all; and only a man like you would mention it. If you'd heard what that big-minded Justice of the Peace said to me, it might have opened your eyes a bit. Anyway, you were the only man that ever had the mean mind to say one single word to me on the subject after I came home again."

"I felt it my duty to do so," answered the schoolmaster.

"Your duty always takes the shape to make somebody else sting for it. It's your inclination oftener than your duty that makes you so damned nasty to people."

"You always try to raise anger in me, and you never succeed," said Mr. Brown. "You are selfish and don't see what a serious thing your disgrace has been for me. I have some self-respect, if you have none, and I tell you candidly that I thought twice about any union with your family last autumn."

"Did you? Well, take my advice and don't think again. You're under contract to marry my sister, I believe, and the poor little fool thinks that you are a model man and a hero, and God knows what else. And you'll marry her whatever I may do or not do in the meantime. Mark that, you canting pig! You marry her in due season, or I'll break your neck for you. Christ Almighty, I'll forget my promises and be angry myself in a minute!"

"Don't think I fear you," answered the other. "Very far from that, I assure you. There is nothing about you that an intellectual man need fear."

"You marry my sister, that's all. Let me hear one word more about us not being good enough, and you'll wish you hadn't been born. And if you're a minute late on the morning of the day, I'll come and drag you into church by your long nose!"

"How *can* you be so vulgar?" asked the schoolmaster coldly. "Really you're a hopeless man—perfectly hopeless. 'Reformation!' It's ridiculous to apply the word to you."

"Who did?" asked the other. "Damn reformation! A likely thing that anybody who's got to run up against you every week would reform. 'Tis your sort made Christ himself lose His temper. And well He might!"

"I hope that Mr. Cawker will take higher views in future," said Brown.

"Higher views! He's often thought of doing this in the winter, when there's nothing doing. He's having a lark, I'll bet. All you sheep-faced people rolling your eyes and whispering, and him down on his hassock laughing fit to burst in his sleeve, I'll swear."

Mrs. Pomeroy was unwell and had not come to church. Ives asked after her immediately on his return home, learned that she was not better, and relapsed into gloom. Avisa dined with the company; then she retired to her room; Mrs. Jane Pomeroy went to sleep; the lovers walked out together, and Ives, slightly curious to know the truth concerning Moleskin, went up the hill to visit his friend.

It seemed that the cynical theory of Ives was erroneous, for Mr. Cawker took himself very seriously. Not a jest did he let fall. Humility and triumph strove for mastery in his mind, and young Pomeroy found himself at a loss.

"All straight, this here wonderful reformation?" he asked.

"Solemn truth, my son, and to prove it I'll tell you how cruel sorry I am as ever I led you out of the narrow road."

"Nothing of the sort. You didn't influence me. I went my own way and always shall do."

"Well, I can't say the same; you did influence me. When you—came out of klink—to say it as one sinner to another, I watched to see what you'd do, and marked that you began to run straight and stand steadily to work. 'Twas a noble sight and did more than one backslider good, I promise you."

"More fools them. I didn't stand to work more than I chose, and never shall. With my opinions——"

"Drop 'em! drop 'em," said Moleskin earnestly. "Do like me and give over them devilish ideas about equality and the land to the poor. 'Tis all wrong, Ives; and old though I am, I see it. The rich be the act of God, and He have

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planned that their first care be the poor. It's come to me as clear as the light to Paul. It ban't for us to help ourselves: 'tis for them to help us. 'Tis their blessed privilege and duty to look after the meek and lowly. The Lord put 'em here to do it. And we must give 'em the opportunity as we can."

Pomeroy stared; then he laughed.

"Don't make that ungodly noise," said the poacher. "A sneering laugh hurts my ear like a curse since I changed. There's nowt to laugh at, if you'm a serious-minded man. And Lord knows, looking back, I can't see much to laugh at, anyway."

"I should think you was weeping drunk, if I didn't know," said Ives.

"No, no; only enough for health in future. What was it I said to parson in the vestry a bit ago, Mary?"

"You said such a terrible lot to him," answered his daughter proudly; "words flowed out of you, like feathers off a goose."

"So they did. I felt as though I could preach so well as him; and I may even come to that when the people have got to take me serious."

"Not likely they ever will. I won't for one," declared Ives.

He marked the attitude of Moleskin's women. His wife was very silent. She seemed absolutely sceptical and, from her couch, watched the reformed sinner with unsympathetic eyes; but Mary evidently felt the glow and glory of this noble change. Her voice was full of tears and her mind in a highly emotional condition.

"I put it plain afore parson," continued Moleskin. "I said, 'Until now, your reverence, I've been like the moon and only shone by night—God forgive me for it. But never again—no more works of darkness for me,' I said. 'All be changed,' I told him; and then I give this here woman credit for it, because I must tell you, Pomeroy, that Mary be largely answerable for my salvation. 'Twas just after Christmas dinner that her fell upon me like a cat-a-mountain—not with her claws, but with her tongue. In fact, she bally-ragged me proper; yet not her, but the voice of the Lord speaking through her. She made me right down terrified. I didn't sleep at all that night, and with morning light I fetched out this here black coat, not put on since my father's funeral; a sign of grace, though the moth was in it. However, 'twill do very well Sundays till I've made some honest money and can buy a new one."

"Honest money's easier to talk about than to earn for the likes of you, Mr. Cawker," said his wife rather coldly.

"Don't you think that," he said. "If there's joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, as parson said to me to-day, so much the more should there be joy among a sinner's own fellow-creatures. I've a perfect right to expect good work and good wages now this minute. 'Tis the duty and glory of the neighbourhood to give 'em to me; I demand 'em. In fact, I told parson that a man such as me, well up in years and full of general learning, ought to get rather extra good wages."

"He kept harping on the past, however," said Mary Cawker; "then father got a bit tired of that and up and told him straight out that the past was over, and that it didn't become a Christian man to go back to it any more. ' 'Tis the future I've come to you about, your reverence,' said father. Didn't you, my dear?"

"I did," answered Mr. Cawker. "The man couldn't get off the poaching, and he also reminded me as I used to sing naughty songs for money here and there, and so on, and so on. But I told him 'twas all over and that he needn't remind me of the past. ' 'Tis the most Christian way to forget all about that; and for my part, I shall be the first to do so,' I told him."

Ives roared with laughter; Moleskin looked aggrieved; and Mary spoke indignantly.

"You didn't ought to take it so, Mr. Pomeroy. You're worse than mother."

"As for me," answered the sick woman, "I've knowed Mr. Cawker a good few years longer than what either of you have. If talk was religion, I'd be the first to take a hopeful view. But as it ban't, I won't pretend what I don't feel. Us'll see where we'm all standing this day twelvemonth."

Ives spoke to Mary.

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"How did parson take it?" he asked.

"Pleased and puzzled both," she answered. "He was terrible delighted to find father at the footstool of Grace, as well he might be; but it surprised him rather to see father so wide awake like at the same time. Of course father can't help being a very clever old man, even at a solemn time like that was. In fact, you might say that father drove rather a hard bargain with his reverence."

"Quite wrong," declared Moleskin. "There's right and reason in all things. I've completely reformed; that's old history now. You can see with the naked eye 'tis so by these clothes alone; and if you could look into my mind, you'd find that was also changed most amazing. But 'tis my rule in life to carry my goods to the best market; and that holds all round, whatever you've got to sell. Here be I with a saved soul; and I take it to them as deals in such things. 'Tis a great feather in parson's cap, you must remember; worth good money to him, in fact, because it shows he's earning his own money. And if he'd been in any shadow of doubt, I'd soon have gone straight off to Pastor Biles at the Wesleyan shop. Yes, I would! 'Tis all one to me what brand of Christian I become; and for that matter, I never had no great liking for the Establishment. But times are bad, even for the saved sinner, and us reformed characters ain't fussed about near so much as the Bible says we ought to be. Therefore I go to parson first, because he's in touch with the bettermost and more likely to get me high-paid work than t'other. And, no doubt, for his own credit's sake he will do so."

Mr. Cawker sighed, lit his pipe and mended the fire.

Mary was going into Merivale presently, and Ives returned with her. They left Moleskin about to read the Bible aloud to Mrs. Cawker; and while he turned the pages slowly, she regarded him with frosty distrust.

"Mind," were the last words that Ives heard her say; "mind this; if you'm not in sober, God-fearing earnest, but only playing at it to gain your own ends, so like as not the Lord will strike you dead where you sit, Mr. Cawker; and who'd blame Him?"

"Tell me," said Pomeroy, as he and Mary went down the hill amid scattered homes of bygone men; "is this really true? He seemed in sober earnest—for him."

"True enough," she said, "and I'm responsible for it. I be terrible anxious for it to go right; yet there's a doubt in my mind that his reformation ban't built on solid ground. It comed about in a very curious fashion. He thinks 'twas one thing did it, but I know 'twas quite another; and that makes me a thought doubtful like."

"Tell me," he said; "or if you don't want to do that tell my mother. She's a lot wiser than me, anyway."

"I'll tell you," the woman answered. "'Twas like this here: just after Christmas dinner something woke in me and, after mother had shed a few tears, I found my tongue for once, and up and spoke to father straight from the heart. I won't deny that there was a pinch of temper too, for the very goose we'd ate comed from a doubtful place, and somebody had bred and raised it for nought but his trouble. 'You'm a cruel, wicked old shaver!' I said to my father—'a sinful, scandalous, ancient man as be a shame to the country-side; and well you know it. I wouldn't be you for all the world,' I said; 'and some night you'll be took off, like a bird off a tree. And if you come to be knocked over the head with all your terrible outrageous sins upon you, where d'you think you'll spend eternity, you woeful man? Never a minute you'll have,' I told him; 'and 'twill be too late then to ax for pardon with you getting nearer your grave every day.' I kept running on like that, fiercer and fiercer, for a matter of half an hour; and first father was astonished a good bit; and then he gived off laughing; and then his pipe went out, and finally, by the grace of God, he seed what I was driving at and decided to be saved. But the point be this, Mr. Pomeroy. He's often thought of them words I spoke so furious and said 'twas good angels speaking through my lips, same as the Lord spoke through the prophets; but the solemn, secret truth be this: 'twasn't the Lord, nor angels neither, but three whole glasses of brown sherry wine as I drank

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down along with that stolen goose. It made mother cry and turned me overbold. It got in my blood, and in my head, and I felt that I must have a dash at something and keep talking for dear life, or else I'd roll over on the floor; so I had a dash at father. But if he found out where my valour rose from, I'm very much afraid the old man would turn back again to his dark dealings to-morrow."

"No, he wouldn't," declared Ives; "he's going to see if the game of repentance be worth the candle. And very like he'll find it is so. Anyway, you needn't bother your head about it, Mary. 'Twas you gived him the idea, certainly; all the rest is only his way. He can't change at his time of life."

"I hope he can. To show you how much he's in earnest, I know for a fact that he took out all his wicked, slaying tools two nights ago, and buried 'em deep in the earth."

"Ah! safe place for 'em till he sees which way the cat jumps. I hope he'll never dig 'em up again. He's taught me my lesson, too—old blackguard. Not that I bear him much of a grudge for it. But he won't catch me napping again."

"I'm sure he won't catch nobody again," she said. "He's been caught himself—by the Lord."

"We'll hope so. Everybody expected 'twas quite a different party would catch him. However, if he's got to see that all that talk about socialism is silly nonsense, that's something. Though I dare say he never did believe it himself, but only said it to have a laugh at me."

They parted, and Ives returned home. He found his mother still in some discomfort, and forgot the great incident of the day in his solicitude for her. It was decided he should drive Avisa to Tavistock on the following morning, that her indisposition might be examined and explained. This return of fears forgotten cast gloom upon the hearts at Vixen Tor.

*(To be continued)*

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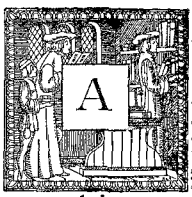
# UNEXPECTED HAPPENINGS AND SOME RECENT NOVELS



A CERTAIN critical friend was discussing the other day a recent magazine story of no particular importance, excepting in so far as it raised a psychological question of rather general interest. The story concerned a moral coward, a weak-backed, flabby type of man, who habitually followed the line of least resistance, even though it made of him a liar, cheat and thief. But he had one surviving ideal, to which he clung—the honour of his house. And when he learns that this has been assailed, the discovery awakens a latent manhood, and for once galvanises him into an act of heroism. The critical friend above mentioned maintained that this ending was fundamentally wrong, impossible, false to the elemental laws of human nature. Character in man or woman he compared to water in a hose-pipe at a constant and easily computed pressure. Turn the nozzle of your hose upon a certain window, and if the pressure is strong enough the water will break the window; if it is not strong enough, it will not break the window; nor, if you turn it in an opposite direction, upon another window, will it break that one either. Similarly, he argued, if a man is morally under too low a pressure to do habitually what is right and honourable, you will gain nothing by changing his environment or exposing him to new trials; you will simply change the direction in which he will waste his ineffectual efforts.

Now all this, like so many other sweeping generalisations, contains just enough truth to be misleading. It is quite true that a man's nature is a fairly stable quantity, that in nine cases out of ten the big crises of life pass and leave him essentially the same man that he was before. The birth of a son, the death of a wife, the loss of a fortune, or the election to high office may stir a man to the depths of his being, make him feel that he has been refined by fire, that his old self is dead and a new self born of the new joy or sorrow. Yet after the first bitterness or the first elation is passed habit reasserts itself, the man settles back into the old, familiar grooves of life, essentially the same compound of qualities and weaknesses that he always has been. This permanence of human traits may profitably be preached to the novice in fiction making, because young writers—and older writers, too, for that matter—err far oftener in neglecting this principle than by following it too slavishly. The mistake lies in exalting it to the dignity of a fixed law, unyielding as that of hydrostatics.

To say that a man who has consistently played the coward for the first forty years of his life is likely to go on playing the coward to the end is simply to apply one of the first and simplest rules for lifelike character drawing. To deny that any possible combination of circumstances could galvanise him temporarily into heroic action is to refuse to recognise that in every human being there is an unexplored territory, a latent, unmeasured energy for good or evil, which the individual himself would be the last to guess that he possessed. The novelist who habitually refuses to recognise the existence of this indeterminate factor in human nature will err as far from the truth in one direction as the melodramatist does in the other; he will reduce life as a whole to the dead level of mediocrity; he makes it a game in which every possible combination may be worked out mathematically, like the game of checkers; he robs it of the greatest zest which life offers, in or out of fiction—its Unexpected Happenings.

Here is precisely where so many disciples of realism have made their greatest blunder. They seem to have taken as a leading article of their creed, "The unexpected never happens!" They show you an environment as definite in its effect upon character as the mainspring of a clock upon its complicated mechanism;

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and within this environment a number of separate entities, each revolving in its appointed place, the movements of each definitely dictated by a fixed number of faults and virtues, like the fixed cogs upon each separate wheel in the clock's works. Now, it is all very well for the novelist to study the general laws of social life, the influence of environment and heredity; but unless he makes allowance for the unusual and the unforeseen, his resultant story will be as unexciting as a familiar chemical analysis. According to the law of probabilities, a certain number of accidents happen annually in every community; an easily ascertainable percentage of the population die from sunstroke or tuberculosis or railway collisions; and while it is atrociously bad art to invoke the intervention of fate in order to solve a complicated situation, it is equally inartistic to leave wholly out of account the element of accident, since many of the most interesting problems in life have their origin in the Unexpected Happenings. And while no modern author can afford to ignore the subtle combination of influences which makes a certain man or woman precisely what they are, yet the really big situations in fiction or in fact result from imposing upon that man or that woman such a stress that for the time being they will be taken out of themselves, stripped of their acquired veneer, their inherited personalities, and left with nothing but the big, basic, primordial instincts of the race.

Accordingly, it is well for the maker of fiction to remember that while human nature is normally under a fairly uniform pressure, there may arise circumstances that will generate a sudden irresistible energy, like the "short circuiting" of an electric current, resulting in strange, irrational explosions of pent-up passion. It is easy enough to echo glibly Assessor Brack's dictum in *Hedda Gabler* that "people don't do such things"; but the fact remains that strange, mad deeds are all the time being done, and by people from whom we would least expect them. Deeds of the most violent sort—theft, murder, suicide—are fundamentally less a matter of temperament than of opportunity and incentive. Make the circumstances and the motives sufficiently convincing, and no reader will doubt that your Noras committed forgery and your Heddas killed themselves. Indeed, we may go one step further and assert with considerable assurance that when any one stigmatises an episode in a novel as unconvincing, on the ground that it is contrary to the character and temperament of the principal actor, the real trouble lies in the lack of a convincing motive rather than in the lack of temperamental fitness. It takes a keener joy, a deeper sorrow, a stronger temptation to goad one man or woman into action than it does another. What the author must do is to apply the simple law of action and reaction to proportion his propelling force accurately to the degree of inertia to be overcome.

In the main, the big dramas of life reduce themselves down to a struggle of the individual against environment and heredity, with the odds heavily against the individual. Yet it is the one chance in ten, or twenty or a hundred that gives a novel or a play its interest. Make your reader feel from the start that the case is hopeless, that men and women are helplessly enthralled by their own temperaments, and your book is hardly worth the trouble of the writing. But keep alive the possibility of a moral redemption, the hope that the Unexpected may happen, and whether at last it does or not, the interest has been kept alive. A good illustration of the point at issue is conveniently furnished this month by Warwick Deeping's new novel, *A Woman's War*. The significance of the title lies in the protracted struggle between two women, wives of rival physicians, to advance their husbands' interests, protect them from their besetting weaknesses, and win the decisive victory which each in her heart believes her husband is entitled to win. But the interest of the book lies quite as much with the husbands as with the wives; it might with equal justice have been called *A Man's War*—the war that each man wages silently against himself. Of the two physicians in the story, James Murchison and Parker Steel, it is hard to say at first which is the more heavily handicapped. Murchison has that inborn sympathy with suffering, that enthusiastic

**"A Woman's War"**

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love of his profession, which is the first great requisite for success in the art of healing. But he inherits the weakness of intemperance. His father and grandfather before him both owed their death to alcohol; and he himself, while in the first flush of brilliant achievement in London hospital practice, suddenly awoke to a consciousness that the vice had fastened so powerful a grip upon him that his only hope lay in fleeing the temptations of a big city, sacrificing the opportunities it offered, and contenting himself with the humbler sphere of a small local practice in a country town. Dr. Steel is in every way a man of smaller calibre, a man who could no more have big vices than big virtues. His inordinate vanity and professional ambition ought to have made him a formidable rival of Murchison's had he not lacked that elemental love of his fellowmen, which would have helped him overcome his fastidious shrinking from contact with the rank and file, his arrogance toward the poor and humble. In short, at the opening of the book, the inhabitants of Roxton have a choice between a supercilious and incompetent practitioner, who can be depended upon to keep sober, and a physician of the highest type, who may at a critical hour be found in a drunken stupor. It is inevitable under the circumstances that each of these physicians should at times make serious mistakes, the one from physical unfitness, the other from fundamental lack of knowledge. In the small town of Roxton it is equally inevitable that these mistakes cannot occur without becoming a subject of current gossip—as when Steel treats one of his most important patients for hysteria, not recognising the symptoms of acute glaucoma, which may result in blindness within a week; or when Murchison, operating on a farmer for some intestinal trouble, lets a sponge and a pair of forceps slip from his unsteady fingers and remain within the wound, causing his patient's death. It is the part of the two wives to shield, so far as possible, these men from the consequences of their errors. But the gulf which separates Catherine Murchison from Betty Steel is as wide as that between the characters of the husbands. Catherine is inspired by love; she wants her husband to succeed by being worthy of success; if she conceals his occasional lapses, it is in order that he himself may keep up his courage and continue the fight that is to end in victory. Betty Steel has no real love for her husband. She wants him to win the bigger practice, by fair means if he can; but if not, then by foul. She will not only hide Steel's blunders, but she will eagerly circulate stories to the discredit of his rival. With such formidable odds against him, one is apt to conclude that Murchison is foredoomed to defeat, especially after his bungling operation on the farmer forces him temporarily to leave Roxton and struggle along upon starvation earnings in a grimy colliery town. Here we have fairly and squarely a case of the hose-pipe under a given pressure. Murchison has not been strong enough under prosperous conditions to resist his besetting sin; and now that the conditions are changed, now that he sees his wife fading and his favourite child dying from the unwholesome air of a colliery town, will he continue to be the same man, will his nature remain at the same pressure, or will he, on the contrary, derive from some crucial trial an accumulation of energy that will give him the ultimate victory? Mr. Deeping evidently is one of those who believe that the pressure of human character varies with the stress from outside; and in the present volume he amply justifies his belief.

**"Rich Men's Children"**

*Rich Men's Children,* by Geraldine Bonner, belongs to the class of stories in which the characters are constantly struggling for that higher pressure, that extra energy, which will enable them to win a victory over themselves, but find in the end that heredity and early training are too strong. All things considered, it is rather the best piece of fiction that has yet come from Geraldine Bonner's pen, the clearest character drawing, the strongest situations, the most thoroughly human appeal from first to last. Dominick Ryan is not the first rich man's son who has allowed himself to be tricked into an unworthy marriage by a scheming young woman, who cares for him only as a stepping-stone to higher social circles. Rose Cannon is not the only girl whom a

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young man, thus unhappily married, has met and loved when it was too late. Nor is Dominick's wife, Berny, the only unloved wife who discovers the cause of her husband's truant affections and is inflamed with an unreasoning jealousy, based upon wounded pride, in lieu of love. Yet the case in point offers some unique and interesting features that differentiate the plot from its familiar prototype. It is a San Francisco story, dealing with the second generation of that hardy stock of pioneers who made California what it is to-day. They inherit the strong constitutions, the iron will of their fathers; they live normally at high pressure, the sort of pressure that will break windows in whatever direction it is turned. You don't expect in their case to have the pressure increased by circumstances; you feel that even their normal condition imposes a dangerous strain. Before she became Delia Ryan, Dominick's mother had been a cook in a mining camp; but that half-forgotten fact does not prevent her, now that she is a social power in San Francisco, from refusing to receive Dominick's wife or to give him a single penny of the lavish allowance that he has hitherto believed to be almost his by rights. To Delia Ryan her son is the dearest thing on earth, yet she will die unreconciled with him sooner than yield an inch in her attitude toward her daughter-in-law. Dominick also has his share of dogged adherence to what he thinks is his simple duty. He knows now, after those wonderful weeks of the blizzard, when he and Rose Cannon were snowed up together among the mountains and he nearly lost his life, that he never loved Berny, and that he loves and always will love Rose. Yet beyond that first mad moment, when her father, old Bill Cannon, comes upon the two in each other's arms, he will never be false in outward deed to what he thinks is due to Berny—that dogged, joyless loyalty to a woman who has tricked him, a woman socially ostracised, is characteristic of his nature; he may struggle, but he won't overcome it. Bill Cannon, one of the richest, most successful, most influential men in the far West, is not one who will calmly see a married man making love to his daughter Rose; but with his shrewd reading of character, he grasps the peculiar and pathetic irony of the situation, decides that Delia Ryan's son, if free, would be a worthy mate for his daughter; that if Rose wants Dominick she shall have him, and that it will be a comparatively simple thing to buy off such a woman as Berny—give her ten thousand, fifty thousand, a hundred thousand, anything she will take, to desert Dominick and make a divorce simple and decisive. Under ordinary circumstances Berny would jump at such a chance—so far old Bill Cannon reads her aright; but when she discovers that they want to rid themselves of her in order to marry Dominick to Rose, her jealous pride revolts, and though the old man should offer her his whole fortune and Delia Ryan's besides, she would not yield. You feel that the story has reached a deadlock, that any combination of circumstances which would avail to overcome this clash of wills is beyond the author's ingenuity to invent; and accordingly you are not surprised when she suddenly escapes from the dilemma by resorting to a bit of melodrama, which is the one weak and unconvincing episode in an otherwise strong and well-sustained piece of fiction.

There are unquestionably cases in which the idea of a constant pressure may be effectively used, especially when seeking for certain subtle shades of satire, irony and cynicism. An admirable example is furnished by one of the short stories included in the recent volume by O. Henry, called *The Trimmed Lamp*. It is characteristic of Mr. Henry's stories that they should be packed full of suggestion, so that if a reviewer were to attempt anything like adequate treatment of a number of them there would be little space in an article of this sort for other volumes. So beyond the passing suggestion that the reader who skips a single story in the collection runs the risk of losing something that he would have liked quite as well as those he read, if not rather better, it seems necessary to speak only of the particular tale which fits in so peculiarly with the point under discussion. It is merely the story of a commonplace man married to a commonplace little wife and living in a commonplace little apartment on a salary the smallness of which also

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seems to have the element of commonplaceness. A story, you will perceive, in which the temperamental barometer on the whole stands rather low. After the glamour of the honeymoon wore off the man fell gradually into the habit of spending his evenings away from the dulness of the home atmosphere. As surely as the hands of the clock came around to half-past eight he would reach for his hat. "Now, where are you going, I should like to know?" the wife's querulous voice would question, and his stereotyped answer would be flung back to her through the closing door, "Just going down to play pool with the boys for half an hour." But one night when he comes home there is no wife to meet him, no dinner waiting, nothing but a pervading disorder and a hasty note telling him that she has been called away by the sudden news of her mother's serious illness. Disconsolately he makes a comfortless meal from cold remnants found in the ice-box, the loneliness of the apartment each instant forcing itself deeper into his consciousness. It is the first night since their marriage that she has been away from him, the first time that he has asked himself what life would be without her. He begins to regret the hours of her society that he has voluntarily lost, the evenings he has gone out and left her to bear the same solitude from which he is now suffering. Never again, he tells himself, never again! He will make it up to the little woman when she comes back, he will take her out more, to theatres and all that sort of thing; she shall never again be left to the ghastly loneliness of these silent rooms. And in the midst of his good resolutions the door opens and the wife walks in; mother's illness was a false alarm, she did not need to stay, after all. This topic occupies them until she finishes her dinner. Then, as the hands of the clock move around to half-past eight, the man reaches mechanically for his hat. "Now where are you going, I should like to know?" comes the stereotyped question, with all its wonted querulousness; and the stereotyped answer comes back through the closing door, "Just going down to play pool with the boys for half an hour."

**"The Trimmed Lamp"**

The struggle of men and women against temperament makes strong tragedy. Comedy, on the contrary, is oftenest made by placing men and women in whimsical situations and watching the curious complications that result from their following their natural bent of character under abnormal conditions. Such, for example, is the essence of the humour in *Jerry Junior,* by Jean Webster, a book as airy-light, as iridescent, as inconsequential as a soap-bubble. In plot it is just a piece of amiable nonsense; the story of a young American temporarily stranded in an out-of-the-way corner of the Italian Lake district, who discovers in the near vicinity another American with a pretty daughter, tries to make their acquaintance, and is severely snubbed for his pains by the pretty daughter. She has no use for the moment for any sort of man, young or old, excepting a guide to show her the way up the neighbouring mountains—a picturesque guide, like a Venetian gondolier, with sash and broad-brimmed hat, and gold hoops in his ears. But Jerry Junior is of the kind not easily daunted where a young woman is concerned; so he audaciously undertakes to masquerade as the picturesque guide she has ordered, oblivious of the difficulties into which his double ignorance of Italian roads and language is sure to bring him. The chronicle of Jerry Junior's frequent discomfiture, his tempestuous wooing and his ultimate success is really the whole sum and substance of a tale whose whole charm lies in the blythe spirit it diffuses of youthful joyousness and hope and love amid the golden atmosphere of Italian hills.

**"Jerry Junior"**

The idea of the hero masquerading as a hired man is utilised in still another novel this month—*His Courtship,* by Helen R. Martin. As in the author's earlier volume, *Tillie: A Mennonite Maid,* the setting of the story is among the Pennsylvania Dutch, whose linguistic

**"His Courtship"**

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peculiarities she reflects with refreshing drollery. In fact, both books are far cleverer as studies of a peculiar people than as stories of individual lives. You feel all the while that there is something distinctly artificial about the plot, as though it were put into the book not because it was part and parcel of it, but simply because the conventional rules of fiction require some sort of a framework on which to hang dialogue and character sketches. The bucolic atmosphere of the Morningstar farmhouse, where Dr. Kinross goes to rusticate after his hard winter of university work, is delightfully rendered; you get a lasting impression of the involved slowness of the Dutch manner of speech, the sluggishness of the Dutch method of thought. But when the undercurrent of story is brought to the surface and made the object of central attention; when two more boarders unexpectedly arrive—fashionable young women whom Kinross feels it will be an insufferable bore to be polite to three times a day—and in order to escape them, he bribes the Morningstars to let him masquerade as one of the hired labourers; when in his new capacity he is thrown in closer contact with the young women of the establishment, the daughter, Ollie, and the household drudge, Eunice, and discovers in the latter an unexpected beauty of mind as well as of body, the whole thing somehow seems to lack conviction. The idea of a young girl, inured from earliest childhood to the hardest and most unremitting daily drudgery, and denied all opportunities of education, teaching herself, surreptitiously, with the aid of a small store of volumes to which she has access only in the middle of the night, in time snatched from her scant hours of sleep—all this savours of the melodramatic and quite prepares us for the final discovery that Eunice is a long-lost, long-sought-for child, only heir to the fortune of Kinross's oldest friend, and consequently the bride that destiny has had in keeping for Kinross ever since the beginning of things. The book is a curious mingling of keen-eyed observation, great naturalness in narrative and dialogue, and exasperating artificiality of construction.

It is always exasperating in reading a book that is good only in streaks to feel that the author could easily have done better. It is doubly exasperating to come across an author who, having already achieved something distinctly big, deliberately leaves the field of his success and does without distinction something that at best would hardly be worth the doing. In *African Nights Entertainments* Mr. A. J. Dawson achieved something that belongs to the order of distinctly big things, something that you may or may not like—for that is a question of temperament—but which you assuredly cannot forget after having once read it. To say that Mr. Dawson's new volume, *The Message*, belongs in a different class, does not give adequate expression to the gulf between them. *The Message* belongs to that extravagant and, on the whole, futile class of books that aspire to the rank of prophecy. Its apparent purpose, so far as it has any, is to warn England to beware of Germany's pretended friendship, to show the necessity of remaining constantly upon a war footing, and to picture the abject humiliation of the British Empire should the Prussian eagle once effect a landing, march triumphantly across the island, lay siege to London, and having forced a surrender, impose her own terms of peace. Such a theme at the hands of Mr. H. G. Wells would still be nothing more than riotous romance, but it would be of the quality that grips the attention. *The Message*, on the contrary, is for the most part rather frankly boresome, with here and there a welcome oasis of something distinctly better, something that seems almost worthy of the author of *Hidden Manna*. The real trouble with *The Message*, judged by the standard of its class, is that the author has tried to do two things at once: to utter a fantastic prophecy and to picture certain phases of journalistic life in London with a realistic minuteness—and the two things do not belong together. It is as incongruous as though Mr. Wells and May Sinclair should collaborate to embody *The Divine Fire* and *The War of the Worlds* in a single book.

**"The Message"**

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**"The Sons of the Seigneur"**

One advantage of the romantic school of fiction which we are all willing to concede is that the men and women who play their parts in it need not be required to act precisely as men and women in real life are expected to act. On the contrary, if they did so act, the average reader would feel grievously disappointed, and fancy that he had been rather unfairly treated. Therefore, in taking an estimate of *The Sons of the Seigneur,* by Helen Wallace, one may frankly disregard all vexed questions about the barometric pressure of temperament, whether of men or women, in the work-a-day world, and simply ask whether the men and the women of Helen Wallace's creation live up to our ideal of true romance. On the whole, it is what may fairly be called a brave story of the type it represents. The time is the middle of the seventeenth century; the scene, the channel islands, when the men of Jersey and of Guernsey had conflicting views regarding what constituted their duty to God and loyalty to their king. What this clash of views meant to the islands as a whole, and to one young man and woman in particular forms the warp and woof of a story that is not lacking in bravery or in tenderness, a story that has caught something of the salt fragrance of the sea in its substance, and last but not least, a story that ends as this type quite properly should end, with marriage and happiness ever after. All of which is only another way of saying that if you like this sort of story, it is the sort of story that you will like.

*Frederic Taber Cooper.*

# TWO BOOKS OF THE MONTH

## I

### E. A. Baker's "History in Fiction"*

What is "historical fiction"? It all depends upon the point of view. Mr. Howells, if asked, would unquestionably point out Jane Austen as the queen of historical novelists, while at the same time expressing his appreciation of *Roxana,* but in both cases the judgment would be given for artistic, not historical, reasons. There lies a vast field between Walter Pater and Sienkiewicz, between Trollope and Stanley J. Weyman, between *The Scarlet Letter* and *Richard Carvel,* between *The Valley of Decision* and *When Knighthood Was in Flower,* between the historical novel and the historical "romance," but it all comes, and properly, within the scope of Mr. Baker's useful bibliography. Its standard of merit is historical, not literary, and it considers the study of manners as important a part of the *genre* as the sword-and-dagger tale. These two volumes are the result of an enormous amount of labor well expended, a record not only of English and American history in fiction, but of that of the Continent as well, and of Asia, Africa, and Australasia, the historical fiction of the youngest of continents being, for obvious reasons, mostly undistinguishable from the story of adventure. Only such foreign historical fiction is included as has been originally written in or has been translated into English.

Translations form but a small proportion of this historical fiction dealing with Continental Europe in English, however; the bulk of it is the work of English and American novelists. It is curious to note the preferences of these writers. Italy stands first in their esteem as a profitable field for exploitation, the Anglo-Saxon historical fiction of the country being so large, and of such great merit, that one hardly notices the almost total absence of translations. France holds second place, but here the native author is fully repre-

*History in Fiction: A Guide to the Best Historical Romances, Sagas, Novels, and Tales. By Ernest A. Baker, M.A. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 2 vols.

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sented in English versions. Germany has been neglected both in the matter of original English work and of translations. The Russian authors reign supreme in their realm; what we have of them in translation far surpasses in artistic importance as well as in socio-historical value all the melodramatic efforts of our own, still more of English writers. And in the Scandinavian field the translated saga stands unrivalled.

One cannot help wondering what is the real proportion of history to fiction in the many tales enumerated by Mr. Baker, and that question suggests another, viz., What is the opinion of foreign students of history of the accuracy of the historical fiction written about their countries by Americans and Englishmen? We have the judgment of Italian authorities upon *The Valley of Decision,* we know the verdict of France upon Mr. Weyman's romances of French history, but what, for instance, is the value in Russian eyes of Mr. Henry Seton Merriman or Mr. Wishaw? Suppression by the censorship is not necessarily a pronouncement either way. When one considers how busy our authors, both American and English, have been with the histories of Italy, France and other foreign countries, he is disappointed to find but two translations from foreign authors in the whole range of American historical fiction, and but a few more in that of England. One is tempted, further, to trace the peregrinations of what may be called "itinerant" historical novelists, who select a new country and a different period for each of their successive stories. In the field of juvenile fiction, the late G. A. Henty was a good example of this class. Finally, one would like to know how many of these English and American authors have been translated into the languages of the countries with whose history they deal. But none of these questions comes within the scope of Mr. Baker's work.

The list of American historical fiction is well compiled and truly representative. Our authors have an almost unbroken monopoly of English history in the New World, with the assistance of three or four Canadian writers of well-established reputation. The American record ends with the Spanish War; those of France and Germany with the year 1871. In England itself the year 1900 marks the end of the record, but it is extended to include the Boer War in the section devoted to the British colonies.

The brief notes appended by Mr. Baker to the titles of the books he enumerates are generally informing, and occasionally not without a touch of humour, as when he tells us that *Ben Hur* is "a long and gorgeously coloured romance. . . . The plot is intricate, and the grammar not always faultless," or that Rider Haggard's *Pearl Maiden* is "spectacular and crudely exciting, quite untouched by the historical spirit." Why, then, one is tempted to ask, has it been included at all? And this leads to a final word about one inexplicable omission from these otherwise so carefully compiled lists.

Mr. Baker includes historical satire in his bibliography, making place not only for Cervantes the Master, but for that delicious, stinging, minor humourist, now almost forgotten, Edmond About, the author of *The King of the Mountains,* that sparkling exposure of the rottenness of the newborn kingdom of Greece in the first half of the last century.

Where, then, in the ranks of the historical satirists is Mark Twain? His *Prince and the Pauper* we find, and his *Joan of Arc,* but, incredible as it may seem, there is nowhere in these two volumes a word of mention of that great satire, fraught with meaning, *A Yankee at King Arthur's Court.*

*A. Schade van Westrum.*

## II

### Mr. Dixon's "The Traitor."*

A trilogy is a bid for serious consideration. Mr. Dixon accompanies his latest book with the announcement that it is the last of "The Trilogy of Reconstruction," of which *The Leopard's Spots* and *The Clansman* formed the first and second parts. A plan so ambitious, with its inevitable suggestions of Greek tragedy and Balzacian comedy, implies a

*The Traitor. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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significant purpose. It was Mr. Dixon's avowed aim to present the history of the Reconstruction period from the Southerner's point of view, and justify the conquered secessionists' acknowledged hostility to black domination and the carpet-bagger's rule. In appointing himself spokesman for the Southerner, Mr. Dixon assumed a responsibility which made his task considerably more difficult than that of the mere fictionist. Quite apart from the merits, of his story as such, he was presumably under obligations to preserve at least a degree of faithfulness to actual facts. The introduction into the narrative of historical names and characters emphasises this obligation. Mr. Dixon's claims seem to invite a judicial estimate of the value of his work on its purely historical side.

The time for the discussion of this question passed, however, long before the publication of this latest book. *The Traitor* is of a piece with *The Leopard's Spots* and *The Clansman*. The historical virtues and failings of these books have been abundantly discussed, presumably to the delight of the author and the increased sale of his works. All is grist that come to the press agent. Mr. Dixon is an industrious controversialist, and he has been rarely fortunate in finding people eager to abuse his books and so furnish him with his opportunity. It is difficult to see why any one should ever have taken Mr. Dixon so seriously on this point. It is quite obvious, of course, that his narrative of reconstruction events, his picture of the conditions which brought forth the Ku Klux Klan, differs widely in intention and effect from that of such sober and unimaginative historians as Brown and Rhodes. But they have no special point of view, no particular party or policy to justify, no motive except to record the truth. Whatever Mr. Dixon's professed aim may have been, his intention, if it may be judged by results, was far different from that of these mere chroniclers of fact. Let it be conceded at once that he is more fictionist than historian; let us grant him the license that greater men than he have claimed, and blink his historical failings in the interest of the greater aim—the story.

On this ground he is entitled to ungrudging praise. It is true that if the crown of the historian must be withheld from him, so too must he be denied, in a court of strict inquiry, the appellation of novelist. But there remains for him the field of melodrama—glorious, untrammelled melodrama. There is a peculiar satisfaction in according Mr. Dixon high rank in a domain in which he so evidently delights to reign. Away with your pallid psychological studies, your finicking comedies of manners, your morbid problem novels! There is a positive refreshment in following this bounding, india-rubber story that skips from one thrilling adventure to another and bowls over probabilities like tenpins. The book cries out for the stage—the Third Avenue stage. It is as full of situations, thrills, climaxes, "curtains," as a home of melodrama is of gallery gods. Not one of the ingredients is left out—underground passage, defrauded but noble hero, traitorous villain, mysterious murder, seductive heroine torn between love and filial duty, with lanky mountaineers and slapstick negroes for comic relief. There is one scene, a three-cornered fight between a negro mammy and her two husbands, that is a positive scream. And when those Ku Klux men slip through the secret panel, all robed in their ghostly nighties, and plunge a knife up to the hilt in Judge Butler's chest—well, you just ought to see it.

The characters—let us call them such for convenience—are made up perfectly to match the scenery and plot. Most of them are, to be sure, our old friends of melodrama; but there is one happy surprise. The heroine is actually unique even in a world where every heroine is supposed to be unique. In most bewildering succession she is wilful and petulant, proud and dejected, defiant and pleading, loving and vindictive, impertinent and gracious; and through it all she is persistently, monumentally, even ingeniously vulgar. As a representative of true Southern aristocracy she may leave something to be desired; as a ready-made medium for eliciting the cheers and catcalls of a Bowery audience it is doubtful if Theodore Kremer can match her. On her Mr. Dixon has lavished his most

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loving care. Her seductive appearance is described in appealing terms. "Her arms were bare and their beauty was perfect—starting with the tiniest wrists and swelling into full voluptuous splendour above the dimpled elbows. She had a way of moving them when she walked which was modest yet subtle in sensuous suggestion." Infinite care has been bestowed on her dress. Now it is "a cream-coloured morning gown" with flowing train; again a simple dimity which fairly bewitches the hero. When she makes her first appearance she has just come in from a ride on horseback with the villain. "Her dress showed the perfection of good taste and careful study—a yellow satin, trimmed in old lace that fitted her rounded little figure without a wrinkle, dainty feet in snow-white stockings and bow-tipped slippers that peeped in and out mischievously as she walked." It is a positive injustice to such a heroine to imprison her within the covers of a book. I have too high an opinion of Mr. Dixon's sense of the fitting to believe that he will keep her there permanently. Never was a lady more obviously intended by her creator for the stage, and I look forward with joyful confidence to seeing her before the end of the year in her rightful place.

*Ward Clark.*

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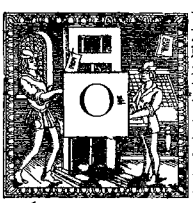
# JULES LEMAITRE VERSUS DEMOCRACY



ON March 10th an imposing ceremony took place in the Grand Amphithéâtre de la Sorbonne. Four thousand people of the intellectual élite of Paris had gathered in order to express their grateful admiration for the work of Jean Jacques Rousseau, the father of the French Revolution. The honorary president of the committee that organised the manifestation was Berthelot—le grand Berthelot as he is called by his contemporaries (who died shortly after in such dramatic circumstances); the acting president was Mr. Ernest Charles, the young and energetic critic, editor of the *Censeur Politique et Littéraire*, who in his opening speech said in part:

We remember that whenever the work of the French Revolution was constructive, this work was done in accordance with the ideas of Rousseau; because Rousseau, discarding the prejudices of former times, basing his thoughts on science and nature, denouncing all the servitudes of body and mind, has launched some of the chief philosophical, political, and social principles which at the present time rule all civilised societies; because he laid the foundations of the state which is being gradually built up, namely, the republic of the rights of man, of the sovereignty of the people and of universal suffrage.

There is the achievement of Rousseau, and his ideal we endorse and glorify it entire.

The following speeches were made in the same spirit.

And the gathering at the Sorbonne was only one among many manifestations in the honour of Rousseau. Every newspaper and every magazine in the country within the last few weeks has devoted one or more articles to a discussion of the ideas of the *citoyen de Genève*.

Why all this agitation? Had Rousseau or the Revolution or modern ideals of the state been attacked and threatened? Yes. This general upheaval is the direct outcome of a course of ten lectures on Rousseau, which was offered, under the auspices of the Société de Conférences, by the famous critic, Jules Lemaitre; a course which, owing to the talent of the lecturer, became the literary event of the season, and which was nothing but a

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JULES LEMAÎTRE

spirited attack on Rousseau and democracy. Lemaître frankly acknowledges in the very first sentence of his first lecture that in selecting his subject he was not influenced, perhaps, by his fondness of Rousseau (*"une pensée d'extrême bienveillance pour le citoyen de Genève"*); that on the contrary he was decided to condemn him ([*je*] *"Cherchais des raisons de le condamner"*). His purpose was to study in Rousseau "the father of some of the greatest errors (*'des plus fortes erreurs'*) of the eighteenth and of the nineteenth centuries."

Thus we are warned. Under such circumstances an impartial judgment was not to be expected. Let us therefore lose no time in an attempt to show that Lemaître was not fair to Rousseau; he did not try to be. Let us not pause, either, in order to discuss the rather subtle distinction established between the artistic ideas of Rousseau—which were good—and the social ideas—which were bad. Let us also ignore Lemaître's unflattering opinion of posterity, and especially of Frenchmen for having—thanks to the *"crédulité"* and the *"bêtise humaines"*—adopted so enthusiastically the theories of a man who was after all neither sincere in his ideas nor true to them (pp. 92, 104, 116, 265, etc.); and of a man, moreover, who was notoriously insane (pp. 266, 274, etc.). Here are a few of the sentences by which Lemaître closed his lectures on March 20th; they are sufficiently clear indications of the spirit that animated him:

I had at one time an adoration for Romanticism and I believed in the French Revolution. And now I feel alarmed in thinking that the man who—not alone, it is true, but more than any one else, I believe—has prepared in our

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country the Revolution and Romanticism, was of foreign birth, perpetually ill, and finally insane.

But people have liked him, and many still like him. . . . I myself, after this long association with him—which I have enjoyed in more than one way—I will leave him without hatred for his person, with the strongest reprobation for some of his most famous ideas, the most genuine admiration for his art, which was so strangely new, the most sincere compassion for his miserable life—and a "sacred horror" (in the Latin sense of the term) for the greatness and the mystery of his action upon humankind.

What are the bitter grievances of Lemaître—and of some others among the most intellectual Frenchmen of to-day—against the French Revolution, and against Rousseau, their greatest champion? Expressed briefly they are the following: Before the Revolution France was the queen of nations; France was the leading power in Europe, in politics, in philosophy, in art. But by the Revolution France has repudiated her great ideals of the past; and, in consequence, she no longer enjoys the same prestige over the world. Other nations are as powerful, even more powerful in modern civilisation, and the ideals of those newcomers do not compare in loftiness with those of classical and traditional France.

What is this due to? To this enormous mistake of modern civilisation *democracy*, the belief in the equality of all men. Lemaître has not words enough to express his scorn at the *"niaise adoration de l'égalité," "culte stupide de l'égalité," "turlutaine de l'égalité,"* and so forth. *Progressive* idea? No. Who does not see it to-day with socialism? "The revolutionary dream—the equality of pails with the least effort for every one—is this not a *regressive* dream?" How can one conceive of a more unjust thing than universal suffrage, which allows an equal value for the vote of the most intelligent and of the most stupid, of the philosopher and of the ignorant, of the trained statesman and of the mule-driver?

But again, what is the origin of this misinterpretation of individualism? After all, suggests Lemaître (here again in agreement with many of his countrymen, although nobody dared express it so plainly before), it is only a generalisation of the error of Protestantism. Protestantism advocated individualism in religion; it put the individual conscience of one man above the authority of the Church as represented by the priest; and our modern social individualism is nothing but an extension of the same individualism to political matters. Lemaître proves it by history:

The sovereignty of the people is a Protestant dogma, opposed by the pastors of the seventeenth century to the despotism of Louis XIV. The Protestant minister Yurien expressed it clearly: "The people is the only authority which need not be right to validate its actions."

Now, as a church where everybody has a right to be right is self-destructive, so a state where everybody wants to be the master is inconceivable; it is anarchy. So certain is Lemaître of the danger of the "Protestant" spirit that he feels no hesitation in saying that Rousseau did more harm to France than Voltaire; the latter was only an unbeliever, while Rousseau was a Protestant (*"c'est encore le plus religieux de ces deux hommes qui nous a été le plus funeste,"* p. 292).

In short, Rousseau is guilty of having introduced into France foreign ideals; he is a stranger, the "son of a little republic," who has caused "the life of a whole nation, to which he did not belong," to turn her back upon historic traditions. Rousseau has impressed upon France the spirit of an utopian individualism, i.e., of Protestantism. All other great French writers, even when occasionally lead astray by false ideals, have kept true to the French traditions; but "Rousseau, that interrupter of traditions, Rousseau, that foreigner, inserts in the history of our literature a phenomenon, a 'monster,' who shall count in his lineage all the unbalanced minds, big and small (*tous, les déséquilibrés, grands et petits*) of the nineteenth century" (p. 334).

* * * * *

This was an extraordinary and disturbing language to be used in the Republic of France, and one does not wonder that believers in and advocates of democracy

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were startled, and did not even wait until Lemaître's course of lectures was over in order to organise the countermanifestation mentioned above.

And yet it was by no means the first time that so hostile an attitude toward Rousseau was assumed by French critics. Ever since the time of the Revolution isolated but powerful protests had been uttered. Besides Veuillot, the Catholic writer, we can never forget Nisard, who wrote his famous *History of French Literature* entirely from this point of view, namely, that Rousseau breaks into the evolution of the national traditions, is an outsider of whom one must take only small account.

Melchior de Voguë does not think of doing away with history so boldly, but it was he who wrote this sentence, so often quoted: "The admission is a cruel one . . . but we are forced to recognise that the blood which has been running through our literary veins (*au plus profond de nos veines littéraires*) for a century is Swiss blood." And still more recently Brunetière (who, moreover, delivered two years ago his lectures on the Encyclopedists under the auspices of the same Société des Conférences, in the same room, before the same audience, and in the same spirit of condemnation against the writers of the eighteenth century as Lemaître) deplored more than once the influence of the Protestant Rousseau in France. And it would be easy to add the names of a score of less important writers.

The unusual stir created by Lemaître's anti-Rousseau campaign is due chiefly to its timeliness. The new, the democratic France, has recently scored two great victories, in the ultimate justice rendered to Dreyfus, and in the question of the Separation of Church and State. The opponents, the so-called "Nationalists"—among whom Lemaître is a star of first magnitude—wanted to utter a violent protest and affirm once more with great force their political creeds. They did it by these ten lectures, the success of which, indeed, surpassed their expectations.

We must keep in mind, besides, that Rousseau had attracted unusually great attention during the last few years, thanks to the enthusiasm of his admirers. His memory has been honoured in all sorts of ways—tablets put on the houses where he lived, monuments erected, *"Musée J. J. Rousseau,"* in Montmorency, purchase of the Charmettes, visit of Rousseau (and Voltaire's) tombs at the Panthéon, and especially the foundation of the Société J. J. Rousseau in Geneva—not counting a great amount of scholarly investigations concerning his personality and his works. The truth in the matter, therefore, is that the present outburst of anger of Lemaître was an effect before being a cause.

* * * * *

Now, if we look deeper into the philosophy of the case, we will see that this lively discussion is far from being of only local interest. "Protestant" influence, "Swiss" influence against "French traditions," are only other words for "Anglo Saxon" influence against "Latin" influence in the civilised world. Nobody can be blind to this fact since the publication of J. Texte's book on *J. J. Rousseau et le cosmopolitisme littéraire.* The Rousseau-Lemaître controversy was only one more skirmish in a momentous struggle, and in the interest of us all, therefore, it may be worth while not to look at it from a merely impersonal standpoint. In Anglo-Saxon countries as well as elsewhere voices are being heard (not unfrequently) questioning whether really modern democracy is yielding the results that our fathers expected from it. Edgar Allan Poe's story, "Some Words with a Mummy," is perhaps more timely to-day than it was when written by the genial author. Of course, as soon as it should come to a practical decision—to the "pragmatic" aspect of the question, as Professor William James would say—few probably, very few, would really consider the advisability of giving up the advantages of democracy, although they may be well aware of some of its most serious drawbacks. But the fact remains indisputable that in intellectual spheres at least democracy is often responsible for mediocracy, and that a too sweeping victory of Anglo-Saxon over Latin civilisation would in the long run be harmful to the progress of the world. Therefore it may be very useful if

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from time to time some one should utter a solemn warning and make an appeal to humanity in order to safeguard the rights of an aristocracy of the mind.

Let us take the book of Lemaître as a warning of that kind, and then, with its keen and sharp criticism, it will prove a decidedly beneficial contribution to modern thought.

*A. Schinz.*

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# A FREE LANCE SYMPOSIUM

*With contributions from John Kendrick Bangs, Madeline S. Bridges, Joe Cone, Theodosia Garrison, Tudor Jenks, W. J. Lampton, W. D. Nesbit, Zoe Anderson Norris, F. J. Pitzer, Laurana W. Sheldon, Edwin L. Sabin, Clinton Scollard, Carolyn Wells, Roy Farrell Greene, and T. C. Harbaugh*

REE LANCES are very much maligned individuals. In general they —the pronoun embraces both sexes — consider themselves ill-used. There is some sympathy due to their rather aggressive complaint, for their path is not by any means easy to travel. To begin with, a free lance must be a philosopher. To his philosophy, which is as likely as not to include periods of starvation, he must add patience. A cheerful disposition, too, is not by any means to be despised. With these attributes added to a certain aptitude for writing and a general knowledge of where to send his manuscripts, any one with a respectable education can nib his pen, or better still, hire a typewriter on approval, and commence sending his effusions far and wide.

It is a moot point whether acquaintance with the editors of the several publications which he honours with his patronage is advisable. Personality in the concrete is apt to detract from the merit of work in the abstract. "Send up your manuscripts," quoth a lady to a free-lance friend some time since, "but for goodness' sake don't show yourself"—an unkind speech, maybe, but not meant in the way it was taken. The knowledge of an editor's idiosyncrasies may not be worth the risk of an exposition of a contributor's peculiarities and appearance. After all, editors are but mortal. Although the public is the jury, the editors are the judges, and scarcely impartial at times, when the business office has to be taken into consideration.

To obtain a comprehensive view of the free-lance situation it is necessary, or at all events as well, to go to headquarters, and the following symposium of those who are well known in this particular field will no doubt be not only interesting, but also instructive to any who are seriously considering their chances of prosperity in this rather invidious career. The views and opinions, at all events, herein set forth point an exceedingly vivid moral and tell a varied tale.

Taking the several free lances in alphabetical order, for there may be a certain vein of jealousy among them, John Kendrick Bangs comes first in the field with an amusing and concise interpretation of what he considers a free lance is, more especially as embodied in his own peculiar case. He says among other things:

My idea of a free lance is that he is a man with a sharp stick, who prefers to prod people on the European plan rather than sacrifice his alleged independence to a purse-proud publisher, who will pay him a salary. Such a one I do not consider myself to be. I am neither free, nor a lance, just an Independent Provider with several mills running to full time. I think the income of a free lance, or Independent Producer, as I prefer to call him, will depend largely on his intelligent selection of the topics he discusses. All the industry in the

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world won't help him to a penny unless he keeps up with the times, and studies very carefully the needs of his clientele. Working thus intelligently for four hours a day, he should have little difficulty in earning his ten thousand a year, which, if his family don't eat, should enable him to run an automobile comfortably.

Mr. Bangs concludes with a gratuitous announcement of what he intends doing to augment his income:

I propose to raise lobsters in Maine. I calculate that if I can harvest five thousand lobsters in a season, and get them to market while they are green, I shall be able to write that number of poems less per month.

Madeline S. Bridges, who comes next in order, confesses that she has never, with two exceptions, met any of her editors in her life, and only on three occasions during her years of writing entered a newspaper office. She believes that a writer's work should entirely represent him, nor can she see any reason for making known his character, appearance, likes or dislikes, although she quite admits that the public crave for this notoriety on the writer's part.

"How many MSS. I send out in the year," adds Miss Bridges, "I do not know. Neither am I aware of how many are printed, nor again have I ever thought to make an average test of the income they bring in. Very likely it has not occurred to me to do this, because I am not wholly a free lance."

Miss Bridges is, in fact, in great demand for her verses to illustrate illustrations, as she puts it. She complains, however, that she cannot usually bring her best to this sort of work.

Such things are always a task, while I find great delight in the writing that comes from my own thought. No joy in life has ever been so great to me as the gift of expression. It could never have given half the happiness to others that it has bestowed on me. I have been offered opportunities in editorial and department work on magazines and periodicals, but the born free lance would feel the desk routine a prison. To realise that I must write certain thousands of words a day on subjects that had no power to stir the vital feeling, or awaken thought, would seem like setting the mental forces to a treadmill.

Following this extremely explicit and sincere statement come a few thoughts from old Saybrook, Connecticut. Joe Cone, an acknowledged rustic wit, says:

Since becoming an absolute free lance I send out on an average twelve stories, two hundred poems, five hundred jokes and quatrains, and over one thousand paragraphs per year. Of course, I write many an effusion which is good enough to come back to its native soil. In fact, I may say I get "good returns"! I can't say that I have given the free lance business a fair enough trial to be able to compute how much income I earn, or how much an ordinary free lance ought to earn. Doubtless, if I should push the pen more and the lawn mower and garden hoe less I would be able to sign more cheques. However, out of my writing I am able to support a family consisting of a wife, child, self, an old horse, and seven black cats. I have but one grievance as a free lancist, and that is against the practice of editors puncturing manuscripts with pins, or otherwise defacing them with receiving date stamps, etc. It is as needless as an ice chest at the North Pole. Finally I would suggest that free lances should have a union for shorter hours and more pay, to say nothing of a palatial club home for each warrior when his lance shall have become broken.

Theodosia Garrison is in accord with Madeline S. Bridges as to the number of MSS. she sends out each year, and adds that she "has a Rockefellerian shrinking from computing her income!" *C'est tout!*

Tudor Jenks, on the other hand, continues the tale with many a comment and suggestion. He does not, he admits, depend on the selling of manuscripts for an income, as he has a great deal of book work under contract that saves him from the necessity. However, he adds:

I find very little market for anything except short stories. The editors appear to have gone short-story mad, and it is my opinion that they are losing the interest of men readers by this course. It seems to me that men read fiction with only a languid interest, unless it contains world facts made into stories. I am afraid anyhow that I have not a very high opinion of the free lance business. It tends to make writing more commercial than writing

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ever should be, and requires the study of the editors' preference rather than the study of literature. Personally I should be very glad if there were only a few magazines of very high standard, and I should be willing to be sacrificed to bring such a state of things about. Besides, only too often you will find on close inquiry that the free lance is being secretly supplied with funds from his grandmother's estate. It is a pity that the writing of periodical literature cannot be so systematised that writers should be trained for special work instead of all seeking to make "polite literature," while technical journals, trade papers, business catalogues, advertisements, and all such everyday writing is sorely in need of the professional touch.

Now appears a son of Kentucky, who is reputed to tap the typewriter from nine to five daily. Best known as a writer of what he calls "yawps," it will be seen from his quota to the symposium that the familiar "See?" and "Gee Whizz!" by no means represent his capabilities:

"I send out," and it is W. J. Lampton speaking, "a good many more MSS. than I wish I had to to make one end meat, and the other bread. Seriously speaking, I suppose I ship to various editors, chiefly in New York County, about 400 to 450 items yearly, including prose, verse, long bits and short ones. I should say they average about $5 each. The smallest cheque I ever received was for twenty-five cents, and the biggest $200. In all my experience of, say, twenty years I have not failed more than a dozen times to receive pay for the work I did, and the amount will not exceed $100. Just what a free lancer receives on an average for his labours I am not qualified to state definitely. I know one man, a hustler, who worked night and day, and his best yearly returns were $2,000. He gave it up and became a reporter at about double what free lancing paid. Another, a magazine free lance, has stated publicly that he made $6,000 a year at it. It depends largely upon the market, where the goods are sold, or rather the customer for whom they are made to order. When a free lance merely lances, and sells his stuff to any buyer, taking all the risk himself, and more apt to dispose of it to newspapers than magazines, he usually takes any price that may be offered. On the other hand, if he is the kind of free lance who delivers goods on order, he usually makes his own price, or he knows what he will get before he begins the work. Editors are always willing to pay more for what they want than for what the writer with the stuff in hand wants them to want. It is easier writing to order than otherwise; that is to say, it is easier to deliver goods on order, because in that way the writer has the subject supplied, which means that the most difficult part of the work is furnished him. In other words, the free lance who makes $6,000 a year has less really hard work to perform than the man who makes $2,000, besides the certainty of his market."

Although only half a free lance, W. D. Nesbit, who is located in Illinois, has pretty wholesome ideas on the subject:

"I don't like the word 'free lance,'" says he. "It savours too much of the old-time printer, who would go haphazardly along the pike, working here and there, and flitting on as soon as he got a stake. Writing is more than a profession. It is a business; and if one conducts his operations along business lines, offering his goods in the right market, and at the right season, he will sell them. The main trouble is the editors, who have a pad of rejection slips at hand. If we could only get along without editors, all would be well. As for the game being worth the candle, I think any game is, if you like to play it. Personally, I send out jokes, poems, and stories right along. Maybe I send out fifty jokes a week. Verse? Well, that's an unknown quantity. Whenever I have any on hand, out it goes. I manage to send out two or three stories a month, and—I think that's about all I know."

Once more to turn to the lady free lance. Zoe Anderson Norris is enthusiastic in her epitome of her profession. Her delight is only bounded by a subtle thought that sometimes it is not such easy sailing as her exuberance might denote. She speaks for herself as follows:

I have found that the wolf is a good deal more apt to get a free lance than he is to get a lance who is so fortunate as to hold down a regular job. There is, though, a wild and hilarious uncertainty about the free lance's existence which has a considerable charm, if the uncertainty is offset by the possession of a large circle of acquaintances who have been so generous as to extend her a standing invitation to dine. A free lance should be able to keep a humble roof over her head, unless

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she prefers to move. A volume of her experiences under the head of "Moving Tales" might prove to be very interesting reading to the general public. I fancy that the number of manuscripts a free lance sends out annually rests largely with the editors. If a manuscript gets back to your house before you do, it stands to reason that the same will do to send to another editor. Personally, I have known one manuscript to go a very long way. Careful ironing of a manuscript, also, by taking out the tell-tale creases, serves to economise much in the way of re-writing. To my mind there is nothing to equal the profession of a free lance. If after a succession of teas, dinners, theatre parties, small dances, Welsh rabbits, and chop sueys, with the generous wholesouled cosmopolitan people of this big beautiful city, whose delight it is to honour the precarious impecunious free lances, she can manage to snatch enough repose to write a few lines that might prove acceptable to some more or less lenient editor, it is to my mind a long way ahead of yelling "Cash here!" behind some dry-goods counter, or blindly selling shoe strings on the corner of a street.

A most voluminous free lance is F. J. Pitzer, who lives in Jersey City, from which point of vantage he is amply armed with the shafts of humour. Pitzer has been writing for more than a decade, mostly comic copy. The following is what he puts forward as his thoughts on the profession:

"I used to send my copy out in bales," and he is laughing in his sleeve while he talks, "at first. If everything I wrote had been accepted, all the other free lances would have been put out of the profession. I expect that's how the editors looked at it, for out of sympathy for the other fellows they sent back the greater part of my stuff. As years rolled on I grew wiser. I concentrated my brain power, and during the past year did not send out more than 800 MSS. I believe I wrote good stuff, for nearly every manuscript that was returned to me 'did not lack merit!' The only reason the editors couldn't keep my effusions—this was on the slips—was on account of space. If editors would only increase the space, it would help us considerably. I think a free lance, if he works hard, though I never knew a free lance that did, ought to make from $800 to $1,000 a year. If, however, he or she were to lounge on some fancy sofa pillows, eating chocolate creams, he or she could evolve some crude situations that sell readily. It is remarkable what grotesque inspirations take hold of one when chocolate creams go to the brain. But I am getting personal, maybe. As a rule, I send out my stuff in batches of sixteen, eight jokes, four poems, and four skits. I try to keep them up to date as far as possible, as that seems to be the cry of all periodicals to-day. Some papers buy jokes by the yard, and pay for them that way, but I don't trouble them much. I have a graduated list of newspapers to which my contributions go. I always give the preference to those publications which pay cash. Those that pay on publication are too long-winded for me. I cannot wait more than six months for my money, though I have often had to wait for a year. I thoroughly believe that my productions killed two publications, and though other comic journals would like to get into the field, they do not dare while I am living."

Laurana W. Sheldon, who comes next, is comprehensive in her free lancing. She has, she will tell you, published a million words and over in a year. She has written five-cent novels and contributed to free-thought magazines as well as the regular publications, and she has written under a dozen different names. The highest she ever made in one year—and here we get at a certainty—was $3,000. But in her own words:

I have had twenty-five years of free lancing, barring about four years, when I jumped from the frying pan into the fire, and wrote under contract. With the proceeds from the sale of seven long stories, two hundred short ones, about one thousand poems, and a score or so of magazine articles, I have been able to buy breakfast food, wear broadcloth, and live in a Harlem flat. By keeping about one hundred and fifty manuscripts in the market constantly one can meet the requirements of a simple life with a smiling face—and a cheque. Any less number would be fatal to one of the three successes named, usually the broadcloth. I entered the field with the innocence of the sucking dove, but I would not care to describe the variety of wisdom I have acquired, and with which I shall leave it. In the most discouraging days, when I wrote with a knife between my teeth, and the wolf howling at my door, I resorted to aliases, pen names some call them, and by creating (oftentimes bad)

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reputations for others, managed to secure my room rent, but the habit retarded my progress toward fame. Free lancing is a glorious pastime for the rich, as is evinced by their usurpation of the field, but as a means of livelihood a writer must sacrifice even his name at times to an editor's conception of the public demand, and here the vista is not illumined by electric lights, nor is the glory which accrues sufficient for intoxication. If I desired to see myself photographed in the newspapers, written up with scare heads, and mentioned as being of importance in the world, I should leave my present vocation, and go into some chorus, or else do something disgraceful in the social line. There is no hope of recognition as a genius while one merely demonstrates mental cleverness, and free lancing is that, and nothing more.

The symposium is nearly at an end. Almost the last, and certainly the last with any important further data, is Edwin L. Sabin, who dates from Colorado. In a terse summing up he explains his own position and gives his views on the situation:

Although a free lance myself in a mild way, I am peculiarly unfitted to discourse upon that business. I have never but once, and that was only incidentally some six years ago, met another writer of the professional or the active amateur class, and I have no personal acquaintance amongst the guild. I have never but once, and that was also incidentally, met an editor outside of newspaper ranks. And I have never been in New York, Philadelphia or Boston. In fact, the only time I have been farther East than Chicago was when I passed through Baltimore, and kept on going. So you perceive my ignorance is profound and pitiable, and my knowledge is limited to my own narrow routine. I have not the slightest idea what income a free lance should command at the best. I presume from what I read that a free lance who is wide-awake, and who makes the most of every opportunity, should take in at least $3,000 a year. I "hear tell" that many writers turn out a story a day, but I can't. There was a time when I easily wrote two or three sets of verse a day for several days running, and finished the week with a story. I write slower now, and my yearly output is impossible to estimate, the new being mixed with the old on my books. I am one of the few evidently who do not sell everything at the first trial. I don't exactly know what the term "free lance" indicates. It may mean anybody who is unattached, and who offers his work in the open market. It may mean the brisk and agile "hack," who applies his typewriter to every topic, and to prose and verse alike. At any rate, it seems to me that the field for the free lance is becoming more constricted, and that the specialist in literature is in the ascendant. Periodicals are coming more and more to filling their pages with stories and articles by recognised experts in each line, and the miscellaneous writer must compete therewith. While there are more periodicals than ever, there is greater competition than ever, both in publishing and writing, and this also tends to emphasise the specialist, to whom editors apply, and who works mainly by engagement.

Roy Farrell Greene, who describes himself as a "Bohemian out of Bohemia" —he lives in Arkansas City—continues the strain as follows:

An industrious free lance should easily make his or her pen earn $25 to $40 per week, in my opinion, and that without becoming a slave to the writing Muse. This estimate is based on eight or ten years of personal experience, and under what might be styled the disadvantage of marketing wholly by mail. I think it is generally conceded that where the free lance lives in or near a literary market, where he or she may get in personal touch with the editors, it is possible to dispose of a greater per cent. of offerings, and consequently increase the earning powers of the pen.

From this it must not be inferred that I hold to the idea that personal friendship with an editor aids in marketing poor material, but rather that by being close to the market one is able to take advantage of a temporary shortage that may exist in a certain editor's supply along a certain line, be it joke, sketch or verse. Then, again, by coming into personal contact with editors one is better able to study their likes and dislikes, and to make the manuscript submitted suit the editorial fancy in each instance.

In basing my estimate of a free lance's income, at, say, from $1,200 to $2,000 a year, my calculations are based on the rates paid by the more prominent weeklies and monthlies for jokes, humorous sketches, society verse, humorous verse, perchance in dialect, epigrams, and occasional more serious production, such as sonnet, lyric or villanelle. Never

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having done any work in the way of travel-sketches, biographical sketches, special articles along sociologic, political or similar lines, it is not with writers of these that I have to do in making my estimate.

Of course there is at all times a splendid market for short fiction, as well as for special magazine articles on persons or things in the public eye, and I can readily see how the free lance doing such work, in part at least, might easily push the yearly income to $3,000 or $4,000. All my figures have to do with the writers of light evanescent verse, jokes, humorous sketches of, say, 300 to 1,200 words, etc.

Personally I send out on an average 300 MSS. a year, which is not a large number, when it is taken into consideration that nearly one-half of these are jokes, or humorous verses of say four or eight lines each. The rest, 'tis true, are longer and more pretentious. While I do not confine myself entirely to verse, nevertheless ninety per cent. of the MSS. I send out are verses. Formerly nearly all these were *vers de société,* or humorous verses for the most part in dialect, but of late I have been doing more pretentious verses, lyrics, sonnets, etc.

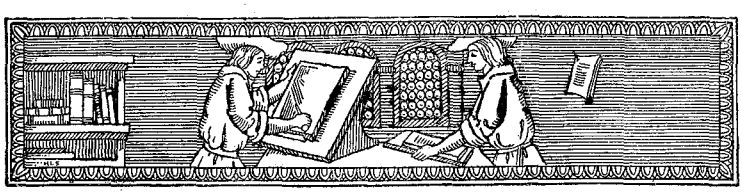
The last person who sends a contribution of any particular worth to the symposium is an old-timer, T. C. Harbaugh. He is forcible in his opinions:

I have never regarded myself as a free lance. I have been writing forty years, and in that time have done much work of every sort. Some free lances, I understand, say that they send out 1,000 and 2,000 MSS. a year. Please set such people down as colossal liars, to whom Ananias cannot be compared. In my best days I never sent out over 100 per year. And I have written a novel a week for a whole year at a time. I contribute now a serial a month to one paper, and think that a good year's work. I don't think outside of this I send out over ten short stories, and forty poems per year. A man who sends out over 200 MSS. a year is a "hack," who probably does not tell the truth. Think of a man writing five MSS. a day. It is nonsense. Some of the publishers of the "five-cent libraries" pay but $20 per MS. and think what a man, even a "hack," can make at that! I don't believe for one moment all these young molly-coddles in authorship tell me.

Clinton Scollard has qualms about expressing any opinion concerning free lances and their work. Carolyn Wells is in doubt as to whether she quite knows what a free lance is, and others of equal fame are diffident about dilating on the subject.

Enough, however, has been put forward to show the peculiarities of this somewhat disappointing art. There is little to be said for the life except that it brings a good deal of pleasurable excitement, which is not unmingled with heart-breaking disappointments. Those who care to enter on the perilous road with such certainties ahead will assuredly be welcomed, for editors are eternally craving for fresh blood, but the embryo free lances had best be warned that it is their life blood that will be required of them.

*E. L. Hancock.*



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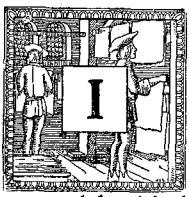
# THE VICTORY OF PUBLICITY



"I PREDICT," remarked the city editor of a New York paper not long ago, "that within five years John D. Rockefeller will have a press agent." The prophecy was greeted by his hearers with derision, but the city editor has lived to see his prophetic vision realised in a far shorter time than he set. John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world, quondam foe of reporters, newspapers and everything that suggested emergence from his self-sufficient seclusion, to-day has a press agent. Nay, more, he has three press agents. He has a high-priced press agent for his Standard Oil Company, another high-priced press agent for his philanthropies, and for his personal affairs he has still another press agent, whose revenues are many times those of the other two combined, namely himself.

This prophecy and its fulfilment are typical and are here used as a brief text for a homily on the "victory of publicity." Mr. Rockefeller and his affairs serve as the best peg on which to hang this dissertation, because he was *facile princeps* in the ranks of arrogant wealth, both personal and corporate, before it had to give way to the onward march of publicity.

Other corporations and other men of wealth representing great corporate holdings now recognise that they will be crushed by the juggernaut of publicity if they essay to stand in its path. They now realise that it is not safe for them to defy that great engine of publicity, the daily and weekly press. Not five years ago the city editors of New York papers used to send to the homes of John D. Rockefeller and J. Pierpont Morgan in a sort of hopeless, desperate sense of duty. The feeling was, "Well, I know there's no hope of getting what I want; I know that there's no hope of getting near this man; I know that I am subjecting this reporter, a gentleman, to indignities at the hands of a butler or fourth deputy assistant secretary, but I've got to take the chance, for Morgan or Rockefeller *might* talk to some other paper, and what defence could I offer if I do not send to him?"

And so the chance was always taken. But now the victory of publicity is not to be denied. Recently there was occasion to send a *Tribune* reporter to the home of J. Pierpont Morgan to inquire about an art matter. When the assignment was given him the city editor said, "Mr. ——, you don't mind being kicked down Mr. Morgan's steps by a butler, do you?" "Oh, no," he answered; "it's all in the day's work." (That's the kind of stuff good reporters are made of, by the way.) Well, he wasn't kicked down the steps, and probably never again will any reporter on a legitimate errand be subjected to indignities at the home of any public or quasi-public man. Instead, his card was respectfully taken to Mr. Morgan and the reporter awaited the magnate in the reception-room, into which he was politely ushered by the butler, who five years ago would probably (under orders from headquarters) have sarcastically dismissed him. When Mr. Morgan came down he greeted the reporter cordially, and though he thought he could not consistently discuss the subject broached to him, he declined with the utmost courtesy.

Within the last year reporters have penetrated the domestic precincts of John D. Rockefeller and gotten from him, if not the statements they wanted, at least courteous and agreeable refusals, which in themselves made good reading. Not more than a few months ago a group of reporters saw Mr. Rockefeller off on a trip South and got from him an interview sparkling with personal interest. A few years ago if a group of newspaper men had approached Mr. Rockefeller's carriage they would have been warned off and perhaps forcibly driven off by a bodyguard of private detectives. Yet to-day an interview from John D. Rockefeller is far from an uncommon thing.

Mr. Rockefeller's press agent for his philanthropies is the Rev. Francis L. Gates, a Baptist clergyman, who not only announces the public gifts of Mr. Rockefeller and outlines their details for the

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press, but in association with Starr J. Murphy, a lawyer, advises him regarding the disposition of his charities. Only recently Mr. Rockefeller gave to the General Education Board, for distribution among colleges at the discretion of the Board, $32,000,000. A day or two after the announcement of this munificent benefaction Mr. Gates made a statement regarding Mr. Rockefeller's wealth. He denied the extravagant stories of billions and half billions and officially declared that his chief's property would not mount above the insignificant sum of $300,000,000. Of course, after this every one shed a tear for the indigent Rockefeller. Five years ago Mr. Rockefeller would have taken the attitude that the size of his fortune was nobody's business but his own. Let the public guess all it wanted to; let the sensational press speculate and estimate until it was black in the face. The money was his and only his, and how much it was and how he got it was his affair and only his. But now a change has come over the spirit of his dream, and he realises that there are, after all, some things about him which the public has a right to know and know accurately.

The victory of publicity has been working its way quietly and unostentatiously for nearly ten years, but its full force and significance did not impress themselves on newspaper readers until the national campaign of 1904. The Standard Oil Company, which in the public mind is the corporate alter ego of John D. Rockefeller, had since its inception maintained a policy of arrogant seclusion so far as the public's knowledge of its affairs was concerned. One morning during the campaign Americans opened their newspapers at breakfast to find that the "trust of trusts" had voluntarily given out for publication a formal statement in reply to a charge made against it in newspapers and on the stump. Then the people knew that the victory of publicity was almost complete.

In a little over a year afterward it was announced that the Standard Oil Company had employed a press agent in the person of Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke, a newspaper man of large and varied experience, who had held such places as city editor and Sunday editor of the New York *Herald*. Mr. Clarke was established in handsome and hospitable offices at No. 26 Broadway, over the portal of which for many years every newspaper man on a Standard Oil assignment had seen in his mind's eye the legend, "All hope abandon ye who enter here." But now the Standard has a publicity promoter who draws a high salary for handing out news. Judging by the statements from the company which have been printed since he was installed, Mr. Clarke is earning his large emolument.

August Belmont, once a stanch apostle of the policy of secrecy, has for several years had in his employ a well-known and highly trained newspaper man, whose duty it is to steer reporters straight on the affairs of his various traction and other corporate interests. Edward H. Harriman has not yet employed a press agent, but interviews and signed statements from him in the last two or three years have not been rare. On his return from his trip to Japan nearly two years ago reporters were allowed to penetrate the privacy of his country home at Ardin, Orange County, N. Y., and describe the course of his life there.

There used to be a tradition in newspaper offices that it was easier to get money from Russell Sage than to get an interview from the New York Central Railroad. Then a matter of public interest regarding the Central was involved. The proverbial clam was voluble, loquacious and garrulous compared to the officials of the company. But only a few months ago the newspapers were informed that Mr. J. C. Hammond, an experienced newspaper man, had been installed as publicity promoter of the New York Central—the railroad, by the way, whose second president and the son of its founder will go down into history as the author of "the public be damned." Not only, it was announced, would Mr. Hammond be in his office all day ready to disburse news about the Central, but he would be home all evening for the same beneficent purpose, and the New York Central certainly "made good" on its promises of publicity at the first opportunity which offered a real test. That was the horrible Woodlawn wreck of

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February 16th. As soon as the officials heard of the disaster they installed Mr. Hammond in a special office in the Grand Central station and invited every newspaper to send reporters to him. Temporary telephone and telegraph wires were strung from the scene into Mr. Hammond's room, and as fast as the details came in they were handed out to the newspaper men. Only those who had experience in handling that wreck and making a presentable story for an early first edition can realise what a boon that was to the newspapers. For days afterward Mr. Hammond worked day and night to aid the reporters in getting at the details they were seeking. Five years ago the Central officials might not have denied that there had been a wreck, but they certainly would have placed every possible obstacle in the way of getting the news of it.

One very striking evidence of the victory of publicity lies in the mushroom growth of the "publicity bureaus." These are private organisations formed for personal pecuniary profit. They take contracts from corporations, from societies of all kinds and from individuals of every degree to act as intermediaries between them and the press. Their object is to meet reporters who seek information regarding the affairs of their clients, to send authoritative statements to the newspapers when those clients seek to communicate for their own purposes with the public. Five years ago there were two of these, whereas to-day one could not count them on the fingers of both hands. Moreover, they are all doing well and making money.

Less than a decade ago a reporter approached an eminent reformer, now dead, and asked respectfully for information regarding a reform movement which was led by the gentleman mentioned. He testily replied that "you fellows" (meaning reporters) deterred men from entering crusades for public betterment by their importunities. To-day a movement with which this reformer would undoubtedly be prominently identified has a contract with a publicity bureau which offers an output so sensational in many respects that editors with a wholesome respect for the law of libel cannot safely pass the matter it sends in. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has a contract with one of these concerns to furnish information to the press about its terminal work in New York City.

When the railroads were fighting the rate bill, the first move in their campaign was to make a contract at a very high rate with a publicity bureau, and the amount of matter which the companies demanded of it was so great that it was necessary to establish a special branch to do nothing else but produce "literature" attacking the measure.

Indeed, it has become the fashion now to seek rather than to shun publicity. The old, stereotyped, contemptuous "nothing to say" is hardly good form any more.

E. H. Harriman, not many years ago one of the chief apostles of silence, now says when reporters approach him, "Well, boys, I am not ready to speak yet, but I may have a statement later in the day." And generally "later in the day" brings forth a deliverance of some sort, which is always pertinent to the subject on which he has been interrogated.

Thomas F. Ryan, the Atlas of the traction world, long known for his aversion to public utterance, has within the last few weeks spoken with great frankness through the newspapers on railroad conditions.

The purpose of this article has been rather to call attention to a change of feeling, and to illustrate that change with examples, than to moralise on the causes of it. However, the question will naturally arise in the mind of the reader, "What has brought about this change?" Some people would say that it was due to the "pounding" which the rich men and big corporations have been getting in the last few years. That in a degree is true. However, it seems that the real cause lies in a refinement of this idea. Since the public has begun to take an interest in the corporations and the captains of industry, as manifested in the so-called "pounding," they have begun to take an interest in the public. They are realising that the people have a right to know something about them and their affairs, and that they cannot go on "living unto themselves." The conviction has been forced upon them that they owe their

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vast accumulations in a greater or less degree to the public, and that this fact justly makes them objects of popular interest. In view of all this they have come to the belief that it is to their advantage to cultivate public favour, and they know the only way to do this is to communicate now and then with the public. Of course the only means to that end is the press.

*Charles W. Meade.*

# FROM THE DIARY OF A JAPANESE NAVAL OFFICER

ESIRING to see something of this New York other than what our hosts of the American fleet thought of sufficient interest to show us, I made an opportunity one night to dispense with the company of my official escort, and, availing myself only of certain counsels and admonitions proffered by a friendly attaché of his Sacred Majesty's consulate in this city, took my way up the street of many tea-rooms and playhouses, which is as brilliant as the deck of the *Asahi* under the searchlight, and is called Broadway. Into one of the playhouses I entered. From the first I found myself plunged into a very heaven of pleasant sounds and lights and odours. But the beauty and the active grace which I saw there exhibited on the stage surpassed anything I had ever conceived, and to my mind was immeasurably superior to the mincing step and toy-like prettiness which we are so accustomed to admire at home. It seemed hardly a quarter of an hour before the curtain fell and the lights turned from dim to bright and the people about me were flocking from their seats.

Drifting with the crowd, still under the soft influence of such lovely physical enchantment, I entered the sumptuously furnished hall of a very lofty tea-house, where, if possible, my vibrant senses were stirred to still greater delight. The glow, the laughter, the quiver of beauty, the entire splendid abandon to the pleasures of the blood—who shall describe them? Dazed and searching for a quiet nook where I might rest and try to understand what I saw, I could only pick my way among groups of gracious women clustered around the snowy circles of tables flashing with silver and crystal, like willows bending their gentle heads over the moon-kissed surface of one of our mountain pools. At a table in a half corner behind a pillar I stopped in response to a silent invitation extended by its occupants, two gentlemen whose air of weary lack-interest verging almost on melancholy was in startling contrast with the joyous spirit that pervaded the great hall. I thanked them and sat down.

It did not take my companions long to find out who I was; nor, for that matter, had I the slightest reason for concealing my identity. They were men of culture and breeding, and when they asked me, after the invariable custom of the Americans, what were my impressions of their country and of its great commercial capital, I had no hesitation about speaking frankly and also at some length, considering how limited is my command over the English language. I ended by mentioning my visit to the playhouse.

"Pretty punk show, don't you think?" asked the sadder-looking man of the two, making use of a term which was unfamiliar to me, but the meaning of which I could hardly misinterpret.

"It is indeed a most beautiful play," I replied, happy to find some one who shared my still powerful emotion. I thought, nevertheless, that I could discern a gleam of amusement in my interrogator's eye; his neighbour's lips undoubt-

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edly twitched. Had I sinned in some way against the custom of the country? I wondered; and I hastened to apologise.

"I hope I have done nothing to injure the gentleman's feelings," I said.

He replied, smiling, "Not at all. You see I have no feelings."

Puzzled at this somewhat extraordinary statement, and beginning to grow resentful at what I thought was an attempt to make game of me, I could only say coldly, "I do not understand you."

The other interposed. "You see, my friend is quite right in saying he has no feelings, because he is not really a person. He is only an abstraction."

This was worse and worse. "How," I said, "an abstraction? Surely there are no such realities; at least not since the times you Westerners call mediæval. Do abstractions go about and dine substantially in public places? Now I, for instance—I am a person. I come from Chosui. I am lieutenant on his Majesty's cruiser *Hirotomi,* and my name is Kogoro Irawati."

"Nevertheless, my friend here is an abstraction," persisted the other. The individual so described nodded his acquiescence, but seemed too weary or too little interested to speak for himself. "His name is The Tired Business Man who is too much Exhausted by the Strain of the Day's Work to Appreciate any other Form of the Drama than a Musical Show. You read about him all the time, though how often you meet him is quite another question. He not only gives the tone to our theatres; he makes and unmakes the fortunes of our stage. His occupation between the hours of eight or nine A.M. and five or six P.M. is chiefly concerned with the manipulation of tooth and claw. Every morning he steps off the elevated train into an arena. He may be a Bull or a Bear and support himself and his children by charging with head down like a maniac football player a hundred other like maniacs wedged together in a narrow pit. Or he may be a Captain of Industry, busy all day in warding off Individual Competition with his right hand and with his left walking delegates and politicians. Sometimes he is Independent and wrestles with Giant Combine. Sometimes he is Small Producer struggling against Discrimination. But always, you understand, he fights all day. For which reason when he goes to the theatre of nights in search of recreation there must be no suggestion on the stage of struggle, of defeat, of pain, of want, of aspiration, of disappointment, or anything else involving reality of feeling or thought.

"Therefore my friend here"—and the speaker raised his high-stemmed glass to him across the table—"has simplified the task of the American dramatist by laying down rigid prescriptions, to which clinging the playwright cannot sin. There must be a red-nosed millionaire from Cincinnati with an enormous bladder-inflated belly; his beautiful daughter, who, accompanied by six of her dearest friends, all carrying blue parasols, represent American womanhood abroad by doing a semi-indecent dance on Trafalgar Square, on the Place de la Concorde, in the ruins of the Coliseum, on the Plaza de Toros and Unter den Linden; a naval officer in white duck who invariably sings tenor——"

"There was one in the play to-night," I interrupted with due apologies. "He struck me, I must confess, as affording evidence of the very slightest acquaintance with the science of navigation or the art of gunnery. His conduct in public I thought also indicative of an extremely lax system of discipline in your navy. In fact, he reminded me very much of the Russian officers at Port Arthur."

"Exactly. Further, our dramatic canons call for an Irish waiter named Hassan Ali Bey, who must trip over every newcomer's feet and plunge forward in a terrifying manner until, resting upon his comical blue nose as a fulcrum, he describes a full semicircle through the air and rises nonchalantly to his feet to run off with his tray; a more or less complete comic zoological collection, whereof each beast has for its front and hind legs two actors, said front and hind limbs frequently engaging in a kicking affray between themselves; a ballad of the moonlight, which falls on the crystal brooks of old Nevada; and girls—lots of them, piles of them, shoals of them—girls."

"And this honourable gentleman, you

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say, has created the form of play you have described?"

"Yes. Of course we all go to see it—plain citizens, physicians, philosophers, grocers, butchers, lovers, idealists, higher critics; but the sole responsibility rests on the shoulders of the Tired Business Man. He has the whip hand over us. He makes us like what he likes. At least so the managers and the critics say."

"Does the gentleman himself enjoy it?" I asked.

I was gratified to see a rising flush of animation in our silent companion's face, as if I had touched on the one topic that in a world of don't-much-care was still vital.

"Do I enjoy it? I suppose I do. At least the managers and the critics tell me so. And nights when you don't play poker or bridge you have got to go somewhere.

"But now and then"—there was positively a wistful look in his clear, intelligent eye—"I wonder whether I am being treated quite fairly, whether I am being given a chance. After all, I am no apebrowed fool. I have had a college education. I can hold my own in an argument on a subject I am interested in; I have been abroad a bit and remember something of what I saw. And I feel sometimes that I could appreciate a thing that was not all Punch and Judy and girls. It isn't fair—no, it isn't fair, when you come to think of it. After I have toiled all day earning the living of a good number of people besides myself and doing the work of the world, after a fashion, to be patted on the head and called a good little boy and given a nice toy to play with and told not to bother about serious things, that may be enjoyed only by high-brows—who don't do anything all day."

There was almost a break in his voice and his erstwhile mocking neighbour stretched out a sympathetic hand and laid it on the speaker's arm.

"It's so senseless when you come to think of it. Just because I am steeped in the realities of life all day, am I not entitled to see the same reality at night on the stage from a safe and disinterested viewpoint? And if it's a question of recreation, of relief from worry, isn't it pretty well agreed that the sight of our own troubles borne by other people, even if it be on the stage, is the greatest relief? And Aristotle, that I remember something dimly about? And the katharsis? But, pshaw, what's the use? I beg your pardon. I am a bore when I get on the subject." He rose abruptly, bowed, and was lost in the sea of merrymakers.

"Your friend, after all, does seem to possess certain elements of personality," I said. "Can there be such a thing as a pure abstraction?"

"Oh, yes; and I maintain that he is one. When he speaks like that he isn't really himself. Mind, I don't mean to say that he is the only abstraction we have among us. I am one, for instance, and I could point out others to you in this very room."

I feel no shame in confessing to something of a creepy feeling. "You, too"—and he so seemingly real—"and others?"

"Oh, many others. I, to be specific, am the Innocent Third Party who Suffers in the Conflicts between Capital and Labour; you have probably heard of me, and if time allowed I could tell you much about myself. Then there are—there, now, do you see that couple just rising from the table beyond the third pillar? They, too, are an abstraction."

I looked and saw a brilliantly handsome young fellow who was sedulously draping a costly cloak over the dazzling white shoulders of his smiling companion. They abstractions? Surely, if ever the beat of life—"Who are they?" I asked.

"They are the Widow and the Orphan whose Sustenance We Snatch Away when We Attack Inflated Capital."

But as the two passed me I could not help exclaiming, "Ah, your wonderful women! The mother of a grown-up splendid son and still so beautiful and young!"

He looked at me with twitching lips. "Did you understand me to say that they were relicts of the same decedent?"

And with that he left me.

*S. Strunsky.*

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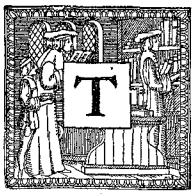
# THE BOOK IN THE MAKING—IV

*A review of some recent and notable examples of bookmaking*



HE Riverside Press has again distinguished itself in what might easily be called one of its most satisfactory limited editions. This is *The Familiar Letters of James Howell,* in four volumes.*

Rarely have we seen an edition of letters issued in such an attractive and appropriate form. The volumes are entirely without embellishment or decorative features, and make their appeal through the beauty of the typography and paper, the excellent proportions of the type page to the margins, and the simple but appropriate format throughout. They are slim volumes of a convenient octavo size. The boards are covered with a dark green Italian paper, the back of dark brown linen cloth, with a brown paper label, giving at once an old-style and harmonious effect.

As to the letters themselves, they possess all the charm and gossipy interest of their time that the "letters of Horace Walpole" contained a century later. The beauty of diction which was Howell's and his figures of speech impress the reader continually. That master of English, Thackeray, has said: "Montaigne's and Howell's letters are my bedside books. If I wake at night I have one or the other of them to prattle me to sleep again. They talk to me forever about themselves and do not weary me. I like to have them tell their old stories over and over again."

There is a delightful Introduction to the present edition by Miss Agnes Repplier, in which she says: "Perhaps a sweet reasonableness of character is a quality which above all others holds our hearts in keeping, and so the *Familiar Letters* are sure of their remote corner on the book-shelves; and the gods—not always unresponsive—have given to James Howell his coveted boon of being from generation to generation his reader's friend."

Assuming that it is never too late to call attention to a volume that possesses particular excellence in typography and format, it is a pleasure to consider a reprint of *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy,** published a few years back by Houghton, Mifflin and Company. This volume was published before the reviews of this nature were begun in THE BOOKMAN, and it is an evidence of the wearing quality of the volume that it appeals as strongly to the student of typography to-day as it did at the time it was published. The format of the book is simple but chaste and dignified. The type page is beautiful, and the type itself is excellent. The margins of the page are liberal and well proportioned. The title-page is nicely composed, and the quaint wood-cut vignette which embellishes it is perfectly in keeping. Finally, the binding of mottled antique paper boards with a happy contrast of the black buckram back and the brown leather label completes a consistent and worthy dress for a classic that is worthy of such a dress.

* * *

A second set of two volumes in the Literature of Libraries Series has recently been sent out by the publishers, and these volumes sustain the real and peculiar literary value of the first set, which was published some months ago. The titles of the present books are *The Life of Sir Thomas Bodley,*† written by himself, and *Parochial Libraries in Scotland.*† The format is exactly uniform with the preceding volumes, and the type matter is all that could be desired for readability and simplicity in composition. The library—whether public or private—which possesses this series will not only

*The Familiar Letters of James Howell. By the Riverside Press. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1907.

*A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy. By Mr. Yorick. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1905.

†The Life of Sir Thomas Bodley. Parochial Libraries in Scotland. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. 1907.

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value the volumes as literary gems of their kind, but also as representative examples of thorough and beautiful bookmaking of the period in which they were written.

The two final volumes in this series are received just as this issue goes to press. The contents of the last volumes easily sustain the high standard of the previous books in the series and indeed are of even greater interest to the layman as well as the librarian. Volume Five includes *A Brief Outline of the History of Libraries,** by Justus Lipsius, translated by John Cotton Dana.

In his Introductory Note one of the editors points out that "to Lipsius bibliophiles owe their thanks because he published the first history of libraries in the modern sense of the word—a history which is as fresh and useful to-day as it was when it was written." This is truly said, for the reader is immediately absorbed with the story of these libraries of ancient times, of which that of the Alexandrian library is at once the most wonderful and tragedic.

Volume Six covers two tracts written by Gabriel Naudé, one being *A Description of the Library of Cardinal Mazarin,*† a reprint from the London edition of 1652. The second tract is the account by Naudé of the surrender of the Mazarin library, which represents the first publication of an English translation. Naudé is too well known to readers of early literature to need an introduction here, and it is enough to say that the two papers which make up the present volume are as characteristic as they are interesting.

The publishers are to be congratulated on a series excellently conceived and presented in a charming format. At the same time it is to be regretted that such attractive and informing material should be confined to an edition of 275 copies and at an almost prohibitive price. It is to be hoped that the publishers will realise the real necessity of bringing out a new edition in a form and at a price that will bring it within the reach of all librarians.

A new series of reprints has been inaugurated by the Merrymount Press, of Boston, and the first volume has been received for review. The series has the title of The Humanists' Library, and the purpose of its production, as stated by the publisher, is to print "in a form near akin to the great traditions of the printer's art in its earliest days a series of books each one of which shall be characteristic of some aspect of the culture which flourished in Western Europe during the period of the Renaissance. The editorship of the series is in the able hands of Lewis Einstein, the well-known author of *The Italian Renaissance in England.* The initial volume, *Thoughts on Art and Life,** by Leonardo da Vinci, contains a most enlightening and scholarly introduction by the editor, which amply testifies to the wisdom of the selection of Mr. Einstein for this work.

It must be said that the format of the volume is hardly satisfactory. It seems to lack the taste and simplicity of style which is usually to be found in the volumes produced under the supervision of Mr. Updike. The title-page decoration and initials are disappointing, the title-page being particularly unfortunate. One cannot help wish that the decoration which was used on the first page of the announcement had been used on the title-page of the book. This would have been thoroughly appropriate.

There are other criticisms of the type and format as well as the scheme of rubrication which might be made, but we would prefer to dwell on the attractiveness of the paper, and pleasant proportions of the book and the simple and satisfactory binding, which has a linen back, and dark green Italian paper on the boards, with a leather label. In size the book is a tall quarto.

*Laurence Burnham.*

*A Brief Outline of the History of Libraries. By Justus Lipsius. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. 1907.

†News from France; or, A Description of the Library of Cardinal Mazarin (London, 1652), and The Surrender of the Library of Cardinal Mazarin. By Gabriel Naudé. A. C. McClurg and Company. 1907.

*Thoughts on Art and Life. Under the editorship of Lewis Einstein. Boston: The Merrymount Press. 1907. $6.00.

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Each volume will have a distinct decorative scheme appropriate to the subject. The publication of these subsequent volumes will be looked forward to with interest.

A very satisfactory trade edition, printed and set at this same press, is a little volume entitled *Love Letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn.** The format of the book expresses the period in a most satisfactory way, with its woodcut headbands and initials, and titles and running head in Old-English black letter, and folios in black lettered numerals at the foot of each page. The binding has been consistently carried out in leatherette, with the title stamped blind.

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# THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH PROSODY, FROM THE TWELFTH CENTURY TO THE PRESENT DAY. By George Saintsbury. Vol. I. From the Origens to Spenser. New York: The Macmillan Co., $2.50.

No critic can take up one of Prof. Saintsbury's books without a renewed protest against the impertinent slovenliness of his style. In the present case it might seem that he had deliberately imitated the flippancies of Gabriel Harvey and Thomas Nash in their ancient prosodical controversy. It would be hard to name a worse model of English. And this is the more regrettable because in other respects Prof. Saintsbury is at his best in this *History of English Prosody*. The subject is peculiarly fitted to him. Here he has to deal with questions of pure literary form, where no one can censure him for shying at problems of human life and philosophy.

The period treated begins with Middle English, when the language, largely under the influence of the Norman invasion, was gradually changing from a pure Teutonic dialect to the composite speech of to-day. It includes the moment when Chaucer stays the flux and establishes a balance between the Anglo-Saxon and French elements; travels over the dreary fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries when Middle English forms were breaking down, and concludes with Spenser who heralds the new poetry. The great point of discussion is thus the transition from the alliterative rhythm (if rhythm it may be called) of Anglo-Saxon to the metrical forms of modern English. There is probably no field of scholarship, unless it be the Homeric, which has brought out so crude a crop of pedantries as this. For the most part it has been cultivated by Anglo-Saxon specialists who, to judge from their works, are without the ordinary sense of rhythm, and who would appear to be aiming not so much at an explanation of the actual phenomena of sound as at a magnification of their own *Fach*. On the other hand the controversy has been further obscured by the few classical scholars who have tried to wrest the glory of the metrical changes to themselves. Into this embroglio Prof. Saintsbury has stepped manfully, and has wielded the sword of common sense with uncommon vigour. His work fairly challenges attack from Anglo-Saxon critics such as Prof. Skeat, who will doubtless point out an error of detail here and there and a few omissions of moderate importance. It could be wished, for example, that Prof. Saintsbury had admitted the difference of the vowel sounds in Chaucer's time from their pronunciation to-day; and, to mention an omission, in his bewilderment over the recrudescence of alliterative verse in Langland he should have made some reference to the supposed continuance of the old Anglo-Saxon verse rhythm in prose. But in general he is more accurate and complete than is his wont, and he has traced in a really masterly manner the meeting of Anglo-Saxon and French rhythms and the gradual emergence of a metrical form, essentially French, but retaining some influence of the old Anglo-Saxon "patter" in the ineradicable use of "equivalence." Occasionally the work suffers from looseness of construction and lack of schematisation. The weakest section is that which deals with the stumbling doggerel of the early drama, where the reader not already familiar with the subject is likely to come away with a notion almost as confused as the rhythm itself.

But the only really serious fault in the book is one inherent in the writer's intellectual make-up. With his universal dislike and fear of any discussion which may carry him into the philosophy of a question, he deliberately avoids taking open sides in the fundamental dispute between the upholders of accent and quantity. As a matter of fact the whole argument of his work implicitly rests on the rational theory which makes of metre a succession of equal time divisions, marked off by a recurring accent. It is never quite clear whether he refrains from avowing this theory explicitly, because he is still muddled in his own mind, or because, somewhat contrary to his custom, he would avoid contention with the pure accentualists.

*Paul E. More.*

*Love Letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn. Boston and London: John W. Luce and Company. 1907.

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# THE BOOK MART

## READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

*American Authors' Agency:*

The Strife of Life. By Gotthold A. Neef.

A book of modern verse illustrated.

*American Book Company:*

A Brief History of the United States. By J. B. McMaster.

A history in narrative form presenting an account of the chief events of our country. It contains a summary at the end of each chapter and has numerous footnotes.

A New Series of Natural Geographies. By Jacques W. Ridway and Russell Henman.

Introductory Geography.

School Geography.

In the introductory geography a great deal of attention is paid to composition work, map drawing, and sand modelling in accordance with a child's intelligence and it is intended to pave the way for the Natural School Geography which carries the pupil through more advanced studies.

Laboratory Exercises in General Zoology. By Glenn W. Herrick.

Educational. Making provision for the student to acquire at first hand a knowledge of a characteristic member of each animal group. Directions for field work are given and there are alternative leaves throughout the book left for notes to be filled in by the pupil.

School and Festival Songs. By John B. Sturley.

Songs suitable for school use on such subjects as are of interest to children.

Written and Oral Composition. By Sampson and Holland.

Educational. Lessons which, it is said, have been put to a practical test in the classroom, and are intended to teach the pupil to think in terms of good composition.

Hamilton's Primary Arithmetic. By L. H. Hamilton.

Hamilton's Intermediate Arithmetic. By L. H. Hamilton.

Hamilton's School Arithmetic. By L. H. Hamilton.

Educational. The dual aim of this three book series is to give the pupil firstly, mathematical skill, and then mathematical power.

Homer Iliad. First Three Books and Selections. Edited by J. R. S. Sterrett.

Educational. Complete edition containing a chapter on the dialect of Homer. Illustrated with pictures from ancient monuments.

Plato Apology and Crito. Edited by Isaac Flagg.

Educational. An edition presenting the text with explanatory notes, an introduction, and an index.

Text-Book in General Zoology. By Glenn W. Herrick.

Education. Suitable for use in secondary schools. Discussion of each different branch of the animal kingdom is introduced here.

Carpenter's Industrial Reader, Foods. By Frank G. Carpenter.

Educational. The first book in a series of supplementary readers. The aim of this volume is to give the young student thorough information regarding the production and preparation of foods.

Half Hours with Mammals. By Charles Frederick Holder.

Educational. One of the Eclectic Reading Series.

*D. Appleton and Company:*

The New Harmony Movement. By George R. Lockwood.

A study of the communistic and economical movement of this country. Space is given to the movement in Harmony, Indiana, and there is included a sketch of George Rapp's efforts to found socialistic institutions in Pennsylvania.

*Blakiston:*

Foods and their Adulteration. By Harvey W. Wiley.

An extensive dissertation on the origin, manufacture, and composition of food products, a description of common adulterations, food standards, and national food laws and regulations.

*A. S. Barnes and Company:*

The Old Home House. By Joseph C. Lincoln.

A series of eleven short stories concerning the fortunes of "Aunt Sophrony's wind plantation," which is turned into an imposing summer hotel. Among the most interesting of these stories is said to be "Jonesy."

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The Spirit of Nature Study. By E. F. Bigelow.

Reviewed in the August number.

*Badger:*

In the Path of the Persian. By Stephen Magister.

Bird Echoes. By Alice Crocker Waite.

Songs after Noon. By Alvin B. Bishop.

Songs of the Steel Age. By William Hurd Hillyer.

Divine Adventures. By John Niendorff.

Golden Winged Days. By Anne Butler Thomas.

Dramas of Camp and Cloister. By Archie E. Bartlett.

Satires. By Edwin Sauter.

Nannie. By Louis M. Elshmus.

Youth. By J. H. Wallis.

*Bobbs-Merrill:*

Satan Sanderson. By Hallie Erminie Rives.

Two young men of astonishing similarity of feature and dissimilarity of character are pictured in these pages. Hugh Stires is the profligate son of a fond but censuring father, and "Satan Sanderson," otherwise the Reverend Harry Sanderson, the one-time friend of Hugh but now a reformed character. They both love the same girl, who is blind, and though Hugh wins her, on their wedding day it is discovered that he is a defaulter and his father forbids him ever seeing her again. Hugh Stires is in bitter need of money, and the Reverend Harry Sanderson for the love he bears the blind girl gambles with him at the very altar of the church. The stakes are one gold piece of Sanderson's against one good day to be lived by Stires. They are discovered by no one less than the Bishop himself, who, of course, does not understand the situation and sees nothing but the damning evidence before him of cards, dice, and money. From there on the story winds around devious paths until it finally ends in a happy dénouement.

What I Have Done With Birds. By G. S. Porter.

Reviewed elsewhere in the August number.

*Brentano's:*

A Dull Girl's Diary. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.

A young professor, the wife of a prominent publisher, a brilliant woman with a velvety voice, and another who is dubbed a "Dull Girl" on account of her misunderstood reserve—this is a list of the most prominent characters. All the women are interested in the young professor, but the only one who lives up to his fastidious ideal is the "Dull Girl," who, by the way, is an unknown but brilliant novelist.

*Colvin Publishing Company:*

The Truth Concerning Stratford-upon-Avon and Shakespeare and other Essays. By Edwin Reed.

Containing "Pallas Athene," "Bacon and Shakespeare on Love" and "The True Story Upon Stratford Avon."

*Robert Grier Cooke:*

Universal Neurasthenia. By Margaret Doane Gardiner.

A farce with the *dramatis personæ* taken from *The House of Mirth, Elizabeth in Her German Garden,* and also from the books of Richard Harding Davis and Bernard Shaw.

*Dana Estes:*

The Three Comrades. By Gustav Frenssen.

Dealing with the very dissimilar characters of three boys who meet in their youth and are drawn into a warm friendship. When they reach manhood they separate and do not encounter each other again until misfortune brings them together.

*De la Mare Printing and Publishing Co.:*

The Book of Water Gardening. By Peter Bissett.

The author states that this volume contains the results of fifteen years' intimate association and study of water lillies and other aquatic plants. He goes into details regarding the water garden, from the amateur experimenting with a few plants in tubs, to the elaborate garden contained on a large estate.

*G. W. Dillingham and Company:*

Ikey's Letters to His Father. By George V. Herbert.

The letters of a young man sent out on the road as a travelling salesman by his father. His ideas of business are rather vague, and instead of sending in orders, he contracts large personal debts and charges them to the house he represents. He is a very susceptible youth, and falls victim to the charms of every girl he meets. Apparently, slang is the only language Ikey either speaks or understands, for he uses it throughout the book.

The Rock of Chickamauga. By General Charles King.

This story is built around the Civil War with the battle of Chickamauga as the centre of interest and General

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George H. Thomas as the ideal soldier figure.

Devota. By Augusta Evans Wilson.

Devota Lindsay is a beautiful woman who remains a mystery to her friends. She comes unexpectedly to a house party for the purpose of seeing the governor of the state and asking him to pardon a friend of hers who is condemned to death. As the story develops it becomes apparent that Devota and the governor were once on very intimate terms. On their meeting each preserves the most icy indifference, but when he refuses her request they break into mutual recrimination. Before the end matters are arranged satisfactorily and Devota is no longer a mystery.

When the Red Volleys Poured. By Charles W. Dahlinger.

A story laid in the thrilling times of our great international strife. The battles of Gettysburg and Fredericksburg are introduced, and the incident of Jenny Lind's stoning by the mob at Pittsburg, on the occasion of her only concert there, will be of interest to Pittsburgers. President Lincoln and some of his humorous sayings are brought in, and here and there the author expresses his views of certain historical facts.

*R. F. Fenno:*

Sinless. By Maud H. Yardley.

Two husbands are returning from a ten years' sojourn in India, during which time they have not seen their wives. One named Forbes is an intensely disagreeable and selfish person and the other is Boyd, his opposite in every respect. They arrive at the same station, where Boyd, expecting his wife to meet him, lingers, and Forbes goes on to his hotel. Boyd, perceiving a woman over near the news-stand, the appointed rendezvous with his wife, approaches and calls her by name and she responds with his own. They discover subsequently new and likable traits in each other and fall desperately in love. The blow falls when they discover to their dismay that she is not Boyd's wife but Forbes's. The mistake that they have made is due to the fact that by some unlucky chance she much resembles a photograph Boyd has of his wife taken in her younger days and that she also possesses the same name, while his Christian name is similar to her husband's. The tangle thus created is unravelled as the story goes on to its end.

*Funk and Wagnalls Company:*

Pathways to the Best. By Charles L. Goodell.

Sermons. The contents are divided into three main headings: "The Things of Faith," "The Guidance of Life," and "The Universal Prayer."

Victor Hugo's Intellectual Autobiography. By Lorenzo O'Rourke.

It is said that this biography is the first and only English translation of "Postscriptum de ma Vie," which was left by Victor Hugo for posthumous publication. There is an appreciative preface of some sixty pages by the translator.

The Sinner and his Friends. By Louis Albert Banks.

A volume of evangelical sermons containing "The Christ Seen in Your Life," "The Bewitched Soul," "The Secret of the Spiritual Life," and "The Sinner's Hope."

*The Grafton Historical Press Company:*

In Olde Massachusetts. By Charles Burr Todd.

One of the Grafton Historical Series. Being "sketches of old times and places during the early days of the Commonwealth."

Evolution and Religion. By William Trumball, LL.B. $1.25.

Given here are an exposition of the great religious truths of the world, through the talks of an evolutionist with his children. Though the author is a lawyer, he states that he writes not from a professional standpoint, but from that of a layman.

*Harper Brother's:*

Adventures of Uncle Sam's Sailors. By Commander R. E. Peary, U. S. N., Mollie Elliott Sewall, Kirk Monroe, and others.

Stories containing both fact and fiction, which does not violate essential historical truths.

A Stumbling Block. By Justus Miles Forman.

Davie Rivers is the hero and his wife is the "Stumbling Block," who is always making embarrassing disclosures at inopportune moments. Davie is very much in love with a young girl in the little village where he was brought up, and his relations with these two women form the plot.

The Talking Woman. By May Isabel Fisk.

A series of monologues, being the conversations of several varieties of speechifying females of the garrulous kind, each typifying her own particular kind of feminine failing.

Nature's Craftsmen. By Henry C. McCook.

Reviewed in the August number.

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*Henry Holt and Company:*

Lessons in French Syntax and Composition. By W. V. Vreeland and William Koren.

Educational. Giving the important rules of French syntax as briefly and intelligently as possible. Translations from English and French are introduced in order to train the student in their application. There is an extensive vocabulary in the back, in order to avoid giving the reader the trouble of looking up cross references.

El Sombrero de Tres Picos. Por D. Pedro A. de Elarcon. Edited by Benjamin P. Bourland.

Educational. For the use of students who have already acquired a knowledge of Spanish grammar and elementary reading.

Ursule Mirouet. By Honore de Balzac. Edited with notes and introduction by F. H. Osgood.

Educational. The text is in some places abridged, but it has been the effort and intent of the editor not to omit anything which would in any way detract from the story.

Physiography. By Rollin D. Salisbury.

One of the American Science Series. To be used in the early college or normal school grade by students who are advanced enough for work beyond the physical geography taught in the secondary schools.

Ancient Society. By Lewis H. Morgan.

Tracing the growth and development of mankind from the centuries which preceded the geological age and studying the growth of intelligence through inventions and discoveries.

*B. F. Johnson Publishing Company:*

Poets of Virginia. By F. V. N. Painter.

The author intends this to be a comprehensive study of the poets of Virginia. Any writer who has published a book of verse and is a native of Virginia is included.

*Charles H. Kerr Company:*

Crime and Criminals. By Clarence S. Darrow.

Consisting of an address which was delivered to the prisoners of the Chicago County jail.

*Laird and Lee Company:*

Glimpses of the Jamestown Exposition and Picturesque Virginia.

A souvenir of the Exposition containing two hundred and sixteen views, thirty-two of these being in colour.

The Guide to Historic Virginia and the Jamestown Exposition.

A work of reference describing the many points of interest to be found in and around Jamestown. In addition to this there is a complete description of the Jamestown Centennial.

*J. B. Lippincott and Company:*

Running Horse Inn. By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard.

Running Horse Inn is the dwelling place of two brothers, George and John Kennett. At the beginning of the story the latter has just been married to the former sweetheart of his brother. George had been erroneously reported killed in battle and returns home at the same time as the newly wedded pair. George apparently submits to what fate has ordained, but secretly plots to seduce his sister-in-law. Tragedy follows, for his attempt failing, he flees and becomes connected with the Spa Field riots of 1816, which ended so disastrously.

*Little, Brown and Company:*

By Right Divine. By William Sage.

Based on the political situation of the present day. A senator who has always controlled his State by rather crooked methods, and who has come to believe that he rules "By Right Divine," finds a strong opponent in the young governor, an honest and forceful politician. The situation becomes somewhat complex, however, when a love affair springs up between the senator's daughter, the idol of his heart, and the governor. Ruth, the daughter, gradually becomes aware of her father's true nature and at the same time grows to recognise the upright and noble character of the man who so sincerely loves her.

*The Macmillan Company:*

Socialism before the French Revolution. By William B. Guthrie.

A history of social theory, which is intended to fill up the gap, of which there is left no satisfactory account, from the close of the Middle Ages to the end of the eighteenth century.

The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist. By George Pierce Baker.

From the first chapter, which speaks of Shakespeare's inheritance of dramatic technique, he is followed through the different stages of his career.

True and False Democracy. By N. M. Butler.

A number of papers interpreting the real meaning of true democracy.

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*The Neale Publishing Company:*

Pausanias. A Dramatic Poem. By Charles William Kennedy, Ph.D., and James Southall Wilson, Ph.D.

Pausanias, the idol of his own soldiers, is hated by the Athenian generals. In his own mind there is a continual struggle between the good and evil forces of his nature, his thirst for power and his love for the beautiful Byzantine, Cleonice, and his duty towards his wife and his country.

The Story of Bacon's Rebellion. By Mary Newton Stanard.

At Jamestown one hundred years before the war of the Revolution, there was enacted the first determined struggle of the embryo American citizen for his rights. Their leader was Nathaniel Bacon, who fused his own cause with that of the people's and led them against their persecutors.

*The Outing Publishing Company:*

Bar 20. By Clarence E. Mulford.

These stories are full of the spirit of the plains, physical courage, recklessness, and a rough sort of humour being predominant qualities. The most prominent characters are Hopalong Cassidy, Red Connors, and Buck Peters, but they differ from the typical bad man of the West in that they possess many really admirable virtues along with their rough speech.

The Shame of the Colleges. By Wallace Irwin.

A satirical skit which includes flings at Harvard, Princeton, The University of Chicago, Yale, West Point, and is not even gallant enough to omit Vassar from its category of sarcasm.

*L. C. Page and Company:*

Tenants of the Trees. By Clarence Hawkes.

Reviewed in the August number.

*The Pilgrim Press:*

A Study of the Life of Jesus. His Words and Works. By George B. Stewart.

Containing in a number of lessons the study in detail of the life, words, and works of Jesus Christ.

The Significance of the Personality of Christ. For the Minister of To-Day. By Rev. Ernest G. Guthrie, Rev. William B. Thorp, and Rev. Percy H. Epler.

These three addresses, delivered at one of the commencements of the Yale Divinity School, are intended to convey the tendency of thought among the younger ministers of the country.

*G. P. Putnam's Sons:*

The Life of Goethe. By Albert Bielschowsky.

It is said that a new light is thrown on the great dramatist's life in this biography, which touches on his romances, his treatment of his mother, and the great friendship which existed between himself and Schiller.

A History of Slavery in Cuba. By H. H. S. Aimes.

Not only a review of the Spanish policy governing the slave trade is given here, but the political, social, and economic conditions in relation to it are treated also. The aim is to show the exact nature of the slave trade in Cuba, and its effects on Spain, Cuba, and the civilised world in general.

*Revell Company:*

The Wooing of Tokola. By Franklin Welles Calkins.

Tokola is a daughter of the Dakotas, and her various love affairs bring herself and her tribe into many dangerous adventures with other Indian nations. Studies of Indian life, nature, and customs are included.

*Charles Scribner's Sons:*

Hedda Gabler. The Master Builder. By Henrik Ibsen. With an introduction by William Archer.

The tenth volume of the collected works of Henrik Ibsen.

The British City. By Frederic C. Home.

Containing chapters on "The Cities and the Tramways," "London a Municipal Democracy," and "The City of To-morrow."

Switzerland and the Adjacent Portions of Italy, Savoy, and Tyrol. By Karl Baedeker.

In the preface it is stated that the object of this handbook is to give the tourist information about all necessary places and how to reach them. It contains sixty-nine maps, eighteen plans, and eleven panoramas.

Recent Hunting Trips in North America. By F. G. Selous.

The life of a Nomadic hunter spent wandering through wild countries in search of African game.

English Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases. By W. Carew Hazlett.

A revision and a reprint of an earlier book on the same subject.

Israel's Laws and Legal Precedents. By C. F. Kent.

The laws which have governed Israel from the days of Moses to the closing of the legal canon are presented here with plans and diagrams illustrating them.

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*The State Company:*

Hampton and Reconstruction. By Edward L. Wells.

The author intends this to be in part the biography of that very remarkable man, Wade Hampton, and partly that of the American people at the time of the Civil War. The cause of those horrible days of Reconstruction was due, it is said, not only to carpet baggers and negroes, nor the refractory spirit of the South, but rather to the nefarious designs of the few who wished the ruin of the many, that they could reap the plunder.

*H. B. Turner and Company:*

The King of Thomond. By Marin W. Barr.

This purposes to be the biography of a woman named Una Constance Mabie O'Brien. She has evidently seen better days, but she dies poor and insane in an almshouse. Behind her she leaves the papers from which this narrative is taken.

*Woodcox Company:*

Thoughts about Human Animals and other Thoughts. By Benjamin Franklin Woodcox.

Containing "Thoughts on Genius," "Thoughts on Inspiration," "Thoughts on Intellect," and other thoughts.

## SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of July and the 1st of August:—

### NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Penalty. Begbie. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Sister Carrie. Dreiser. (Dodge.) $1.50.
3. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) $1.50.
4. The Midnight Guest. Stanton. (McBride.) $1.50.
5. Where the Trail Divides. Lillibridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

### NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Stumbling Block. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) $1.50.

### ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

### BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden.* ( Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Far Horizon. Malet. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

### BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
2. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) $1.50.
3. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

### BOSTON, MASS.

1. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) $1.50.
2. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. The Bird Guide. Reed. (Clarke.) 75 cents.
4. The Long Labrador Trail. Wallace. (Outing.) $1.50.
5. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden.* (Scribner.) $1.50.

### BOSTON, MASS.

1. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) $1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden.* (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
2. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Felicity. Loughlin. (Scribner.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Bar 20. Mulford. (Outing.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyle. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner's.) $1.25.
5. Alice for Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Joeph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) $1.50.
4. The Sinner. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. A Victor of Salamis. Davis. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
2. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. Sister Carrie. Dreiser. (Dodge.) $1.50.
4. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Saint. Fogazzaro. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Princess. Potter. (Harper.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Gentleman Ragman. Nesbit. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

1. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Hilma. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Cave Man. Corbin. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Running Water. Mason. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Christian Science. Twain. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.50.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.

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### LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

### LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) $1.50.
2. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Devota. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
6. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

### MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Flyers. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Putnam.) $1.75.

### NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Tree of Heaven. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Sampson Rock of Wall Street. Lefèvre. (Harper.) $1.50.

### OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The World's Warrant. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Shadow of a Great Rock. Lighton. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Confessions of a Daddy. Butler. (McClure, Phillips.) 75 cents.
5. The First Claim. Hamilton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. Jerry Junior. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.50.

### PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
2. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. Aunt Jane of Kentucky. Hall. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. Needles and Pins. McCarthy. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.

### PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) $1.50.
6. The White Cat. Burgess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

### PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Fanshawe of the Fifth. Hilliers. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) $1.50.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Confessions of a Daddy. Butler. (Century Co.) 75 cents.

### PORTLAND, ME.

1. New Chronicles of Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) $1.50.
6. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

### PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
4. Joseph Vance. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
5. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Bar 20. Mulford. (Outing.) $1.50.

### ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) $1.50.
2. Susan. Oldmeadow. (Luce.) $1.50.

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3. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Turn of the Balance. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Star of Valhalla. Gross. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Friday the Thirteenth. Lawson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Tree of Heaven. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
3. The Wingless Victory. Willcocks. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyle. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Stumbling Block. Forman. (Harper.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Second Generation. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Langford of the Three Bars. Boyle. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Iron Way. Carr. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Before Adam. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
5. The Midnight Guest. White. (McBride.) $1.50.
6. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

1. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Turn of the Balance. Whitlock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Port of Missing Men. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Doctor. Connor. (Revell.) $1.50.
6. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
3. Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden*. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Princess Virginia. Williamson. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Beloved Vagabond. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25.

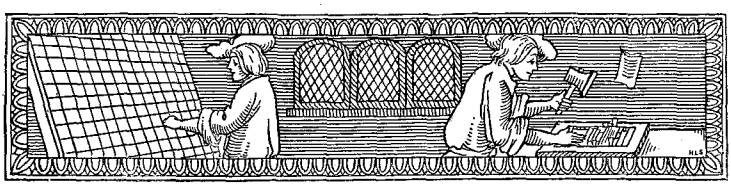
From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

| | | | | | POINTS |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A book standing | | 1st | on any list | receives | 10 |
| " | " | 2d | " | " | 8 |
| " | " | 3d | " | " | 7 |
| " | " | 4th | " | " | 6 |
| " | " | 5th | " | " | 5 |
| " | " | 6th | " | " | 4 |

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00 ..... 152
2. The Brass Bowl. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50 ..... 131
3. The Scarlet Car. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.25 ..... 104
4. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75 ..... 100
5. The Mayor's Wife. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50 ..... 90
6. Beatrix of Clare. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50 ..... 87



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